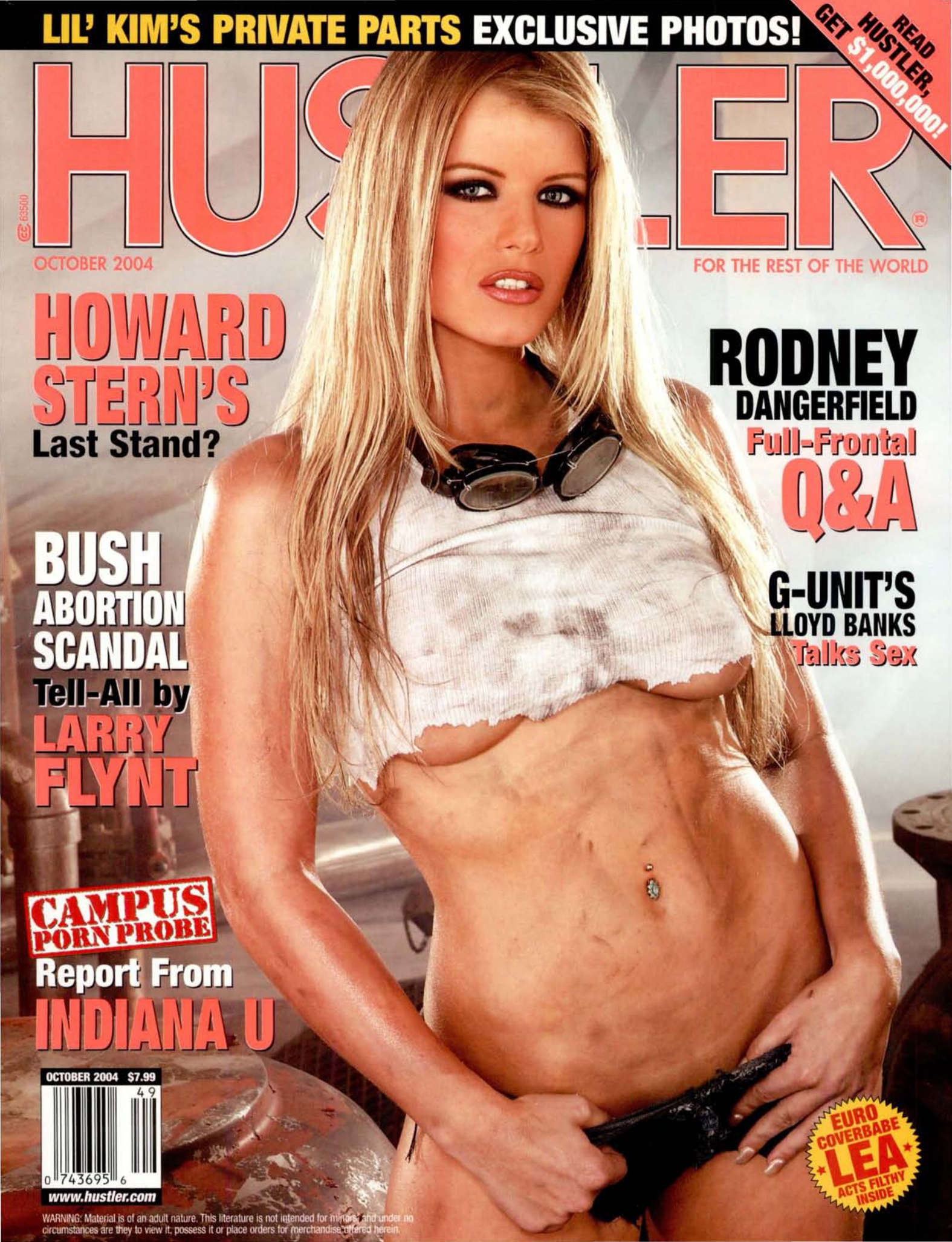
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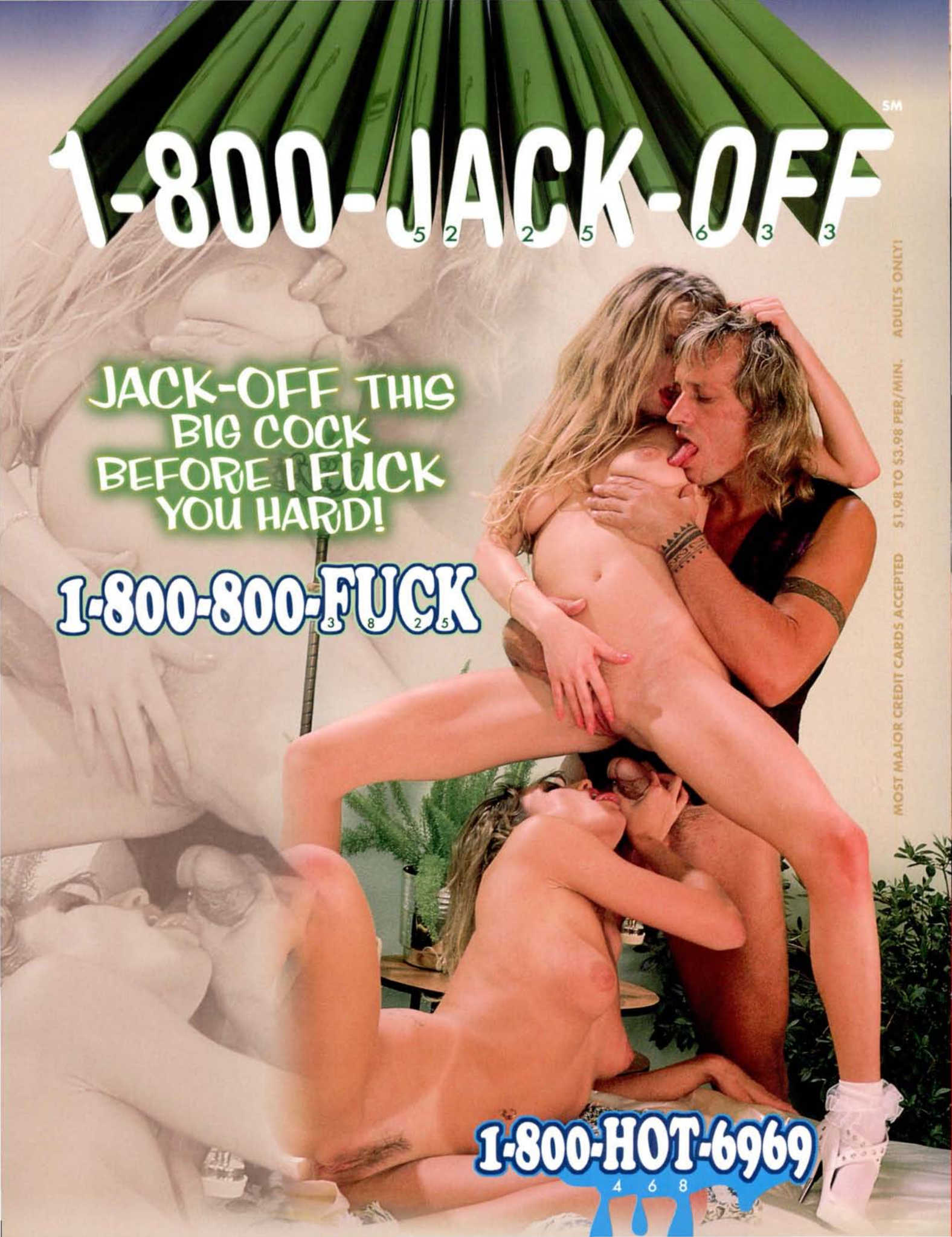
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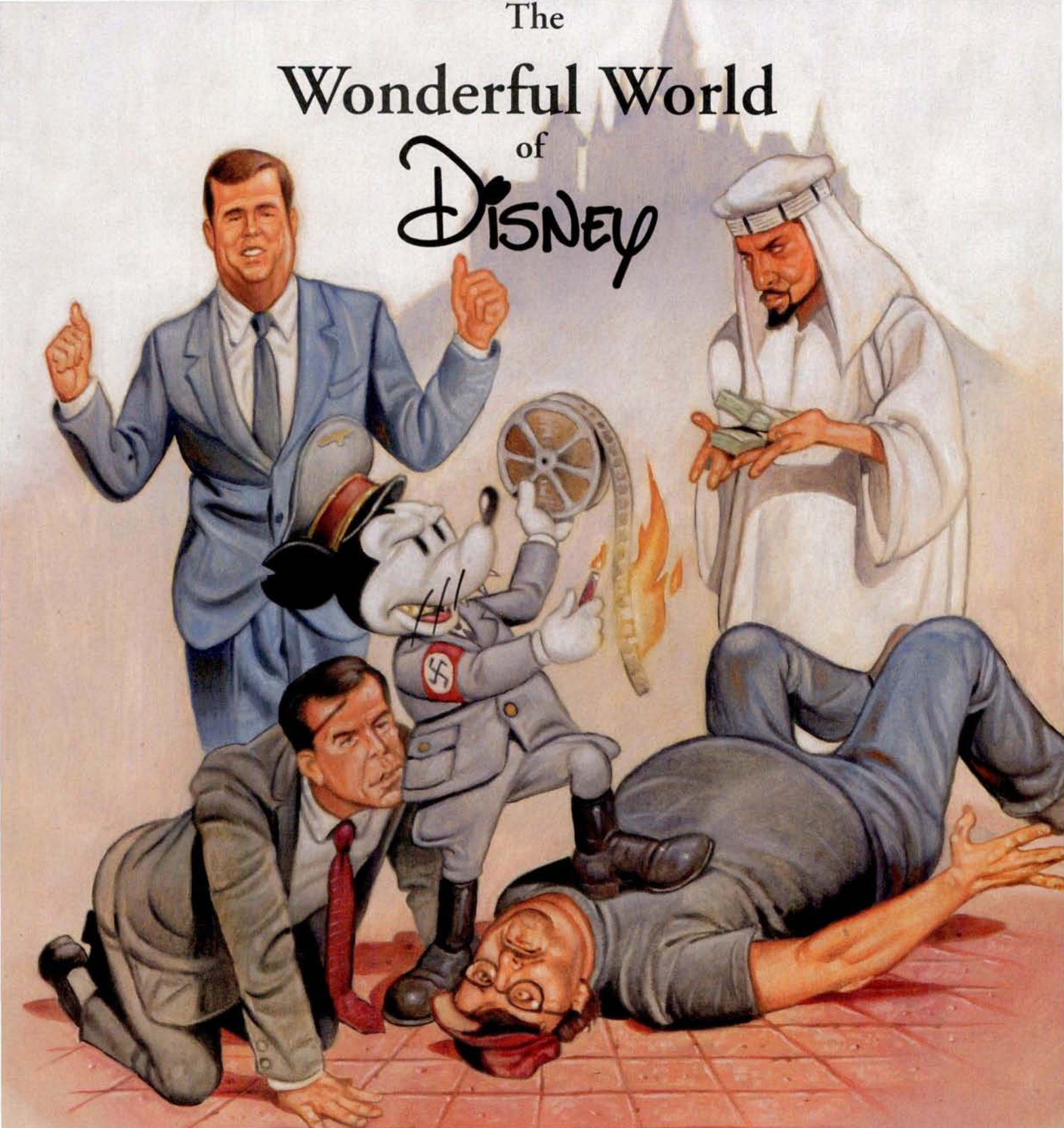

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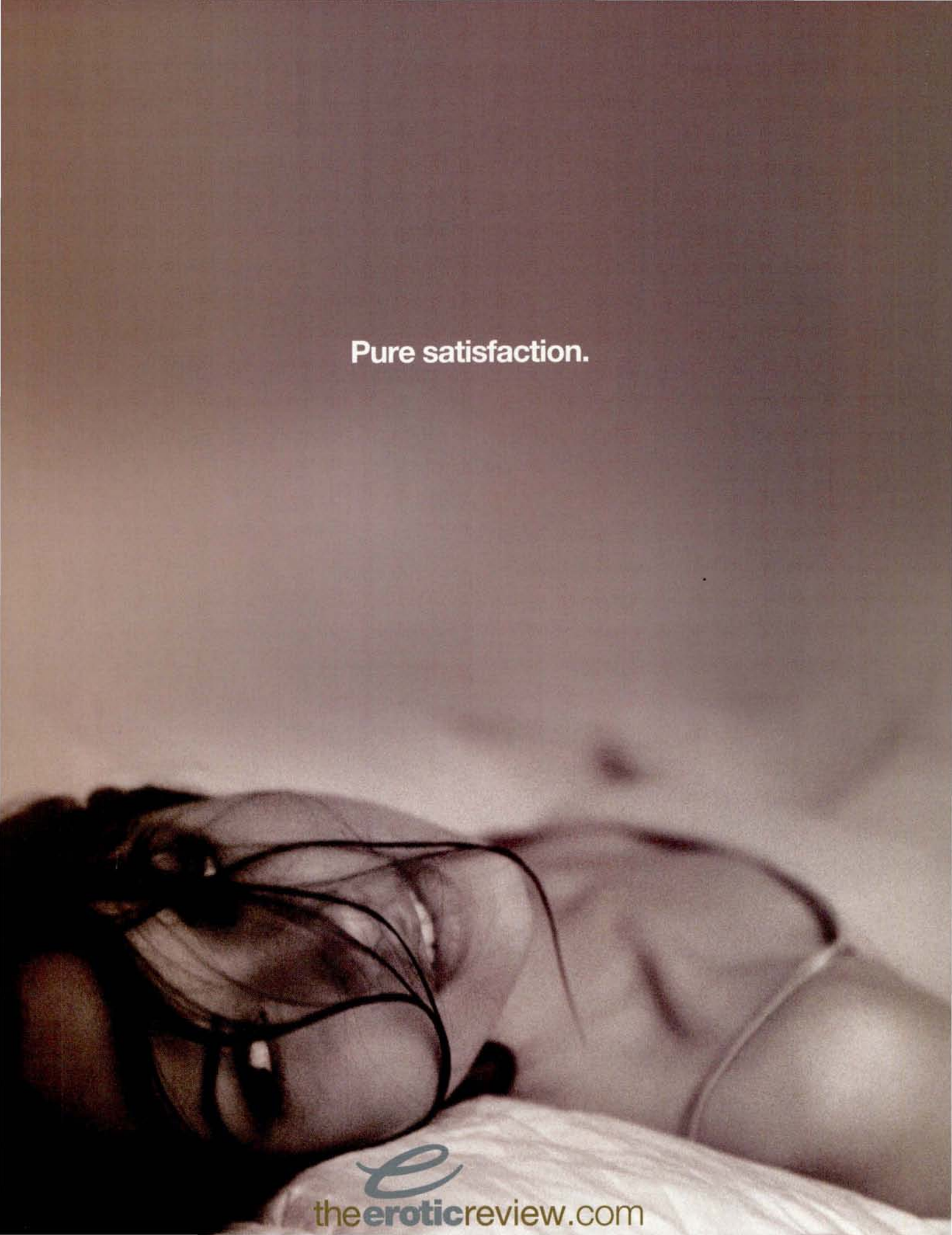
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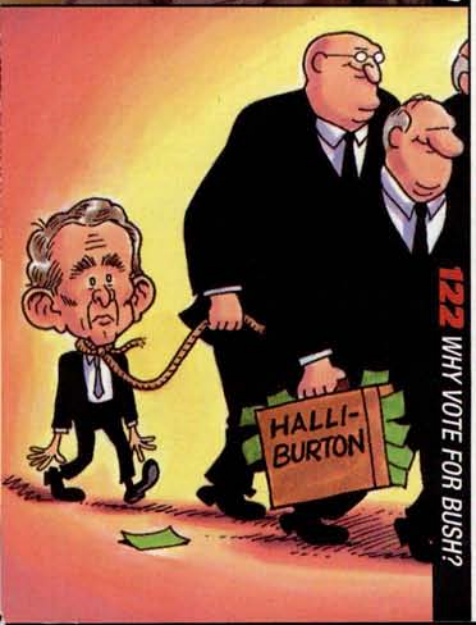

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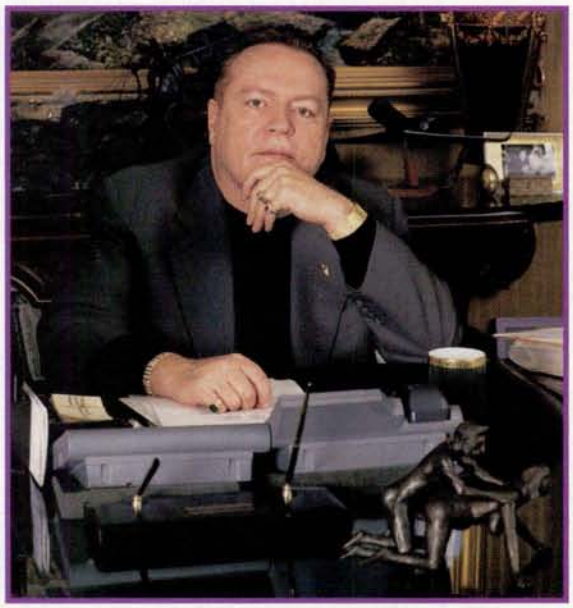


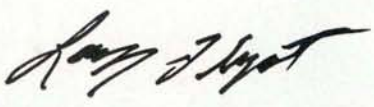
GOD TOLD ME TO!

A quick look at newspaper headlines reveals a rash of crimes committed in the name of God. Most recently there was the Texas woman, Deanna Laney, who smashed in the heads of her three young children, killing two of them and leaving the third in a helpless, near-vegetable state. But that's only the most current case of many. Here are just a few other recent examples: Fort Lauderdale, Florida, resident Ronald Morgan murdered his father because of a dream in which God told him to kill his parents; James Livesay of Newport News, Virginia, was sentenced to a mental hospital for claiming that God told him to rape and kill his mother; and George W. Bush, our President, bombed the shit out of Iraq at God's direction.

So what's up with God?

Is it possible that the Almighty has gone crazy? Killing helpless children isn't something a sane person—or deity—would do. In fact, the Deanna Laney jury found her "not guilty by reason of insanity." The Fort Lauderdale jury found Morgan not guilty for the same reason, as did the jury that heard the Livesay case. Time after time, when juries are presented with such deity-involved claims, insanity is seen as the key factor. So where does that leave George W. Bush?

The way I look at it, there are only two possible answers. Assuming the President isn't lying about why he attacked Iraq, either it's God who's crazy, or it's Bush. I'll leave the final decision up to you.



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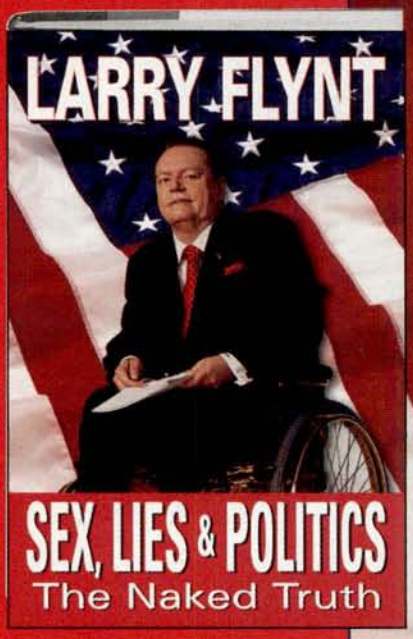

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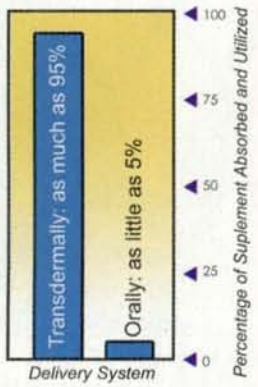

Q: *I usually achieve what would be considered an average size erection. Within the past couple of years, I've tried herbal pills claiming to enhance erection size. After years of swallowing hundreds of dollars worth of pills, I'm still left with an average size erection. Is this something that I have to live with - or is there anything out there to help me overcome this problem?*

M. Stevens, California

A: First off, please don't feel that you are alone - many men are in the very same situation. I receive thousands of letters from men who are upset and confused after spending hundreds on herbal pills that never lived up to their lofty claims. It's a common myth that swallowing a pill will "grow" your penis to new outrageous lengths. To my knowledge, there hasn't been any scientific evidence that these pills have any effect at all. However, I recently evaluated an exciting customer study on a new male enhancement topical lotion called MAXODERM™.

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No Beef With Beef

For a magazine with far and away the best tits, ass and pussy, you guys sure come up with some strange articles. On that note, the July issue (*Howard Lyman: The Mad Cowboy*) really takes the cake. Here is a former cattle rancher who turned vegetarian when he developed a spinal tumor that he attributes to chemicals he'd used on his farm. While I am sorry about the man's cancerous growth, the chance of it being caused by chemicals is rather farfetched.

I was a board-certified family physician who practiced medicine for 47 years; so I know what I'm talking about. Lyman also stated that Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease is the human form of mad cow disease. In all of my years of practice I never saw a single case of Creutzfeldt-Jakob. Give me a rare filet mignon!

—C. S.
Stuart, Florida

We're elated to hear that chemicals don't cause cancer. So after you finish chomping on that juicy steak, why not light up a cigarette?

No More Ninjas, Please!

Larry, when I received the first copy of my HUSTLER subscription, I was also sent extra magazines by your staff. To show how thankful my fellow soldiers and I are, we have sent some pictures of us in Iraq. We love to look through the pages of HUSTLER because Iraqi bitches dress like ninjas, and they suck. On the other hand, the women of your fine publication keep our dicks hard, and our spirits high.

—Slick & Company
Iraq

Thanks for the kind message, Slick. In the immortal words of the '80s rock band Triumph, "Fight the good fight." We deeply appreciate your risks and sacrifices while on duty in hostile conditions far from home.

In Praise of Sunrise

I am writing to say that [Vivid Video contract girl] Sunrise Adams should be featured again soon in the pages of HUSTLER. I could eat her pussy until the cows come home. Sunrise can sit on my face or bounce on my cock anytime she wants. I'd also love to see her perform in a gang-bang.

—J. R.
Burlington, Vermont

Extreme Viewpoint

Someone at HUSTLER needs to send Larry Flynt in to have his medication checked, because he's really lost his shit. In an AVN.com article, Larry condemns Extreme Associates' Rob Black—currently under

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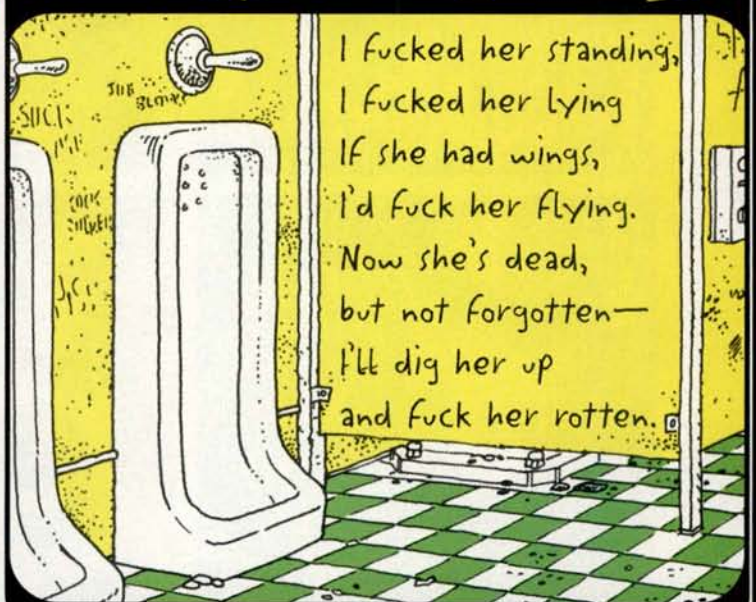


Thanks and $50 go to **Benjamin F.**

a federal obscenity indictment—for the content of his movies. Larry describes Black as "a guy who's bringing a lot of heat to the adult industry" and postulates that the adult-entertainment industry has grown because "everyone is following certain guidelines," and "we have businessmen running it, not people who wanted to see how kinky or weird they could get."

Gee, Larry, weren't you the first publisher to show a woman's vagina, ladies peeing and transsexuals in a national magazine? At that time these things weren't "in the guidelines," were they? Many consider you a champion of the First Amendment; so why are you selling out now?

Personally I don't care for Extreme's movies, but as a small retailer I try to cater to a large range of tastes. I didn't like Mel Gibson's snuff flick *The Passion of the Christ* either, but I don't want to see it banned. Why is the skin biz distancing itself from Mr. Black when a win for his company would be a boost for everyone involved? How can a typical couples-fare movie be judged obscene when you can show a jury an Extreme tape and tell them that it has been found not obscene? Larry, you said that there's a handful of adult directors "bent on doing things that are real demeaning toward women." What about recurring *Bits & Pieces* features such as "Celebrity Fantasy" and "Butt Plug of the Month"?

I guess a depiction is only demeaning to women if it doesn't appear in a HUSTLER product. Larry, are you looking for a threesome with Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon? It's the only explanation I can think of for your asinine comments. I guess things have come full circle. It's time to nominate yourself for HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month.

—D.W.
Zanesville, Ohio

For years now we've thought about making Larry Flynt an Asshole of the Month, but our own job security suggested a more prudent course.

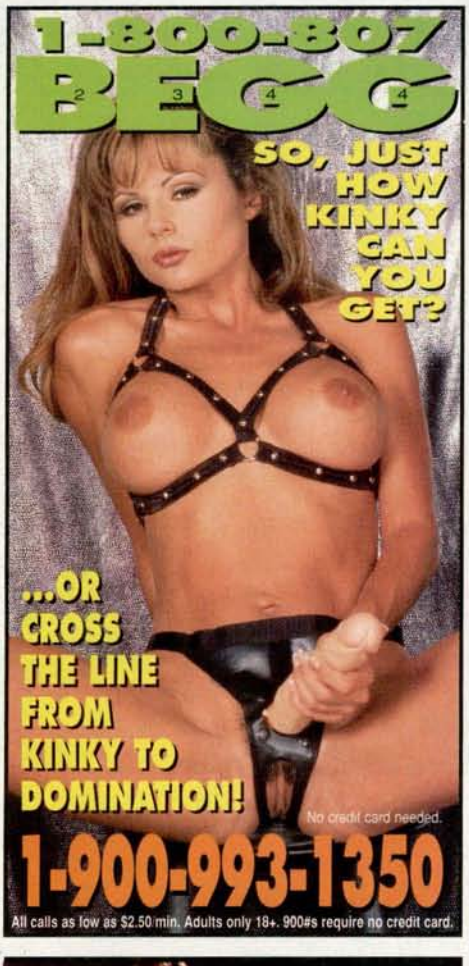
Fewer Liberties

Congratulations on 30 years of the world's best adult periodical. Keep it coming! Is the government dumping upon our basic rights in the name of fighting terrorism? The answer is yes. In response, I'd like to see a depiction of Lady Liberty dumping upon the USA PATRIOT Act while reading the U.S. Constitution, Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence.

—M. P.
San Diego, California

Excellent suggestion, M.P. Artistic HUSTLER readers are invited to send in their renderings of Lady Liberty squeezing out a loaf over one of the most democracy-threatening pieces of legislation in our nation's history.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.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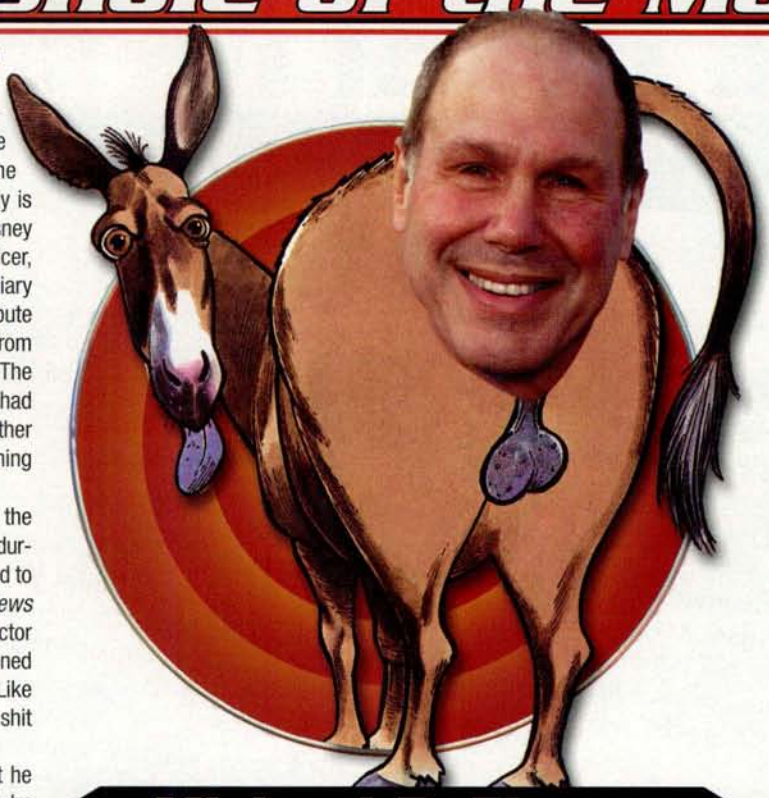


Michael D. Eisner

When it comes to corporate megalomaniacs who shamelessly cite the First Amendment while crushing controversial fare, the leader of the club unquestioningly is Michael D. Eisner. As the Walt Disney Company's chief executive officer, Eisner bitterly deep-sixed subsidiary studio Miramax's deal to distribute *Fahrenheit 9/11*, the latest film from acclaimed director Michael Moore. The big cheese insisted the decision had nothing to do with politics, but rather was simply a matter of maintaining Disney's squeaky-clean image.

"We just didn't want to be in the middle of a politically oriented film during an election year," Eisner blushed to Disney-owned ABC's *World News Tonight*. If your methane detector started howling the minute he opened his sulfurous mouth, here's why: Like any asshole, there's a load of shit right behind the puckered rings.

Although Eisner admitted that he never even saw the movie before he nixed distribution, the entertainment mogul apparently didn't have to watch Moore's work to know he wouldn't like it—or more specifically, some very important pals wouldn't like it. You see, *Fahrenheit 9/11* explores the deep, longstanding connections between the Bush dynasty and Saudi Arabian oil sheikhs (including a clan named Bin Laden), and the impacts those ties had on U.S. foreign policy before and after the horrific events of September 11, 2001. Apparently exposing the Bush family's links to oil-rich Saudi rulers is much too controversial (read antifamily) for Disney's American audience.

Ironically, Miramax has long been the junior studio that allowed a degree of separation between Disney and the edgier films it's known for. Even more ironically, Eisner has sought to crush release of *Fahrenheit 9/11* only in North America. Since Miramax has already licensed foreign rights, Eisner has no trepidation screening the flick for cinema buffs in Calcutta or Singapore, but damned if they'll see it in Times Square or Hollywood.

So the question remains: Why?

Taken at his word, Eisner asks us to believe that Disney just doesn't want to get involved in politics. What he fails to mention is that his monolithic outfit and its subsidiaries disseminate a phenomenal amount of political diatribes into their radio and television schedules on a daily basis. The vast majority of that programming is pure right-wing swill from hard-edged ideologues such as Sean "Liberals Are Traitors" Hannity and Rush "Got Any Oxy?" Limbaugh.

A cornerstone of Disney's Family Channel is *The 700 Club*, which apparently by Eisner standards is just a nonpartisan Bible-squad show hosted by Pat Robertson. Mike seems to have missed the *700 Club* screening when "nonpartisan" Jerry Falwell stood up and berated America for bringing the savagery of 9/11 on itself by tolerating gays, civil-liberties groups and others "who make God mad."

No, Eisner has no problem with the politics of unabashed conservative zealots and radical religious reactionaries. Yet raw political allegiances can only explain part of Eisner's cowardly act of white-collar censorship. Money explains most of the rest.

Both politically and financially, Florida is of big interest to Disney, as the corporate giant is counting on massive tax incentives in the state to help fund its theme-park expansion plans. (Ever a believer in free-market economics, Eisner wants taxpayers to subsidize Disney's overpriced and overhyped attractions.) Making Florida Governor Jeb Bush squirm in his theater seat isn't in the CEO's overall business agenda.

But the biggest sore openly festering on this asshole Michael Eisner is a Saudi prince (surprise, surprise) named Al-Walid bin Talal. Grandson of King Fahd, the prince is a major investor in beleaguered EuroDisney. In short, the same royal family that Michael Moore probes in his film on Bush just happens to wheel and deal with Eisner and his boys.

The final piece to this debacle is ego. Now 62, Eisner has been running Disney for two decades and apparently cannot imagine the place existing without him. Quitting in abject disgust over Eisner's sniveling arrogance, Roy Disney Jr. blasted Eisner for refusing to develop a succession plan. "Your consistent micromanagement of everyone around you, with the resulting loss of morale throughout the company," piped the brother of founder Walt Disney, was leading to a public perception that the onetime family operation had become "soulless."

That assessment may not be far off, given Eisner's cynical exploitation of America's families as an excuse to block domestic release of *Fahrenheit 9/11*. Ironically, Eisner hardly seems concerned when it comes to charging working families more and more to get into Disney theme parks—while continuing to air right-wing talk shows on Disney-owned broadcast and cable stations that favor killing the minimum wage (but not Disney's cozy tax subsidies).

The only thing more nauseating than looking at Michael Eisner's satanically cherubic mug as he snidely remarks in corpospeak drivel about "Moore's agenda" is realizing that even Eisner's own stockholders at the Disney Company can't seem to shit-can him, just yet. Until they do, we're happy to give him the finger.

Farts in the Wind

Karen Hughes: This smelly wet-fart drifted into the nation's nostrils back in 2000, when she and fellow spin doctor Karl Rove tried to make George W. Bush seem like less of an idiot to the media and the voters. With publication of her new book *Ten Minutes From Normal*, Hughes is now back to see if she can get Bush elected legally this time. As a shameless shill for the "former fighter pilot," Hughes should have titled her book *Six Planets From Reality*.

Michel Ports: That a room reeks of rotten eggs when this petroleum-industry mouthpiece walks in is no coincidence. Testifying at a recent Senate hearing, Ports attributed skyrocketing gasoline prices to environmental protections—not greedy corporate gouging. Naturally, Ports was speechless when Senator Barbara Boxer noted that the petroleum industry has posted record profits in recent years. No word out of Washington on whether the lawmakers reached for their emergency gas masks before Ports left the chamber.

A LETTER TO THE FCC

Dear Chairman Michael Powell:

Like you, we were appalled by the Janet Jackson Super Bowl incident; it was over much too quickly. Much to our outrage, CBS cut to a wide shot before we even had a chance to hit the record button. As parents, we had no idea what to tell our kids later when they asked, "Are all women's breasts digitized?" Obviously, the current trend of wholesome programming provides an unrealistic and confusing view of the world for young people.

When it comes to adult entertainment, afternoon TV is a dismal wasteland. Do you know how hard it is to jerk off to Oprah even when her show's topic is teen sex? We have to sit through endless chatter about "building your self-esteem" before she gets to the good stuff. Daytime television is so sanitized, we have been forced to learn Spanish just to get turned on by Latino soap operas and radio, which apparently ignore FCC guidelines.

Newscasts used to be a passable source of obscenity. During the Clinton years we were almost bombarded by descriptions of oral sex and fondling of the genitals. However, since George W. Bush took office, we haven't heard even one mention of sex in the White House.

Sundays are the worst. The airwaves are filled with evangelists who scare us and our children with stories about people going to hell. We're not against religious programming, but once in a while we'd like to see a gorgeous gal dressed like a Catholic nun getting screwed by five black guys. Also, the lack of sex on television specials is truly disheartening. During last year's *Victoria's Secret Fashion Show*, we were unable to see any bush, despite the squinting, recording, replaying, freeze-framing and all our frantic efforts. This year, we were completely shut out when the show was pulled!

By snipping all penetration shots in blue movies, even cable channels are failing miserably. The testosterone-charged Spike TV even went so far as to edit out a beaver joke from a *Naked Gun* installment.

Mr. Powell, for the good of our country, it's time to fix the FCC's archaic guidelines. Whenever there's a clean joke, there should be a "fuck you." Whenever there's a cute moment, there ought to be a shot of a naked boob, and whenever someone prays on TV, there should be a mandatory "suck my dick" scrolling across the bottom of the screen. We believe these changes would help provide the diversity this country needs.

Today's programming should not solely adhere to the narrow-minded agenda of the wacky born-again Christian crowd. These are the public airwaves, and believers and pornographers alike are part of that domain. Certainly we in the adults-only business deserve equal consideration regarding the type of entertainment that reflects our tastes.

Sincerely,

The Editors of HUSTLER

A HELPING HAND

After 25-year-old truck driver Israel Sarrio lost his arm in a traffic accident, doctors in Spain tried to reattach the severed limb to his shoulder. Unfortunately, it became infected; so the docs sewed it onto his groin. Nine days later, Sarrio's arm was successfully grafted back onto his shoulder. However, he still urinates out of his fingers.

WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

RACKING UP THE POINTS

Are your standards too high or too low when it comes to rating chicks? Find out at Rate Nude People. This revealing Web site features actual nudie pics sent in by chicks, guys, couples and swingers. The flashers include the good, the bad and the truly scrotum-shriveling. Rate them from one to ten, and see how your opinion matches up with the other finicky denizens of cyberspace. If you find someone who's really hot, you can e-mail them, but you have to become a member first. To check out who's out there and what they've got, go to **www.RateNudePeople.com**.

Horn Dog Davis
WHEN IT HAPPENS, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING.
JUST A FEW SECONDS BEHIND ENEMY LINES.
A QUICK GLANCE AT THE HIDDEN, CREAMY UNDERFLESH OF MOTHER NATURE'S MOMMY MILKERS, NORMALLY SECURELY HIDDEN FROM GUYS LIKE ME, BUT IN THIS RARE INSTANT, THEIR HANGING EXPOSURE IS LICKED CLEAN BY MY THIRSTY EYES.
by Aaron Warner
. . . AND MY PLAN IS WORKING FLAWLESSLY. . .
OH, I FORGOT . . . UH . . . BATTERIES. COULD YOU RING ME UP SOME BATTERIES?
I ABSORB ALL I CAN, BUYING THINGS I DON'T EVEN NEED, JUST SO SHE HAS TO BEND OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN, ALLOWING ME ANOTHER INSIGHTFUL VISIT DOWN MAMMARY ALLEY.
. . . AND SHE SEEMS PRETTY EAGER TO PLEASE ME, SO I TAKE IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL.
MAYBE WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER WE COULD GO OUT.
WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER!
SO, WHAT TIME SHOULD I PICK YOU UP?

"My mother never saw the irony in calling me a sonofabitch."
—JACK NICHOLSON

"Marriage is a triumph of habit over hate." —OSCAR LEVANT

CUT AND PASTE THE OLSEN TWINS!

Last month when HUSTLER celebrated the Olsen twins' 18th birthday, we wanted to put their faces onto the naked bods of some hot chicks. At press time, however, our lawyer, Paul Cambria, shot down the idea. Because Cambria's firm sandbagged us by changing its position on this matter at the last minute, we had to rush an unaltered Olsens birthday pic into the issue. We brooded about this for a month, and then realized there's no statute that says our readers can't create their own Olsen twins sex fantasy. Just cut out the girls' faces, paste them over the female participants' heads, put a picture of yourself on the guy's face, and there it is—your very own threeway with Mary-Kate and Ashley! We apologize for the lateness of this brilliant idea.

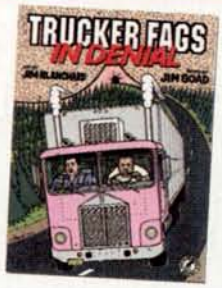
Porn From the Past

Thanks and $150 go to J.M. of Springfield, Illinois, for these golden-age swingers. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

TEED OFF

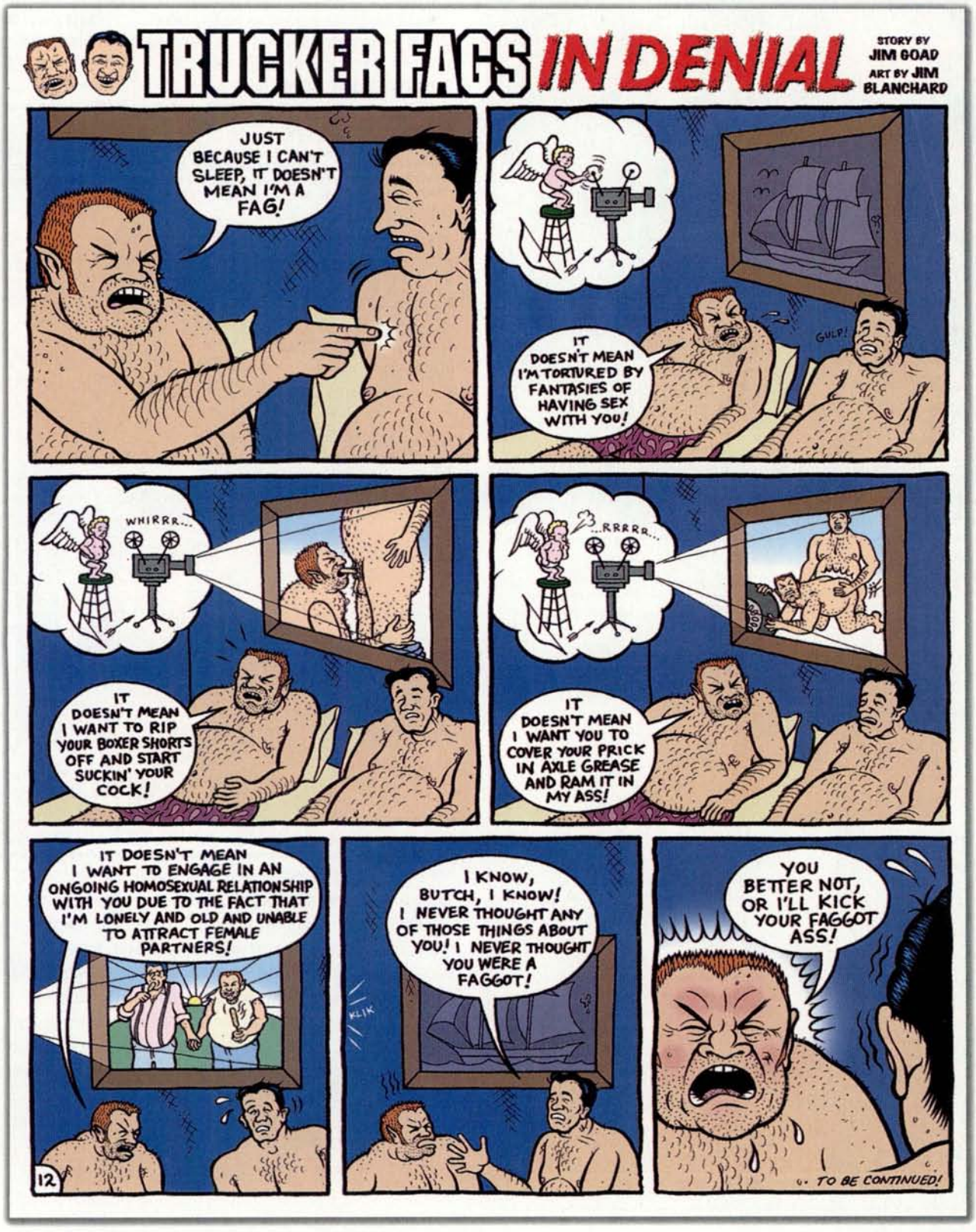
With the authority to levy fines of up to half a million dollars per station for one act of so-called indecency, the FCC is catering to the Christian Right and going after everything from Janet Jackson's breast to Howard Stern's mouth. Of course, the FCC finds nothing "indecent" about media conglomerates swallowing up stations and creating monopolies. If you want to show the FCC how you feel, in explicit detail, pick up one of these cool T-shirts (designed by Stoner Dude) at **www.CheechAndChong.com**. Tell 'em HUSTLER sent ya.

GEARS AND QUEERS



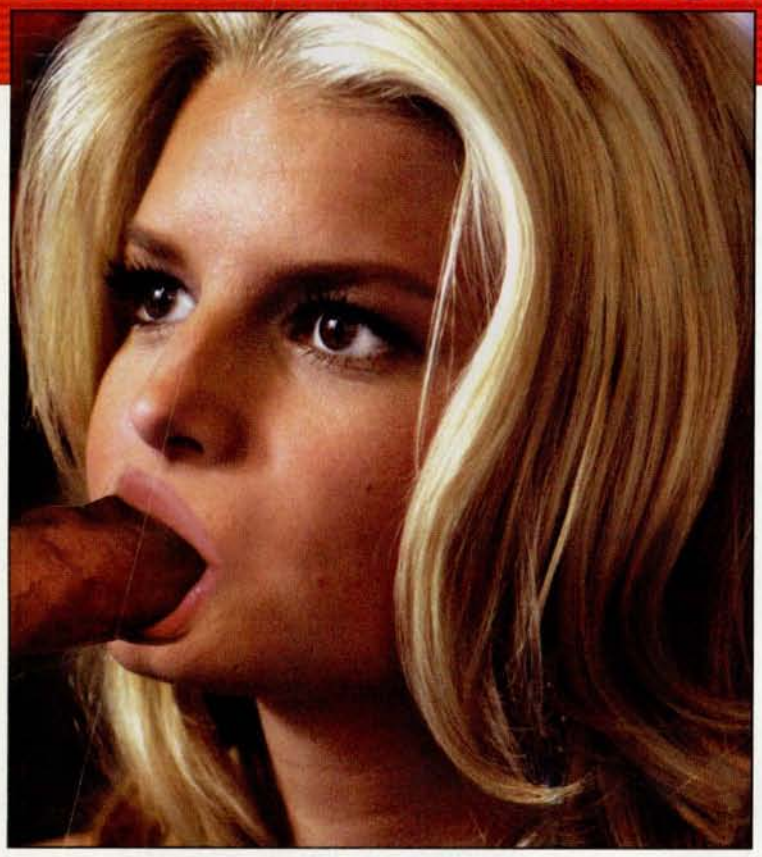
Butch and Petey are two grossly overweight truck drivers who can't score with chicks, spend way too much time together and desperately want to bone each other, all the while denying that they're gay. *Trucker Fags in Denial* is a hilariously homophobic send-up by writer (and frequent HUSTLER contributor) Jim Goad and artist Jim Blanchard. Originally serialized in *Exotic* magazine, *Trucker Fags* has now been compiled into a wickedly funny trade paperback. To order your copy, go to **www.Fantagraphics.com**, your local comic-book store or call **(800) 657-1100**. Remember, ordering it doesn't make you a fag!

"My childhood was a period of waiting for the moment when I could send everyone and everything connected with it to hell."
—IGOR STRAVINSKY


TRUCKER FAGS IN DENIAL
STORY BY JIM GOAD
ART BY JIM BLANCHARD
JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T SLEEP, IT DOESN'T MEAN I'M A FAG!
IT DOESN'T MEAN I'M TORTURED BY FANTASIES OF HAVING SEX WITH YOU!
GULP!
WHIRRR...
IT DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO RIP YOUR BOXER SHORTS OFF AND START SUCKIN' YOUR COCK!
...RRRRR...
IT DOESN'T MEAN I WANT YOU TO COVER YOUR PRICK IN AXLE GREASE AND RAM IT IN MY ASS!
IT DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO ENGAGE IN AN ONGOING HOMOSEXUAL RELATIONSHIP WITH YOU DUE TO THE FACT THAT I'M LONELY AND OLD AND UNABLE TO ATTRACT FEMALE PARTNERS!
KLIK
I KNOW, BUTCH, I KNOW! I NEVER THOUGHT ANY OF THOSE THINGS ABOUT YOU! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE A FAGGOT!
YOU BETTER NOT, OR I'LL KICK YOUR FAGGOT ASS!
TO BE CONTINUED!
12

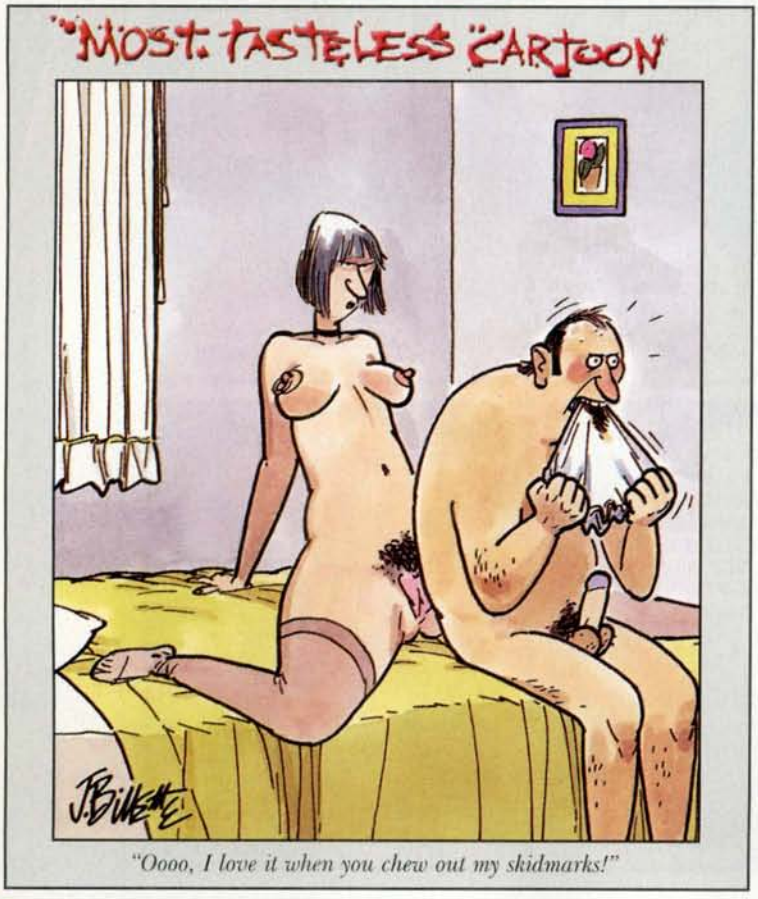
CELEBRITY FANTASY

What would Jessica Simpson look like with a dick in her mouth?

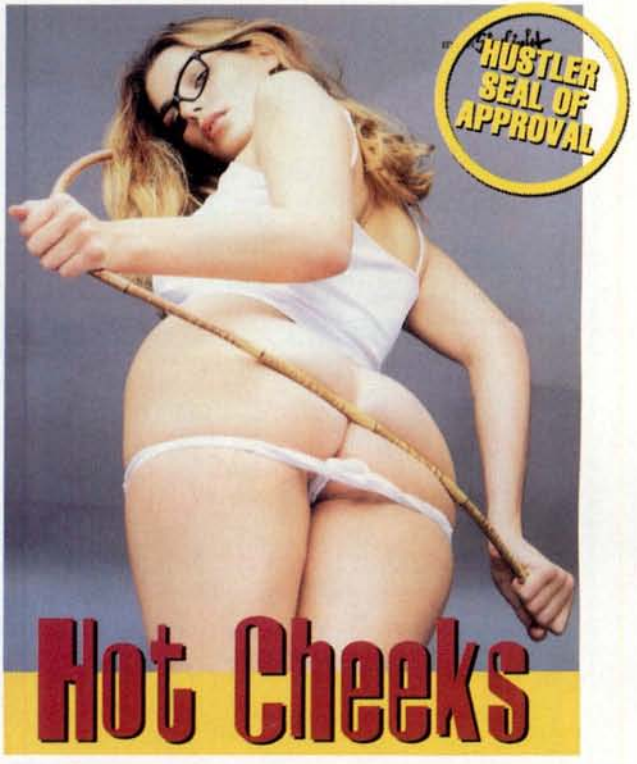


Jessica Simpson seems to be on the cover of every magazine these days. In a recent issue of *Cosmopolitan* the flighty blonde, who was a virgin a little over a year ago, suddenly became a sex expert and advised American women to do the following: "I don't think that you should always give in when your man wants sex, because it's better when he wants you more the next night." Oh, yeah, we're sure that Simpson's long-suffering husband, Nick Lachey, *loves* that one. Hey, Jessica, we know a little bit about sex. Here's some advice for you: Open wide and swallow.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Jessica Simpson exists. This is a social commentary on an overexposed, minimally talented bimbo who has somehow landed two TV series, a variety special and is rumored to be considered for a starring role in the upcoming *Dukes of Hazzard* movie. Enough already.



"Oooo, I love it when you chew out my skidmarks!"



Hot Cheeks

BOTTOM FEEDERS

This Month: *Hot Cheeks*, edited by Martin Sigrist

What It Is: A Bible-thick book featuring page after page of beautiful asses captured in living color, artsy black-and-white, soft fantasy-focus and our favorite: the extreme close-up.

Why We Care: These pics were taken by 30 of the world's top photographers who know ass better than any proctologist. The contributors include Paul Von Stroheim, Alexander Paulin and Richard Murrian. Most of these pictures were previously unpublished.

Buzz: If you're an ass man, this collection of juicy butts will leave your schlong numb from self-abuse.

How to Get It: *Hot Cheeks* is available at local bookstores or by calling **(800) 423-4525**.

Bottom Line: *Hmm*, we smell a pun here somewhere.

"A woman who takes her husband about with her everywhere is like a cat that goes on playing with a mouse long after she killed it." —SAKI

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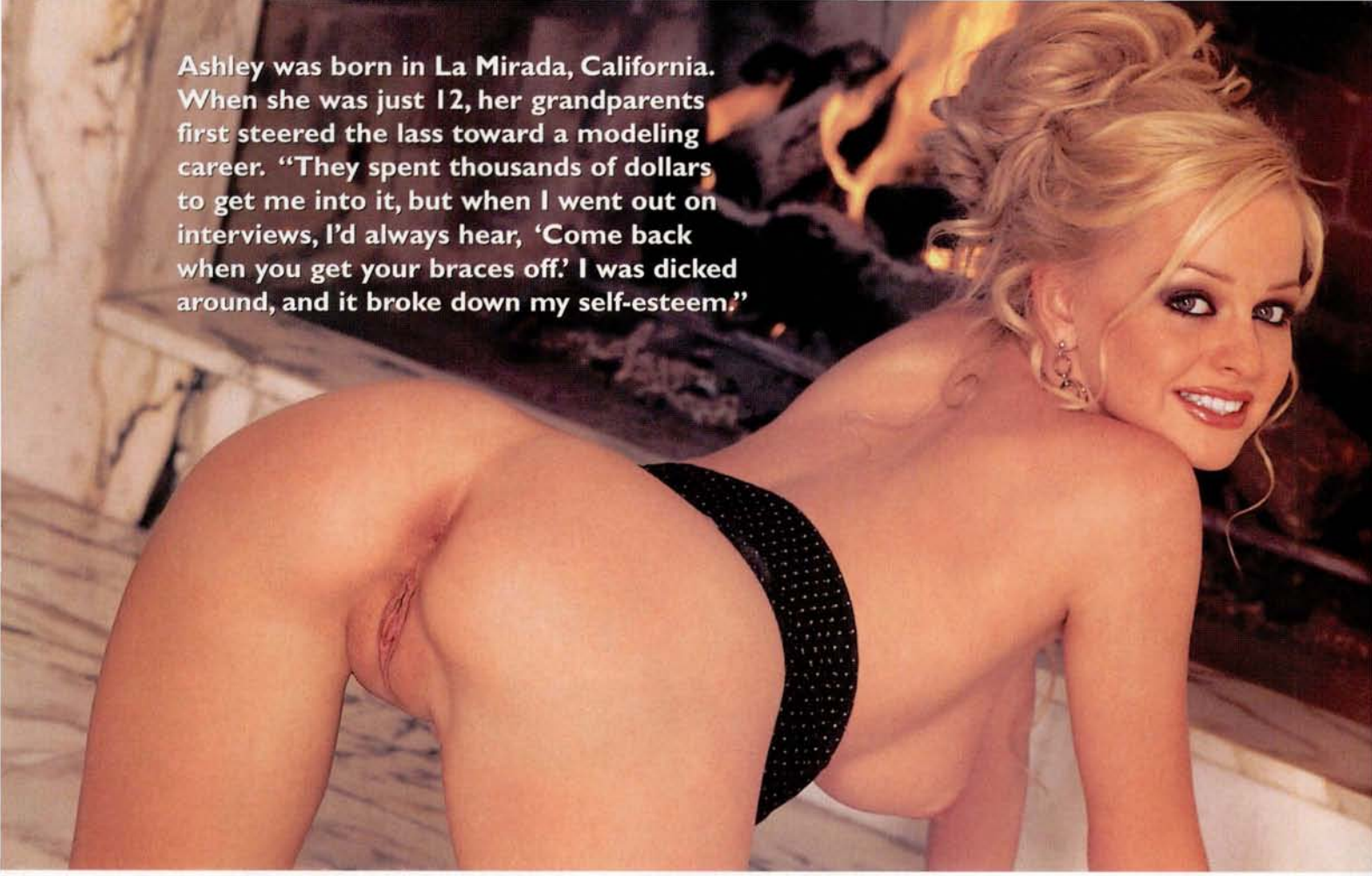
ASHLEY
CONCRETE BLONDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICOLAS SAGE



Ashley was born in La Mirada, California. When she was just 12, her grandparents first steered the lass toward a modeling career. "They spent thousands of dollars to get me into it, but when I went out on interviews, I'd always hear, 'Come back when you get your braces off.' I was dicked around, and it broke down my self-esteem."

When the early bloomer's braces finally came off, the California girl was still soured on modeling; so she worked as a waitress in various greasy spoons. "I'm the typical girl that everyone has seen at Denny's," the 19-year-old chirps. (We beg to differ.) After a brief stint in cosmetology school the Aquarius started answering want ads for models, but found many of them to be outright scams. "I'd end up meeting people pretending to be photographers, but most of them just wanted me to take off my clothes, and maybe even have sex while we were at it."

After meeting a *real* photographer, Nicolas Sage, who shot this pictorial, Ashley had a change of heart about posing nude, but insists, "I hate calling what I do porn. It's more like modeling than porn." Just for the record, we chronic masturbators hate calling our habit "jerking off"; it's more like "having sex by yourself."

"Then the boyfriend threw this helpless girl to the floor and teabagged her while shoving a rolling pin in her pussy with his thumb up her ass! This is all educational, right, folks?"

Panty Raid

I'm a guy who really loves to look at photos of babes wearing only panties. As a matter of fact, I've gone so far as to shoplift women's undies from a local department store because I'm too embarrassed to buy them. I'm sure that the counter people will suspect that I'm a pervert using them to masturbate with. What should I do?

—L. J.
Little Rock, Arkansas

You should really look into catalogs from such lingerie retailers as Frederick's of Hollywood or Victoria's Secret. Or, if you have access to the Internet, shop online for whatever variety of panties your heart and dick desire. However, who really gives a damn about what a salesperson at the local Sears thinks? You could be buying panties for your wife, your girlfriend or whomever. Besides, you shouldn't bother caring about someone else's impressions. Odds are, you're never going to see that person again. Lighten up and buy yourself some silky undergarments and jerk away! It's the safest sex you'll have. The most you could catch would be a possible friction burn.

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

I've been kind of seeing this girl on and off, and one night after heavy drinking we went back to my place and started having sex. As I pumped in and out of her pussy while we lay side by side, I noticed that a big bloody puddle had stained the sheets. It really grossed me out; so I just stared at the ceiling while I finished my business. Right after I blew my load, I ran to the bathroom and washed off my dick. I can't believe the chick didn't tell me she was on the rag before we got it on. I've never fucked a girl at "that time of the month," and I don't wear rubbers either. Now I'm wondering if I could have caught an infection from her blood. Please help. Am I in danger?

—P. M.
Venice, California

As far as catching an infection through menstrual flow, you have no worries as long as the girl you slept with is completely infection-free—but you will have to wash those sheets. (Cold water usually does the trick.) On a more visceral level, some guys are more queasy than others about dealing with a woman getting a visit from dear old Auntie Flow. I must insist, though, that not using protection is always a bad idea these days, because you never know what sexually transmitted disease you could contract. Something dangerous that you *can't* see is of more concern than soiled linen.

Choad Challenged

My girlfriend is a cum lover, and we've been boning a lot lately. As a result, the size of my loads has begun diminishing. What can I do to maintain bigger loads? Is there a regimen of exercise or an herbal treatment I can incorporate into my diet?

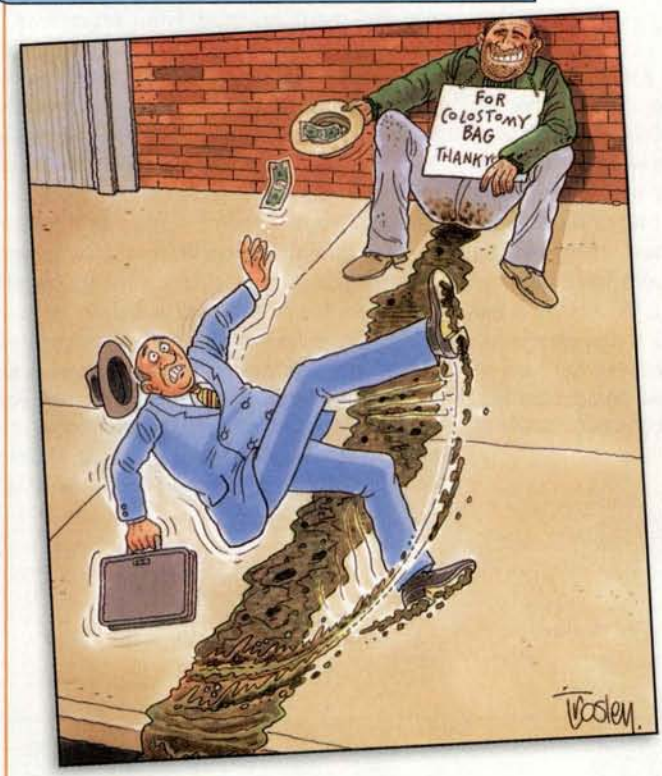
—D. K.
San Antonio, Texas

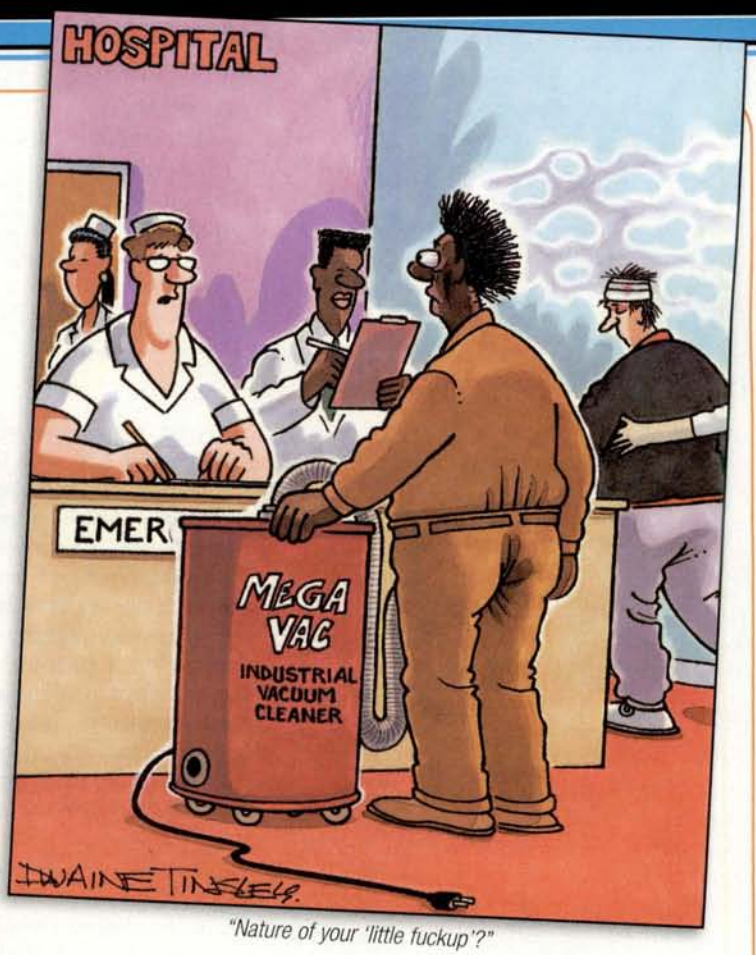
Men I meet always want to know how porn studs manage to virtually paint their partner with cum at the end of a scene. Whether you're in the jizz biz or a regular Joe, here's one more fact of life to digest: The more you use, the more you lose. From experience, I know that on a set some male talent will drink protein shakes (a wide variety is available at nutrition stores), but I believe that these supplements are more for endurance than anything else. Porn actor Tom Byron used to blend a concoction involving bananas, royal jelly, raw eggs and protein powder, and his man-milk level was always extremely high. If there are any readers out there who have developed a proven formula to increase the output of manchowder, please write to me. In the meantime, D. K., try experimenting with your diet until you and your sex partner notice a significant difference in terms of seminal output, texture and viscosity. Good luck and happy blending!

Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth. Write to *Dear Slut*, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail at slut@lfp.com.

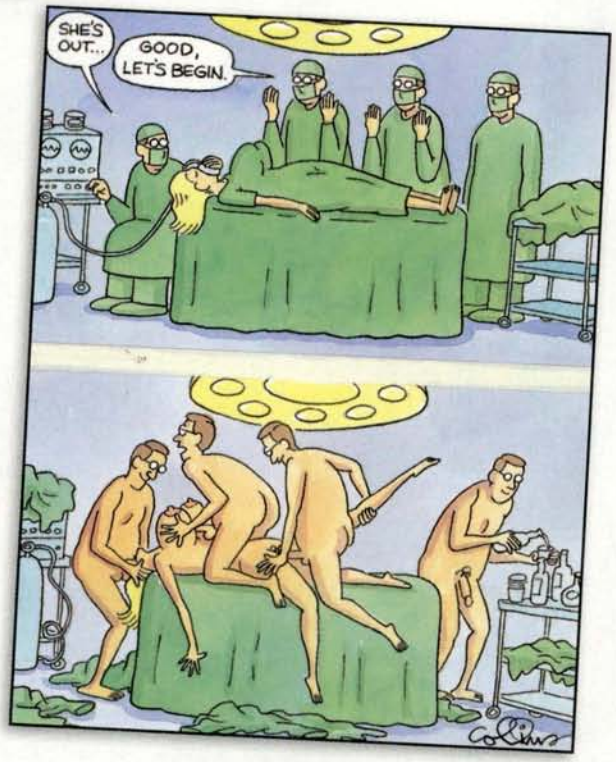
"Remember last night? I was tied up, and you went up my butt without asking."

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS





"Nature of your 'little fuckup'?"



"Hey, lady, will you squeeze this boil for me? It's driving me nuts!"

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.

THE ULTIMATE FUCK

Give Her A Cum-Drenching She'll Never Forget!

Learning "The Ropes". . .

The letters keep pouring in, written by women of all ages, about a supplement that has made their sex lives explosive (literally). I'd like to share one, from a loyal reader...

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his superhuman load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I do know all about what your last boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and more sensitized using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences in men by strengthening the prostate gland, an added bonus of using Serogen—from a woman's perspective—is that these powerful, added contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, simultaneous female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually common European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these rope-like sensations during male orgasm.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If interested in purchasing Serogen, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.somalab.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

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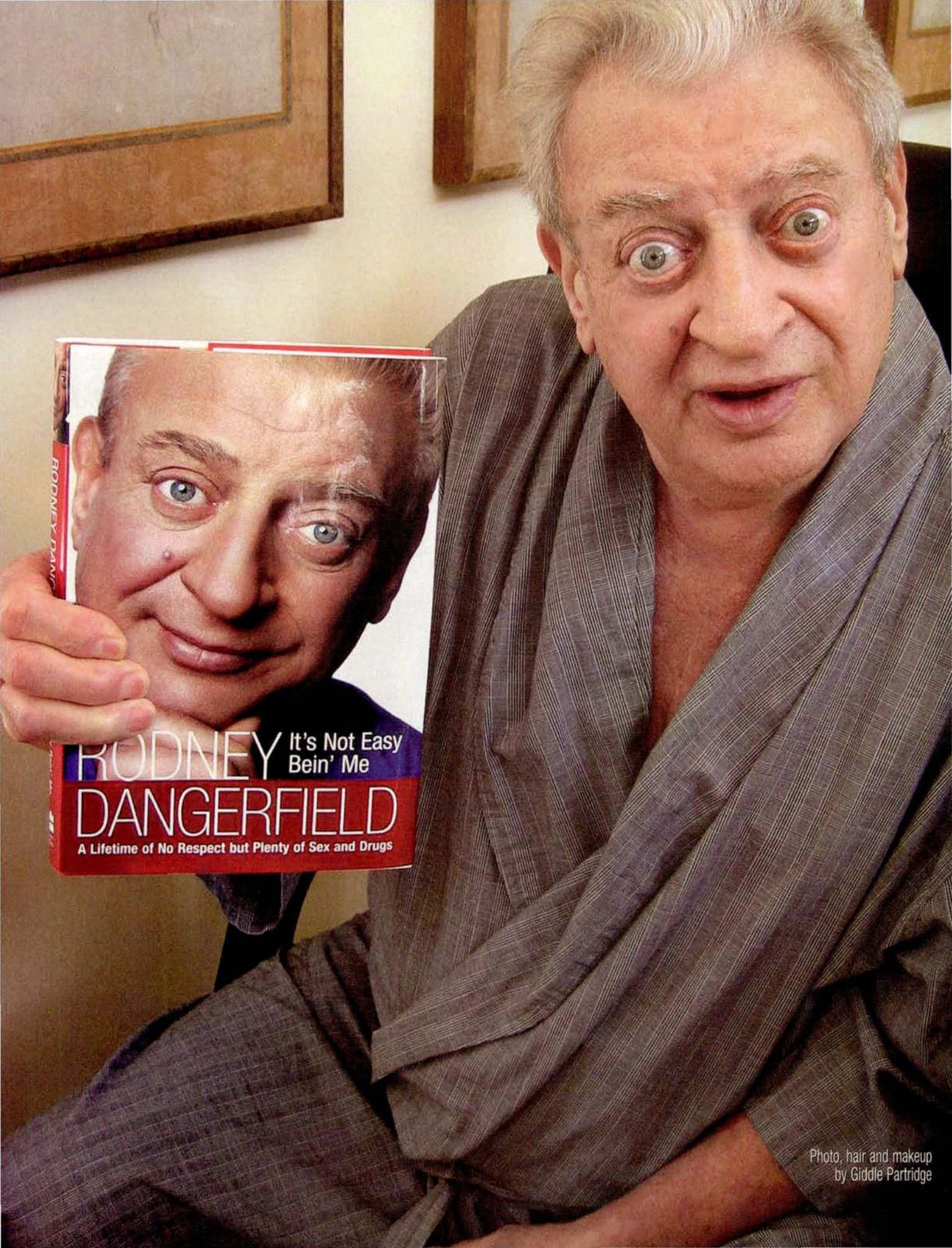


Photo, hair and makeup by Giddle Partridge

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGERFIELD

Legendary comic Rodney Dangerfield speaks to HUSTLER about marijuana, molestation and Mormons.

★ *Interview by Dan Kapelovitz*

A security guard of a high-rent high-rise in the trendy Westwood section of Los Angeles escorts me, a photographer and her assistant to an elevator. We ride up more than 20 floors, and the doors open directly into Rodney Dangerfield's deluxe apartment in the sky.

His blond, beautiful and much younger wife, Joan, invites us in. I had imagined that Rodney would greet us in his trademark white shirt and red tie (one such outfit is on permanent display at the Smithsonian), but to my surprise he's wearing nothing but a gray bathrobe. Even more shocking, it's wide open, and the HUSTLER entourage unintentionally catches a glimpse of the comic genius's relatively large penis before he ties up the garment.

How many people have seen Rodney Dangerfield's cock? I wonder, but then I remember that according to his just-released autobiography, there have been quite a few. *It's Not Easy Bein' Me* (HarperEntertainment) tells the lowbrow story of a man born Jacob Cohen in Babylon, Long Island, on November 22, 1921. Eventually Cohen changed his name to Jack Roy and had limited success as a comedian in his late teens and 20s. To support his family, the struggling comic quit showbiz and sold aluminum siding for 12 years.

Turning 40, he took on the moniker Rodney Dangerfield and became one of the greatest comedians of all time. Besides starring in numerous films (*Caddyshack*, *Back to School*, *Easy Money*, *Natural Born Killers* among others) and HBO specials, the funnyman owns a thriving comedy club in Manhattan (Dangerfield's) and won a 1981 Grammy for his album *No Respect*.

In addition to detailing Dangerfield's extraordinary career, his new tome offers stories about his sex life, his love of marijuana and his medical problems. (He's undergone brain surgery, heart surgery and was once in a coma.) While the man's health may not be the greatest, his mind seems as sharp as ever.

The Dangerfields' lavish home is decorated with much Rodney memorabilia, including various awards, sculptured likenesses, photos with other celebrities, and pictures of the entertainer with a notable lion also named Rodney. A direct descendant of the original studio lion, the big cat is quartered at Las Vegas's MGM Grand Hotel, where the comedian has performed for years.

After our tour of the Dangerfield manor (whose master bedroom, by the way, has a hot tub so huge that it had to be helicoptered in), it's time to get the comedian talking. Our photographer's cannabis-loving assistant offers a couple of joints she brought specifically for the octogenarian, one of which he lights up during the following conversation.

* * *

HUSTLER: Did you legally change your name to Rodney Dangerfield?

DANGERFIELD: Legally, my name is Jack Roy. Rodney Dangerfield is a trade name.

HUSTLER: What does your wife call you?

DANGERFIELD: Stupid.

HUSTLER: How much time did you spend writing *It's Not Easy Bein' Me*?

DANGERFIELD: It took me three years to write the book.

HUSTLER: Did you use a ghostwriter?

DANGERFIELD: No, I did it myself. I made a deal with Fox to make a movie out of it.

HUSTLER: Are you going to play yourself?

DANGERFIELD: I don't know if I can play myself when I'm 40 years old.

HUSTLER: Do you read HUSTLER?

DANGERFIELD: I tried to get a yearly subscription. To tell you the truth, I don't read HUSTLER. It's not a bad magazine. I'm not putting it down or anything, but is it really something that I would look forward to? I don't read anything.

HUSTLER: Is it true that you recorded gay comedy albums in the '60s?

DANGERFIELD: How do they start these rumors? Jesus Christ!

HUSTLER: There are 45s with the name Rodney Dangerfield on them. One song is titled "Stanley the Manly Transvestite."

DANGERFIELD: I'm not singing that.

HUSTLER: How long have you smoked pot?

DANGERFIELD: I've been smoking pot for many years. It's something that I find very relaxing. Most doctors say I should smoke pot rather than drink if I want to relax. In fact, I have a card. It's legal for me to smoke pot in California. A lot of people use it for high blood pressure, eye problems. A lot of people need it; I guess I'm one of them.

HUSTLER: Have you dabbled with other banned substances?

DANGERFIELD: Years ago I did cocaine for a couple of weeks. That wasn't good.

HUSTLER: You never dropped LSD in the '60s, when you weren't recording those gay comedy albums?

DANGERFIELD: No LSD.

HUSTLER: Do you come up with better jokes when you're high?

DANGERFIELD: Sometimes, I guess. What pot does for you is not [help to] write better jokes, but it gives you the patience to write them. You don't mind the work.

HUSTLER: How much marijuana do you smoke on a daily basis?

DANGERFIELD: It varies. It could be nothing to two joints.

HUSTLER: How does it make you feel?

DANGERFIELD: Well, let me see. It's a little soon to find out, but I'll take one more hit. [*Puffs on joint.*]

HUSTLER: Does your wife smoke weed?

DANGERFIELD: No, she's from Utah.

HUSTLER: In real life you're married to a Mormon, and you portrayed a polygamist in the film *My 5 Wives*. Do you believe that polygamy should be legalized?

DANGERFIELD: Like the Mormons? What kind of man takes his 14-year-old daughter and tells her, "I want you to live over there now with my cousin Anthony. He has 12 wives, you'll be the 13th, and you stay with him and do whatever he says"? How can a man do that to his daughter, telling her to go over and start fucking her second cousin? That's really fuckin' insane.

HUSTLER: Your new book mentions that you're a big Jerry Springer fan.

DANGERFIELD: That's right. When I had my brain surgery, I was in a coma for nine and a half days. I came out, and Joan says, "What do you wanna watch?" I said, "Is *Jerry Springer* on?" That went around the whole world, that I asked to see *Jerry Springer* the first thing after my brain operation; so he sent me all kinds of tapes of his shows.

HUSTLER: In Jim Carrey's foreword to your book he writes that you're an extremely nice guy for not cold-cocking those who come up to you and say, "Hey, Rodney, I'll give you some respect." Have you ever tried to come up with a new catchphrase?

DANGERFIELD: What can top this one? You don't write a thing like that every day. If you get a thing like that *once* in your lifetime, you're all right.

HUSTLER: Do you have a lot of crazy fans?

DANGERFIELD: No, I don't get that. Everybody gets weird letters from fans, but I don't have any problems with them from a physical point of view. "Hey, Rodney!"—that's nothing.

HUSTLER: What about groupies?

DANGERFIELD: At my age and for what I do, there are no groupies. When you're a musician and 20 years old, there's plenty of groupies. I never heard of a girl yet who ran away with an accountant.

HUSTLER: How many girls have you been with in your life?

DANGERFIELD: Jesus, I don't know. It's easier if you ask a 21-year-old kid, but I got to do a lot of thinking.

HUSTLER: Hundreds?

DANGERFIELD: I never really counted. I also wrote, "Don't think I got a lot of women; this was over a span of 60 years."

HUSTLER: How old were you when you lost your virginity?

DANGERFIELD: I don't know, probably my early 20s, around then.

HUSTLER: Do you remember the girl?

DANGERFIELD: Jesus, that's tough. Man, you give me tough questions.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had sex with a celebrity?

DANGERFIELD: Is masturbation included?

HUSTLER: There's a creepy account in your book about when you were five years old, and a man used to pay you a nickel to sit on his lap and let him kiss you.

DANGERFIELD: For that kind of money I'd become a criminal. It's all true. I took a walk in a busy street, and look what happened to me. I had no supervision at all.

HUSTLER: Has that experience messed up your mind?

DANGERFIELD: I don't know. It affects everyone differently. I could have come out being a nicer person, or I could have come out being a nasty person. In my case, I guess I was born a very good person. I don't know. What was the question? I forgot the question.

HUSTLER: Did being molested screw you up?

DANGERFIELD: No. I forgot about it.

HUSTLER: What would you change about your life?

DANGERFIELD: Different mother, different father, different sister, different everything, but I'll stay the same.

HUSTLER: Please give us a new joke.

DANGERFIELD: "I'm getting old. I had an accident. I got arrested for hit and walk."

HUSTLER: Do you ever watch porn?

DANGERFIELD: I've watched it occasionally, when it comes on. It's the weirdest thing, television today. You'll be watching a sermon of some kind on a religious channel. You switch channels, and all of a sudden you see two naked people on top of each other. But one contrasts the other. That's funny—to me, anyway. I've hung around Ron Jeremy quite a bit. I've used him in some HBO shows and two movies.

HUSTLER: Do you think Ron Jeremy is a good comedian?

DANGERFIELD: I don't know. He fits what I'm doing.

HUSTLER: What did you think of Janet Jackson's breast popping out at the Super Bowl?

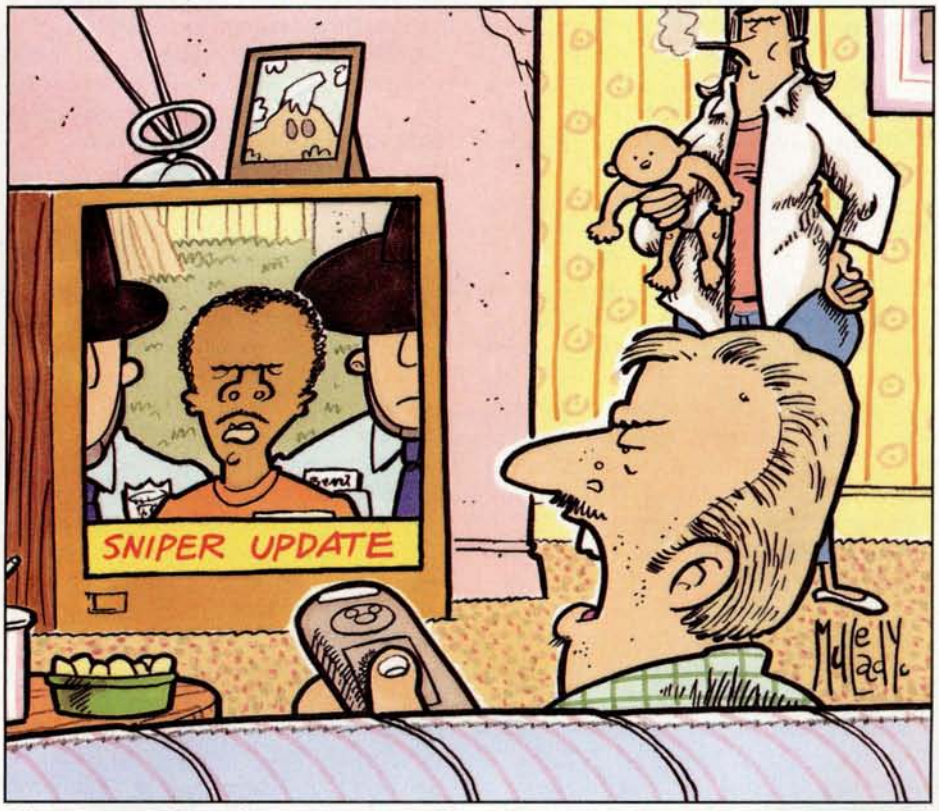
DANGERFIELD: If you want to stay hot in the business, do what she did. Her name was mentioned all over the place.

HUSTLER: Have *you* ever pulled any publicity stunts?

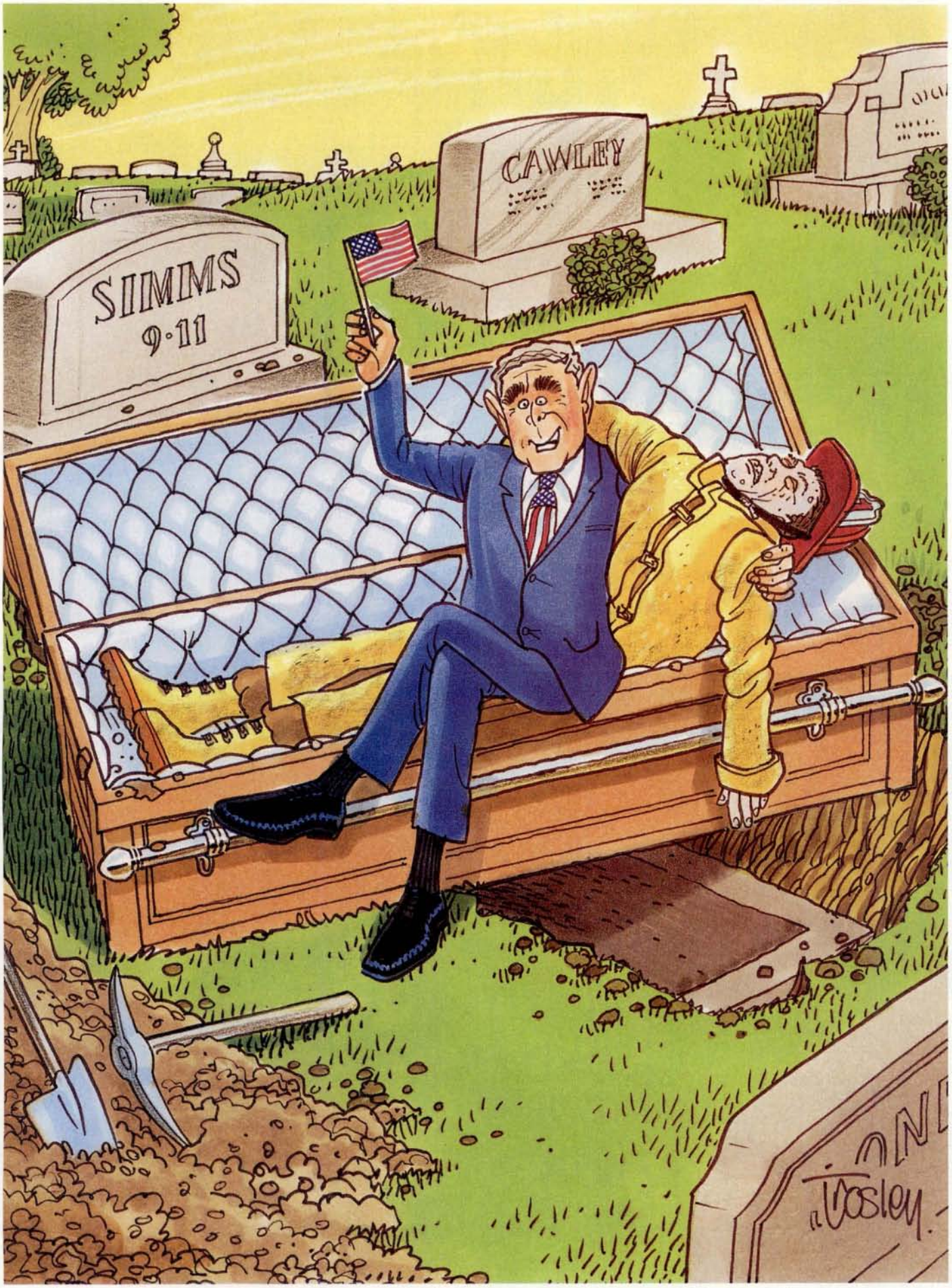
DANGERFIELD: Once I went down on a shark to stay hot in the business.

HUSTLER: Do you think there's an afterlife?

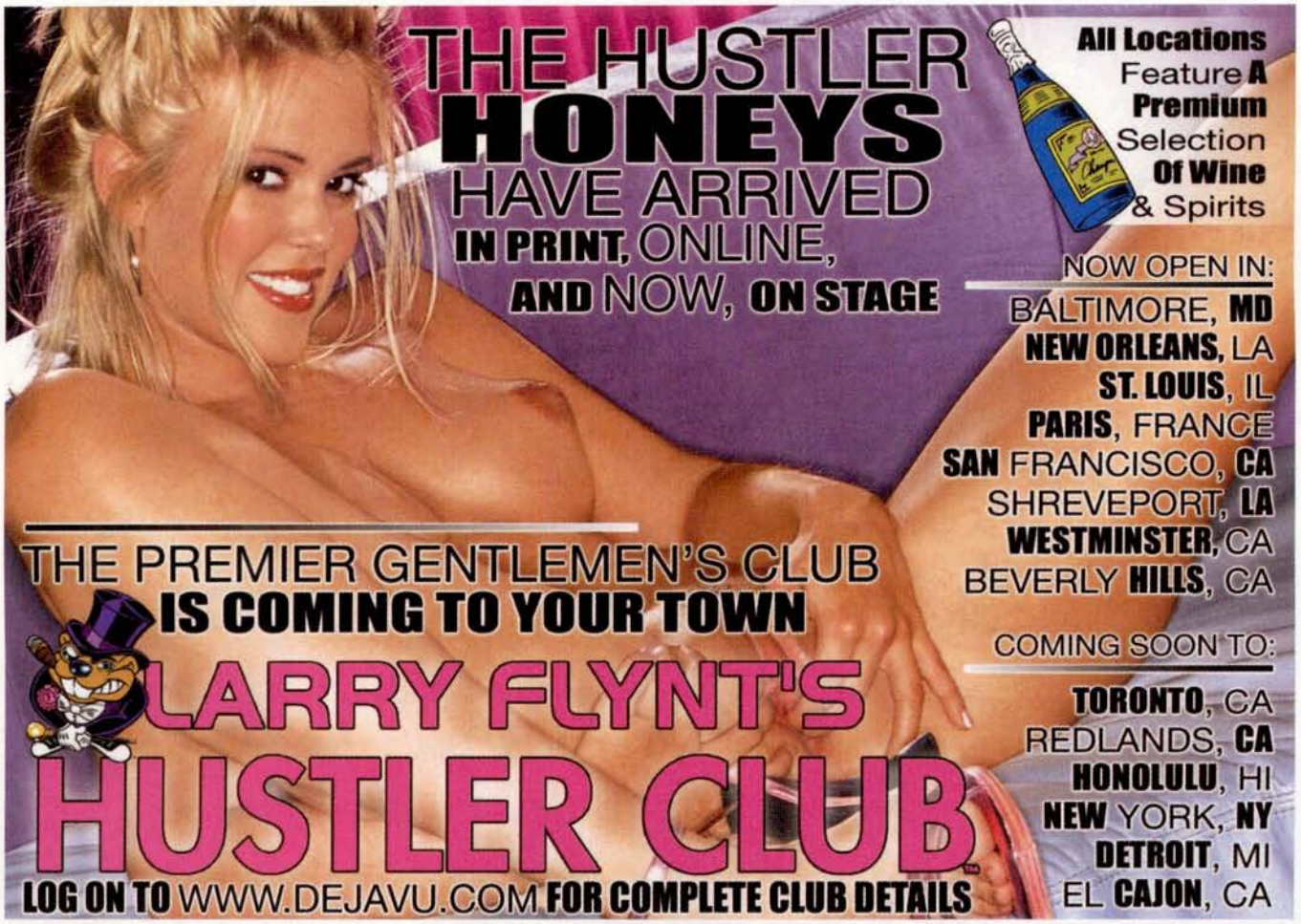
DANGERFIELD: I don't know. But if there is, where I'm going, I'm going to need plenty of air conditioning.



"Damn niggers have taken our sports, our jobs, our women, and now they're taking the white man's God-given right to be serial killers."



"I'm George W. Bush, this is Robert B. Simms, 9/11 victim, and we approved this message."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SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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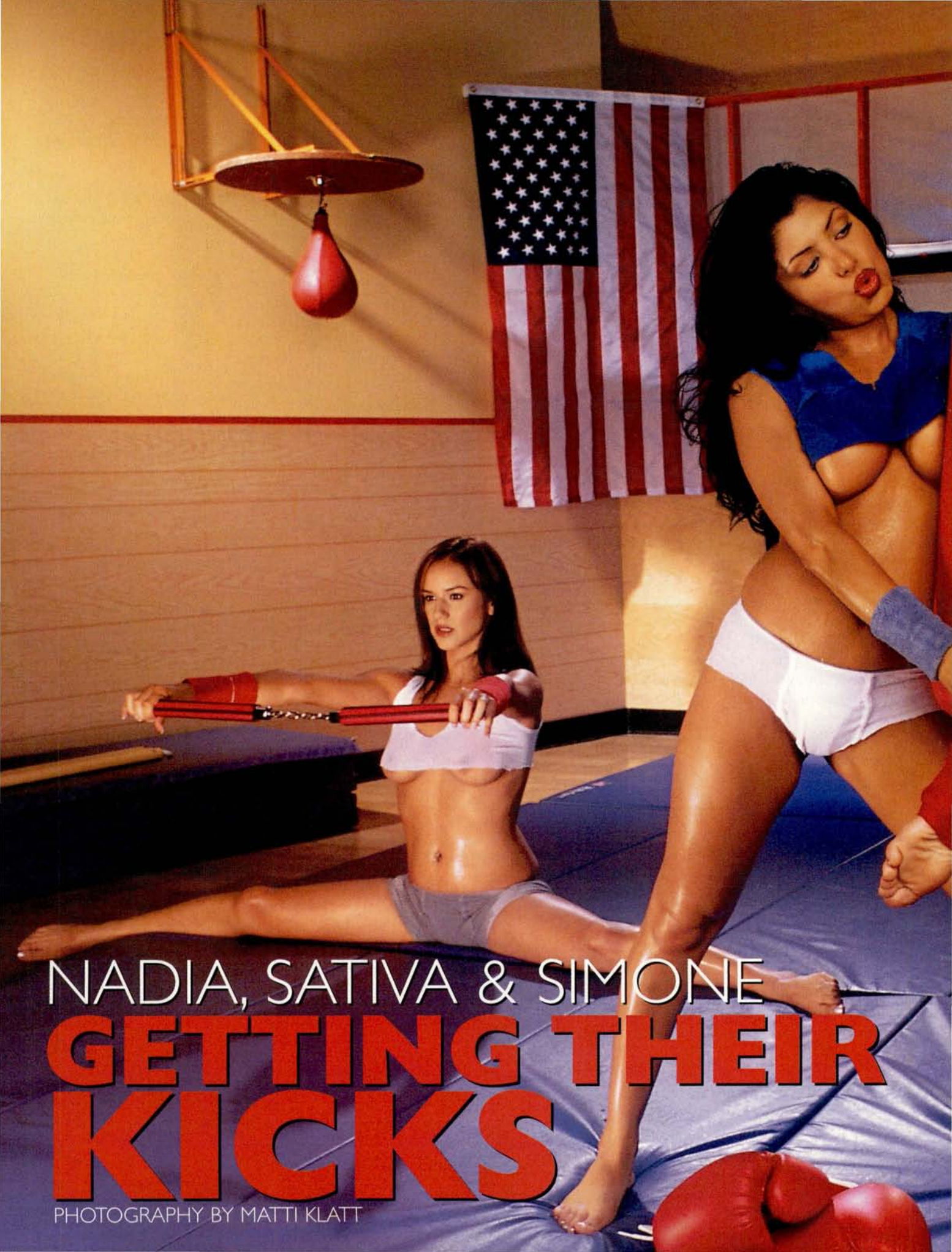


NADIA, SATIVA & SIMONE

GETTING THEIR KICKS

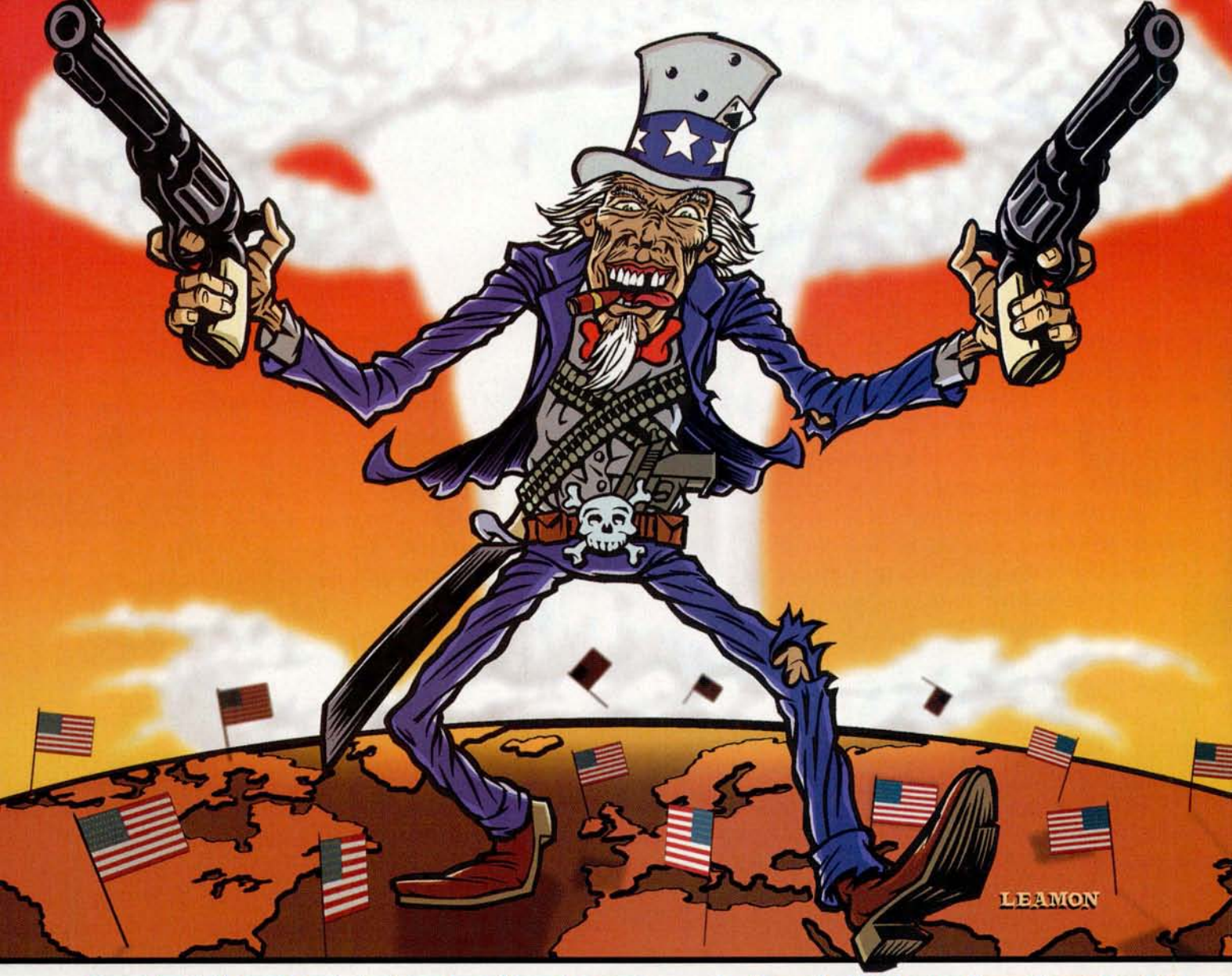
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

After hearing about a mugging in their neighborhood, Nadia and Simone signed up for a self-defense class. Their hardbodied instructor, Sativa, showed them some basic kickboxing moves before pulling out the nunchaku.

The sexy sensei then demonstrated how to neutralize attacks by probing their most vulnerable areas. Soon, both girls were moaning in sexual submission.

The horny students felt empowered as they left the class, but were later brought to their knees when they got Sativa's bill.

Sativa gets nasty in **HUSTLER'S YOUNG LATIN GIRLS #11**, while Simone gives up the booty in **HUSTLER'S YOUNG LATIN GIRLS #4, HOT SHOWERS #11, YOUNG GIRLS' FANTASIES #2** and **BARELY LEGAL SUMMER CAMP #1** on VHS and DVD from **HUSTLER** Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.



CHALMERS JOHNSON

IS DEMOCRACY DOOMED?

★ INTERVIEW BY BRUCE DAVID & DAN KAPELOVITZ

According to a respected world-affairs pundit, the Bush Administration's imperialist acts are not only bankrupting the USA, but also threatening to turn our republic into a military dictatorship.

In 2000 Chalmers Johnson wrote *Blowback: The Costs and Consequences of American Empire*, which warned of the unintended consequences that might arise from our government's clandestine actions abroad. The book was largely ignored in this country until September 11, 2001, when former CIA benefactor Osama bin Laden's attacks on the Twin Towers and the Pentagon gave *Blowback* an eerily prophetic cachet. The tome was subsequently pushed to the top of best-seller lists by Americans desperately seeking answers.

Currently the president of the Japan Policy Research Institute and professor emeritus at the University of California, San Diego, Johnson was a naval officer during the Korean War and a consultant to the CIA from 1967 to 1973, as well as a self-proclaimed Cold Warrior. But when the Soviet Union fell in 1991 Johnson began to question our government's actions. Instead of withdrawing our troops from military bases around the world, Washington (it seemed to Johnson) moved at once to find a replacement enemy for the dismantled Communist regime. Whether it be China, drug lords or terrorism, any foe was needed to justify our massive, worldwide military deployment. Johnson began to wonder if the Cold War itself wasn't a cover for a more fundamental imperial project of the United States, an agenda that now threatens the existence of this country as we know it.

Johnson wrote his most recent book, *The Sorrows of Empire: Militarism, Secrecy, and the End of the Republic* (Metropolitan Books), in response to the U.S. government's reaction to 9/11 and the growing evidence of militarism in our society.

* * *

HUSTLER: In *The Sorrows of Empire*, you anchor much of your argument on the 700 or so U.S. military bases that dot the globe.

JOHNSON: These are bases spread around the world, from Greenland to Australia, from Japan to Latin America. They're in about 130 countries—that is, in other people's countries. One of the reasons for stressing this fact is my belief that the American public knows next to nothing about this extremely expensive deployment, and they need to know more about it. They can't possibly appreciate its impact, because there are no foreign military bases in the United States. The actual number, 725, is misleading, in that the Pentagon's annual Base Structure Report omits all of the espionage bases. It omits many bases that are secret or embarrassing to the United States. It omits the bases, for example, in Uzbekistan and Kyrgyzstan that are all part of our attempt to control Caspian Sea oil. It omits the bases in England that are disguised as Royal Air Force bases. It omits the bases in Qatar, which were, of course, the headquarters of the high command during the recent assault on Iraq. The actual number is not truly known, but it's clearly more than 725.

HUSTLER: What is the purpose of all of these bases?

JOHNSON: To maintain American military hegemony over the rest of the world.

HUSTLER: So the purpose is empire?

JOHNSON: That's the argument that I make. It's a new kind of empire; it's an empire of military bases. The military base is today the equivalent of the colony in the past. We deploy well over a half-million uniform troops to these bases. This book is an attempt to describe the empire of bases. The airline that connects it [the Air Mobility Command], the comforts that are available, [such as] the Armed Forces ski center at Garmisch in the Bavarian Alps, a couple hundred military golf courses around the world, some 71 Learjets to fly admirals and generals to these bases.

Your readers who are veterans of World War II, Korea or Vietnam simply wouldn't recognize life in the armed services today. You don't do KP anymore. You don't do guard duty. You don't clean latrines. All that is farmed out today to private military companies like Kellogg Brown & Root, a subdivision of [Vice President Dick] Cheney's Halliburton. It's an extremely lucrative business for them. Of the $57 billion that was appropriated just a couple of months ago for activities in Iraq, a good third of it is going to civilian contractors to supply meals, clean latrines, do the laundry—things of this sort for our various bases.

HUSTLER: In the book, you discuss at length the dangers of militarism.

JOHNSON: One of the things I wish to establish in this book is the umbilical connection between empire and militarism. By militarism I do not mean the defense of the country. No one denies the need to maintain proper forces for defense. By militarism I mean vested interest in the military-industrial complex. What we're talking about here is immeasurably expensive. Perhaps the two most famous generals who became Presidents of the United States were George Washington and Dwight Eisenhower, both of whom devoted themselves in their farewell addresses rather famously to warning the American public about the dangers of a standing army. Eisenhower, of course, invented the phrase *military-industrial complex*. Washington was not an isolationist; he was simply saying, once you build huge, permanently established armies, regardless of any threat, you

begin to radically alter the structure of government that we wrote into our Constitution. Power invariably moves toward the Executive branch; it moves toward the Presidency. It undercuts the Congress, and of course, begins to sideline the courts. We see it today. If you had an honest Congress—which we don't—and they wanted to do oversight on the military, it would have to face the fact that 40% of the defense budget is secret, particularly from congressmen and -women. It has been classified since World War II, when the Manhattan Project built atomic bombs. This secrecy is in direct violation of the first clause of the Constitution, which says that the public shall be accurately informed on how its tax money is spent. Americans have not been accurately informed on that subject for at least 50 years.

HUSTLER: So the current President is not entirely to blame?

JOHNSON: This book is not particularly anti-Bush, because these problems didn't start with George Bush; they just became exacerbated under his government. You can't do oversight on the secret intelligence agencies, because all of their budgets are secret and have been since they were created. They amount to a private army in the hands of the President, rather than organizations devoted to collecting accurate intelligence to inform our government. This is militarism, and it's corrosive. In the current defense budget there's $10 billion allocated for missile defense, which is not even appropriated. Uniformed officers and representatives of the manufacturers—Lockheed Martin, Boeing, Raytheon, Northrop Grumman—get together among themselves and decide how to spend the money. The accounting at the Pentagon is much worse than the accounting standards that were maintained at Enron. Militarism is something that snuck up on Americans.

HUSTLER: In the book you compare the United States to the Roman Empire.

JOHNSON: It reminds me very much of the demise of the Roman Republic after its first two centuries, when it too acquired an empire, then discovered that the empire entailed standing armies, which radically altered the way in which the Roman Republic raised its legions. Over time it led to the rise of leaders who sought to play up to the armed forces and become military populists. Certainly the most famous is Julius Caesar, who was assassinated in the Senate in 44 B.C., which then led to the rise of his nephew, Octavius. In 27 B.C. the Senate simply threw in the towel, ended the privileges of Roman citizens, and the Roman Republic became a military dictatorship.

HUSTLER: Are you saying that the U.S. is heading toward a military dictatorship?

JOHNSON: I recently wrote a comparison for a Web site between the American Republic and the Roman Republic. Two weeks after I published it, Wesley Clark entered the race. I thought, *My God, it's coming with the speed of FedEx. Here's a four-star general who's decided to enter the race*. He didn't go very far, but we also had General Tommy Franks—the former CENTCOM [U.S. Central Command] Commander who led the assault on Baghdad—say to us that, if there were another terrorist attack on the United States comparable to September 11, 2001, he expected the military would simply have to take over.

HUSTLER: That's shocking.

JOHNSON: You would have thought that it would have been more widely reported. I wrote *The Sorrows of Empire* to alert inatten-

tive Americans to the fact that we're on very thin ice. It took the Roman Empire 300 years [to collapse]. It took the thousand-year Reich of the Nazis only 12 years to go down. It took the [democratized] Soviet Union only from 1989 to 1991. The same sorts of pressures that were working on the former Soviet Union are now working on us quite acutely.

HUSTLER: In your book four sorrows of empire are listed. Would you detail each?

JOHNSON: The first is *perpetual war*. Attempting to maintain military hegemony over all other peoples on Earth is an extremely ambitious project. Vice President Cheney spoke of some 50 countries that he believes we should use military force against to bring about regime change. The President upped him to 60 in his 2002 speech at West Point. Since the new century began, we have been engaged in almost perpetual warfare. The most obvious cases, of course, are Afghanistan and Iraq, but we have numerous activities going on in the Philippines, in Colombia, in the waters off North Korea and the Taiwan Strait, in the Balkans, in Central Asia, and in Haiti, where it's very probable that we also caused the situation by undercutting the democratically elected government.

The great restraint on perpetual war is whether or not we have the manpower to do it. The military is already thoroughly overstretched. Forty percent of the troops in Iraq will soon be National Guardsmen or Reserves who, I can assure you, did not expect that they'd find themselves located at Camp Anaconda north of Baghdad with fairly regular mortar fire coming in on them. The prospect for perpetual war was outlined by the President and Condoleezza Rice in the U.S. National Security Strategy statement of September 2002, which called for preventive war against any country designated by the President as a potential rival to the United States.

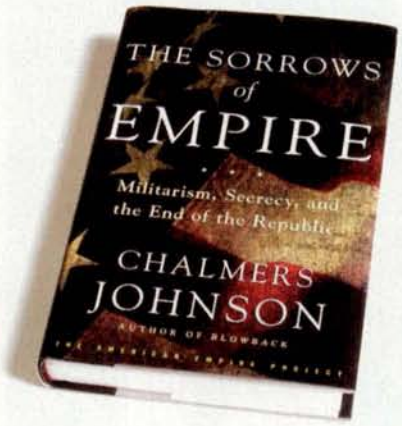
HUSTLER: That's Cheney's policy, to allow no rival to American power.

JOHNSON: Yes, and it's not new. They started to discuss this immediately after the Soviet Union fell in 1991. The first draft of it was done by Paul Wolfowitz, who was working for Dick Cheney, [then] Secretary of Defense in the Pentagon. It produced outrage when he first published it. These people, when they were out of power during the Clinton Administration, continued to write about it. They publicize their ideas in an organization called the Project for the New American Century. When they came to power with the Bush Administration in 2001, they more or less took over the Pentagon and hijacked American foreign policy.

HUSTLER: What is the second sorrow?

JOHNSON: I call the second sorrow *the end of the republic*. If you believe that the structure of government outlined in the Constitution of 1787 bears any relationship whatsoever to the current government in Washington, D.C., you've got an argument on your hands. The Constitution already looks, in many critical areas, to have simply been suspended.

The most important author of the Constitution and defender of it in the *Federalist Papers* is James Madison. As the Constitution was being ratified, he wrote that the single most important article in the Constitution is the one that reserves the right to go to war to the elected representatives of the people. Never under any circumstances, he wrote, should it be given to a single man; the responsibility is simply too great. In October 2002 both houses of our Congress voted to give the power to go to war to a single man [George W. Bush], on his say-so, including the use of nuclear weapons if he so chooses.



The following year, without any international or domestic legal sanction, he chose to exercise that right in a preventive war against Iraq. That [Iraq] was not a threat to the United States, as we now know, has been revealed in the intelligence scandals that swirl around our government and the British government. The Constitutional right of habeas corpus, which states that the government cannot hold you without charging you with a specific offense and [must] allow you to defend yourself, with an attorney to confront the evidence against you, is in suspension.

Amendment IV, which says you are free from illegal searches and seizures in your home, is also in suspension. It is not at all clear that you have these rights any longer, since the President has invented a new category known as "bad guy." If he declares you to be a bad guy, you can be thrown in a naval prison in Charleston, South Carolina, and kept there indefinitely, even if you're a native-born citizen. That's the case of Mr. [Yaser] Hamdi and Mr. [Jose] Padilla, who are almost classic [examples of] violations of the protections contained in the Bill of Rights.

HUSTLER: What is your new book's third sorrow?

JOHNSON: The third of my sorrows of empire is *the pressure on the government to lie to the public, to put out disinformation*. In 2002 the Department of Defense created its own news agency, the Office of Strategic Influence, to give happy news from our battlefields around the world. If there's one thing that the militarists learned from the Vietnam War, it was to control the media in every possible way and to manufacture news to support their side. For example on February 5, 2003, Secretary of State Colin Powell went into the U.N. Security Council, determined to defend our plan to go to war in Iraq. He had the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, George Tenet, sitting behind him, sort of like a potted plant, allegedly to provide verisimilitude for what he had to say. We now know that everything Colin Powell said that day was a lie. And he had ample reason to know that it was a lie—if he didn't, he should resign as incompetent.

HUSTLER: The fourth sorrow?

JOHNSON: The last of my sorrows is *bankruptcy*. If the American public is not interested in the demise of our republic, they're headed in a way that will produce a crisis, whether they want to defend the Constitution or not. As Herbert Stein, former Republican chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, once noted, "Things that can't go on forever, don't." That's what we're into right now. We have half-trillion-dollar defense expenditures every year. In the sense that the defense budget itself is $400 billion, that leaves out the approximately $75 billion per year being spent on Iraq and Afghanistan. It leaves out the $20 billion being spent on nuclear weapons in the Department of Energy. The number actually goes up to well over $700 billion once you add in veterans' benefits, combat-disability payments and things like that. We can't afford that. We're going deeply into debt.

HUSTLER: Would you say that debt would lead to a lack of funding for the infrastructure?

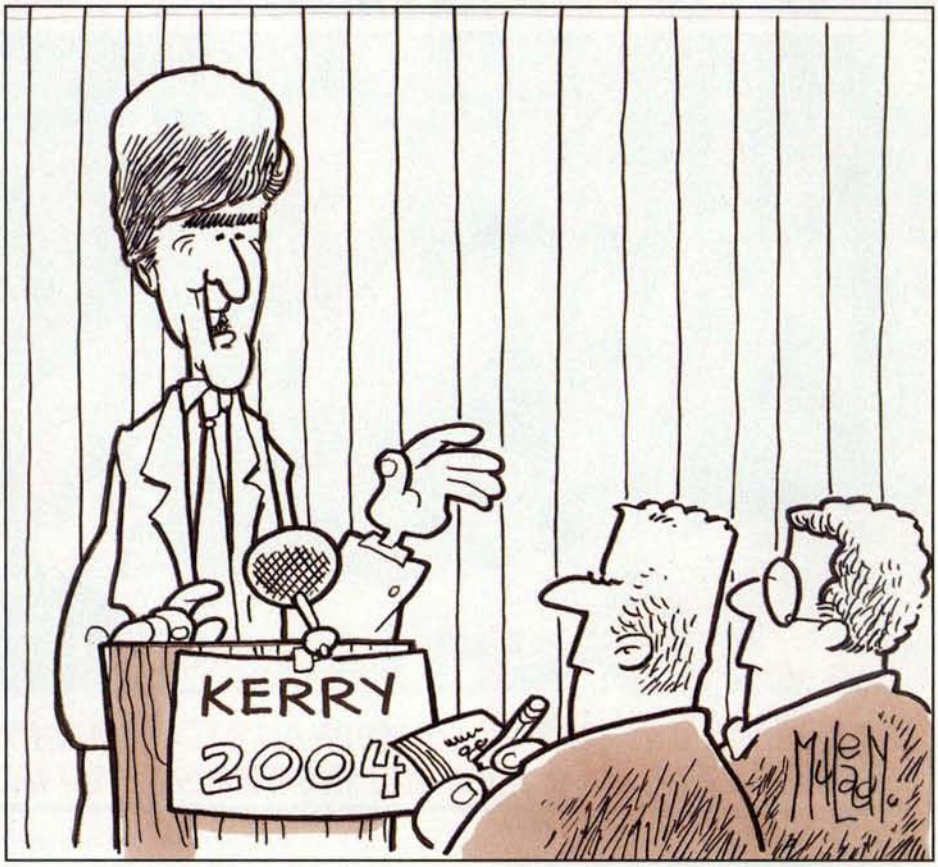
JOHNSON: Yes, of course. That's precisely the kind of distortion that one would expect. We're not paying for defense; we're paying for empire. We have no real military enemies in the world. We could

defend this country fairly easily. Moreover, the Department of Defense clearly didn't defend us against 9/11. They have actually made the situation worse, in their reaction since that time. Secretary Rumsfeld, in his so-called long, hard slog memo of last October, said we lack a measure for our progress in the war on terrorism. That's simply not true. Between 1993 and 2001, including the attacks of September 11, al Qaeda managed to carry out five major bombing incidents worldwide. In the two years since 9/11, down to and including the suicide bombings in Istanbul of the HSBC Bank and the British Consulate and the March 11 bombings of commuter trains in Madrid, al Qaeda has carried out 18 major bombing incidents around the world. We're clearly losing the war, because we have been pursuing the wrong strategy. We've been kicking down doors, rushing into people's private homes and hollering, "freedom and democracy" in a language they don't understand. By doing so, we create more terrorists, rather than capturing any.

HUSTLER: How *should* the government be waging the war on terrorism?

JOHNSON: We know a good deal about how to deal with terrorist incidents, and there's really only one strategy: to separate the terrorist activists from their passive supporters. That way the passive supporters will supply you with intelligence on the crimes of the activists so that they can be apprehended, brought to justice and incarcerated. The only way you can cause the passive supporters to recognize that the activists are committing crimes is to respond to their legitimate grievances and to alter your foreign policy in response to them.

We simply have no credibility today in any Islamic nation. Despite the huge and expensive military that we have, it has probably compounded our problems, made us more susceptible to terrorist attacks than it has solved the problems at all. High-tech military is not appropriate for dealing with terrorist assaults, which are, by definition, assaults against the innocent in order to draw attention to the crimes of the invulnerable. We can't afford what we're doing. We don't manufacture that much in America anymore. We already have the world's largest trade deficits and have had them for years. We have huge federal deficits. These trade and governmental debts are being financed by loans from other countries, particularly in East Asia. If these countries should ever decide to hold their reserves in Euros rather than dollars, it's all over for the American empire.



"As you go to vote, keep in mind the last time a Bush was voted out of office: America enjoyed eight years of tremendous economic growth and prosperity!"

"C'mon, gimme four more years. I can't invade any other countries—we have no more troops left...no money either!"

★ A DIFFERENT KIND OF GAG RULE ★

DID GEORGE W. BUSH ARRANGE AN ILLEGAL ABORTION FOR HIS GIRLFRIEND? JUST ANOTHER TOUGH QUESTION THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA IS AFRAID TO ASK.

EXPOSÉ BY LARRY FLYNT

EXCERPT FROM *SEX, LIES & POLITICS: THE NAKED TRUTH* (KENSINGTON BOOKS)

Larry Flynt's latest book, Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth, starts where his autobiography, An Unseemly Man, and the film The People vs. Larry Flynt left off. It details Flynt's historic revelations about the sex lives of politicians who at the time of his investigation were engaged in a witch-hunt against President Bill Clinton. The tome also discusses numerous topics near to the smut peddler's heart, including crony capitalism, media complacency and, of course, the moral hypocrisy of the right wing. In the following excerpts from Sex, Lies & Politics, Flynt reveals the findings from his stonewalled investigation into whether or not our current leader, George W. Bush, helped a former girlfriend terminate her pregnancy before the U.S. Supreme Court made such options legal.

After I placed the million-dollar ad in the *Washington Post* in October 1998 seeking information about illicit sexual relations with high-ranking government officials...I had established myself as a reliable investigative source. I had shown that I was able to uncover and confirm information that others were drooling to get. I was interviewed and written about by every major newspaper and magazine in the country. But when I was ready to reveal an unpleasant truth about the most powerful family in America, I went back to being a pariah that no one would touch.

What I had to say might have saved us all a great deal of grief, if the media had not refused to do their jobs. That's because character counts. Character counts everywhere, but especially in the White House, where the most difficult decisions on the planet need to be made. Lack of leadership has allowed the most disastrous foreign policy in American history to unfold on top of the most disastrous economic policy in American history. And I could see it coming, because I had received a tip.

Back in 2000 I got a phone call from an attorney from Houston. He represented a woman we'll call "Susan," who supposedly could prove that, back in the early '70s, George W. Bush had arranged an abortion for his girlfriend.

This woman, Susan, told us that, at the time, she was dating a guy who was a Bush family friend. She said that she had been in the room when this boyfriend of hers—we'll call him "Clyde"—took the call from a very agitated W. The way Susan told the story, young Bush was in a panic because he'd gotten his girl knocked up. According to Susan, Clyde told Bush to relax, that he'd take care of everything. She gave us the name of the hospital where the procedure supposedly took place; she even gave us the name of the doctor who supposedly performed it.

Now if this story was true, I thought it was something the American people ought to know about. After all, here was this ultraconservative, antiabortion governor of Texas running for President as a "high moral standards" candidate. Was he playing by the hypocritical double standard of the conservative rule book, namely, that certain indulgences are okay for the rich, but not for ordinary Americans? This abortion, if it occurred, was carried out before *Roe* v. *Wade* made the procedure legal. Bush was successfully slipping past allegations of cocaine use, drunk driving and being a useless rich boy; but arranging for an abortion was a more serious matter. Bush's own supporters said that abortion is murder.

I sent a couple of reporters down to Texas to check out Susan's claims. My investigators were able to substantiate the following: In 1971 Bush, Clyde and the supposedly pregnant girl in question—let's call her "Rayette"—all lived at the same singles apartment complex in Houston, one that was known for its party scene. They confirmed that Clyde was loosely assigned to keep the family black sheep, young W., out of trouble. They also found the doctor in question. He said he remembered Rayette—described her as the best-looking woman at the apartment complex—and he confirmed that he had done procedures at the hospital Susan had named. But, of course, he denied ever having performed an illegal abortion.

My reporters were unable to gain any evi-

dence from the hospital: The institution had been sold several times over the years, and their records were spotty. They found Rayette living elsewhere in Texas. Through her husband, she denied having had the illegal procedure, which is not surprising.

Susan, in an effort to jump-start the investigation, contacted Clyde, told him that some reporters were bugging her about the incident, and asked for his help. She told us that he first casually denied any knowledge of what she was talking about, then in a later conversation, threatened her and told her to keep her mouth shut.

Now if this Susan was a liar, she was a liar who was telling a story that made a lot of sense. Her details checked out, but, without solid evidence, this was as far as we could take it. Unless the girl involved would go on record, there was no way we could prove anything. Not according to the standards journalists use in deciding when they can run a story and certainly not in a court of law, if challenged.

Still, I wanted to make damn sure that the major networks were aware of these allegations. Likewise the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Washington Post*. HUSTLER isn't a major news organization, and we didn't have reporters on the campaign trail. But I wanted somebody who did have access to the candidate to ask the question, to follow up. The big media had opportunities to confront the man on a daily basis. Surely, with all the legwork we'd done and the circumstantial evidence we'd lined up, there was enough of a basis for asking a freakin' question.

I got a reporter from one of the major network news programs to come to my office to see what we had. I remember him staring down at the files for a long while, then shaking his head. "We just can't do it," he said.

Here was a candidate of the sanctimonious Right, running on an antiabortion platform, and all I wanted was someone from the mainstream press to ask him, "Governor Bush, have you ever paid for or facilitated an abortion?" I pleaded with this guy, but I think he didn't want to take the heat for tipping the election with a single story. Little did he know how corrupt that election was going to be.

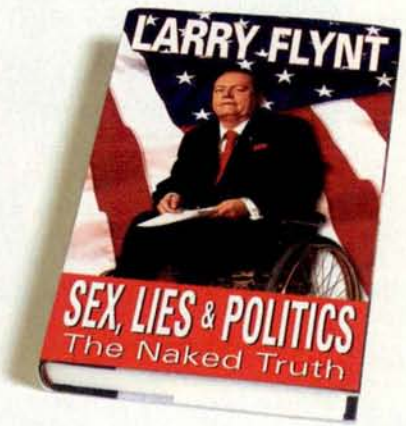
During the three months before the November election, the late summer and early fall of 2000, I tried to get on network television to pose the question myself.

Howard Stern put me on the air to talk about what we'd found, for which I was grateful, but my interview ran only on his live radio show, and not on his E! channel television program.

In L.A. I appeared on KROQ-FM's *Kevin and Bean* morning show, but it was as if the interview had never happened. Anyone calling the station after my appearance was told that, owing to technical difficulties, my interview was not available as a tape or transcript. That interview with Kevin and Bean aired in August—two months before the election—but no one else would touch the story or have me on to talk about it.

On October 20, 2000, *Crossfire*, the debate-style show on CNN, was doing a program about a study that had just come out about blocking explicit material on the Internet. They wanted to have me on as a guest to talk about whether porn sites should screen out certain material from minors. I agreed to come on, in part, because I knew this would give me national exposure to talk about Bush. Once you get on live television, they can't really control what you say. Or so I thought.

The hosts that evening were the conservative Bob Novak and the liberal Bill Press. The show began, and we talked for two segments about the restrictions on the Internet—should there be more, should there be less. Then, as we got down to the wire, Novak acknowledged that I had something to say about the election. I went into my spiel about Bush and the girl, about what we'd found, and about how the



mainstream media wouldn't touch the story.

Then, as Jerry Politex and his online column "Bush Watch" reported:

Novak replied at that point, "Mr. Flynt, you said if it's true and you have no proof of that. I gather you are a very strong—"

Flynt, whose previous investigation of national-level politicians led to at least one resignation from Congress, loudly interrupted, "The hell we don't have proof!"

The camera cut from Flynt in L.A. back to Bill Press and Robert Novak, sheepishly grinning in the studio. Novak said, "Larry Flynt, thank you very, very much for joining us."

Press added, "You never know. Live television."

I had better luck getting the story out in the CNN chat room after the appearance, but still no one would touch it....

Unless you were an Internet freak, or had seen *Crossfire*, chances are you would never have known anything about my interview. There had been a tiny chance for the story to break through to the surface. Maybe some journalist would take the question and put it before Bush. But no such luck.

Syndicated columnist Liz Smith tried to breathe new life into the controversy, but even she was censored. She submitted her story to run the day before the election. Her column appears in over 100 newspapers nationwide. She rarely, if ever, gets edited. Yet the item on Bush was cut from every paper except the *New Jersey Star-Ledger*:

TROUBLE FOR GEORGE—Hot on the heels of the George W. Bush DUI revelation (in Maine, it's called OUI—Operating Under the Influence), comes word that porn-king muckraker Larry Flynt is charging that a girlfriend of W.'s, back in 1970, had an abortion. But that's not the story, as there's no evidence that Bush even knew about the pregnancy. The real story—according to the Internet's About.com—is that Flynt's remarks were apparently censored from CNN's Crossfire, and the entire transcript of the show vanished from the CNN Web site. The media has been willing to crucify Bill and Hillary Clinton with the worst sort of specious rumor-mongering, so why was this sleazy tidbit too hot for the "responsible" press to ask about?

I contacted Army Archerd, the legendary Hollywood columnist for *Daily Variety*, an entertainment industry newspaper. Army has always been a strong advocate of truth in politics, and I should have contacted him months before, but I had been hoping for a major, mainstream paper to pick it up. On November 7, 2000, the very day of the election, Army ran the following item in his nationally syndicated column that recaps the whole story from beginning to end:

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS? Larry Flynt says his comments about a hush-hush 1970 Houston abortion, on a rumored girlfriend of George W. Bush, have been stifled by the mainstream media. (Flynt claims knowledge of the identity of the girl, the hospital, etc. He never printed it, "because she'd deny it; you'd have egg on your face and you'd face a libel suit.") Still, he's more concerned with the fact that the media is ignoring the rumors. Flynt's comments on the subject were reportedly edited from his Crossfire appearance; his appearance on Howard Stern aired only on radio, not TV; and his Court File appearance, booked on Friday, was unbooked Monday. I spoke to Flynt, who claims this rumor about Bush was known to "the mainstream media for some time. But they never picked it up to investigate. My whole focus," Flynt said, "was on the lack of investigation by the media—in other words, they never asked Bush."

★ ★ ★

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt's Sex, Lies & Politics: The Naked Truth, published by Kensington Books, is available at bookstores nationwide or online at www.KensingtonBooks.com.

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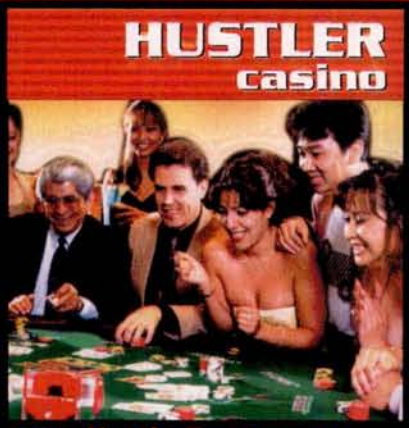

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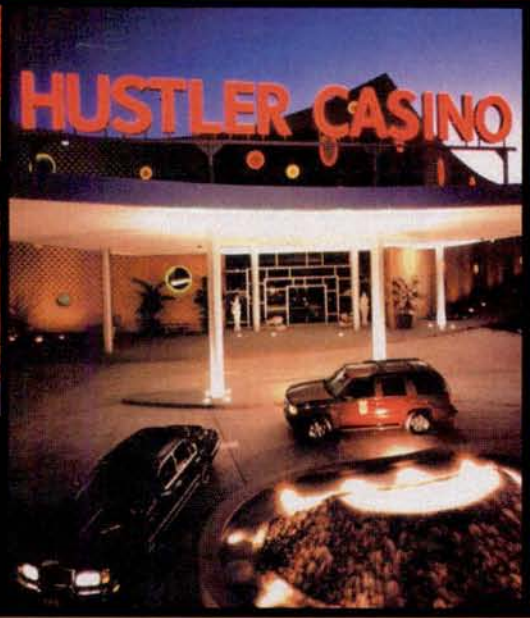

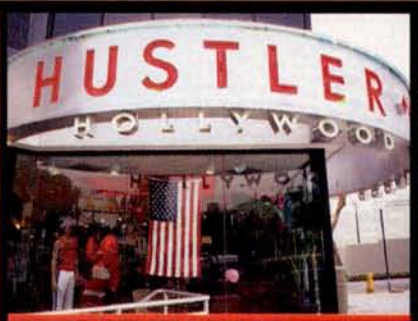

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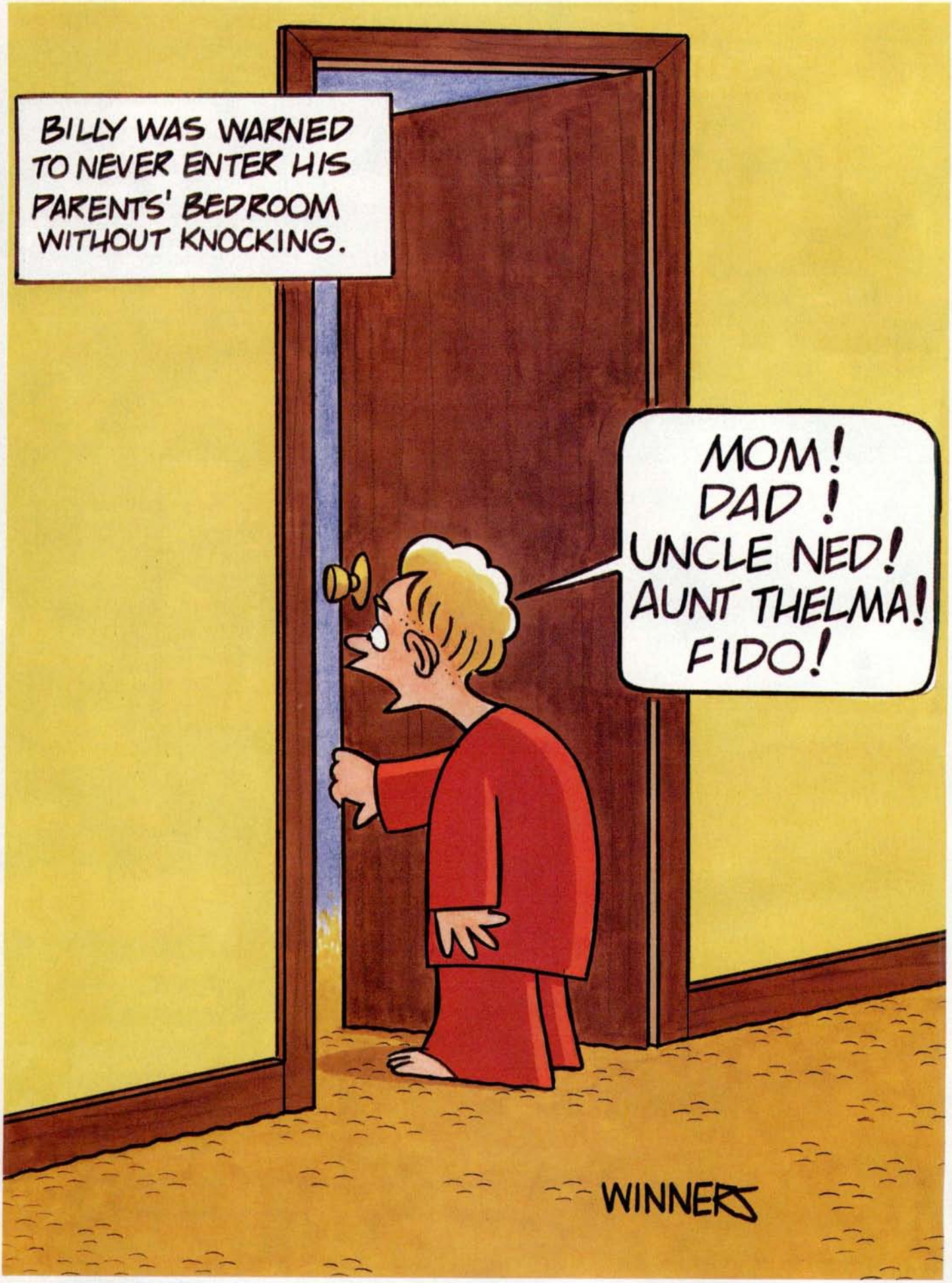

BILLY WAS WARNED TO NEVER ENTER HIS PARENTS' BEDROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING.
MOM! DAD! UNCLE NED! AUNT THELMA! FIDO!
WINNERS

A Little Game Called "Intruders"

The first blow surprised me. A tingling warmth spread over my ass globes to my snatch. I was lying in the darkness of my bedroom, tied by my own stockings to the bed. I had been lying there facedown for one, maybe two hours—I don't know; time moved so slowly. Then, suddenly, Smack!

I couldn't turn my head quite far enough to see him, and it was so dark. *Whack! Whack!* He was alternating butt cheeks now, playing with me. He established a sadistic rhythm, slapping each bum-patty hard, then rubbing his rough palm in excruciatingly slow circles over my burning ass flesh. He moved lower, lightly hitting my pussy lips till I was moaning into the mattress and then, finally, begging for his cock.

This really wasn't what I'd envisioned when I'd hinted—well, flat-out told Jeremy—that we needed to spice things up a little. After two years of dating every Thursday and Saturday, missionary-style only—oh, yeah, and blowjobs—I was starting to get bored. But good old Jeremy surprised me. Instead of getting his feelings all hurt, he'd dreamed up a little game I would come to call "Intruders."

When he finally rolled me over and retied me a little tighter, I could just make out a skullcap, a fat, familiar cock and a long, black cat-o'-nine-tails dangling over my dripping box. Then came the blindfold.

The tiny strips of leather danced over my skin, from my breasts to the soles of my feet, and slowly back up to my breasts. Christ, I needed cock!

Finally a smooth prick-cap nudged my chin, then my lips. Starting with the crown, I sucked him into my mouth as deep as possible, and felt grateful for doing so. My hands had to be free to grab his buttocks and pull him deeper down my throat, so I struggled against the nylons. I wanted to make him come hard. His cock tasted so good.

But the man wasn't going to let me taste his love cream. Fucker pulled back before I had the chance.

Smack! Something hard and flat—a small paddle maybe—started slapping my labes and clit. My fuck folds felt swollen and hot, and my clit became hair-sensitive. I'd never felt so alive, every nerve heightened to its peak.

When the intruder's prick finally pushed between my pussy lips, I started coming, and I couldn't stop. Waves of climax rolled through my body, and it was like I'd melted. I couldn't stop trembling, and still his billy club kept lunging so fuckin' deep. His hands moved roughly over my breasts and butt cheeks, squeezing. He pinched my nipples as tight as a vise. My mild-mannered boyfriend had turned into this brazen brute, a real man.

"Please!" I coaxed. "Untie me—just my legs so I can wrap them around your back and pull your cock in deeper. I want to feel your cum so bad!"

He abruptly stopped drilling my snatch. For a few interminable seconds I panicked. My pussy went from being stretched full of pulsing, thick fuck-meat to—nothing, empty. What if he just stopped and left me there?

He let me sweat it for seconds more, a seeming eternity, before I felt his hands at my ankles, untying the stockings. Thank God! Then he tore off the blindfold.

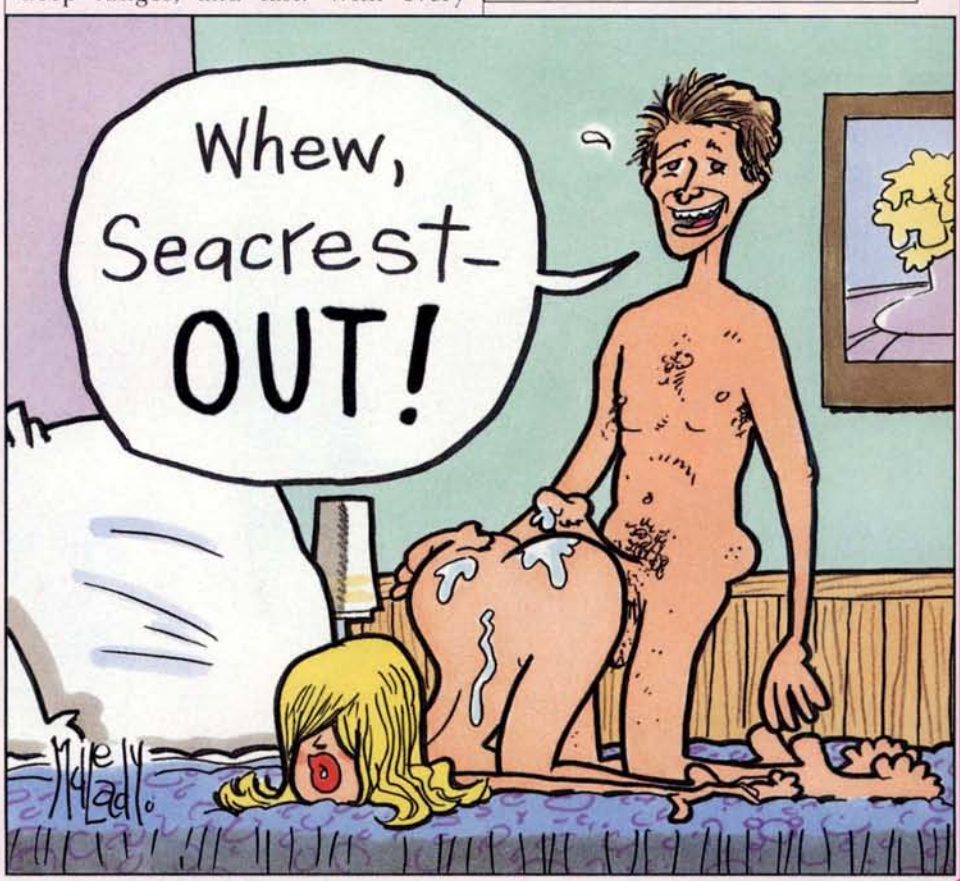
He raised my legs over his broad shoulders, and I watched his beautiful cock disappear into my pink. Long, deep lunges, and fast. With every thrust, my intruder spanked my tush hard. I've never come so fuckin' good in my life! I thought I might pass out, but I definitely remember the sight of that fuck-stick when he pulled out and sprayed lines of jism over my quivering ta-tas.

Then, suddenly, the fiend was my Jeremy again, planting light kisses all over my face and smoothing my hair. He gently lifted each of my fat tits to my lips and watched me lap off his creamy spunk. Once he'd untied my wrists, he bathed me in water silky with bath oil and patted me dry. We then made warm, easy love for the rest of the night.

Next week it's my turn to make things exciting. I've seen the lez magazines hidden under Jeremy's mattress. He doesn't know it yet, but I've always kind of had a thing for girl-girl stuff too. I'm thinking maybe I'll seduce this little blonde down the street and arrange things just right so Jeremy catches us. I can't wait.

-M. B.
Ames, Iowa

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



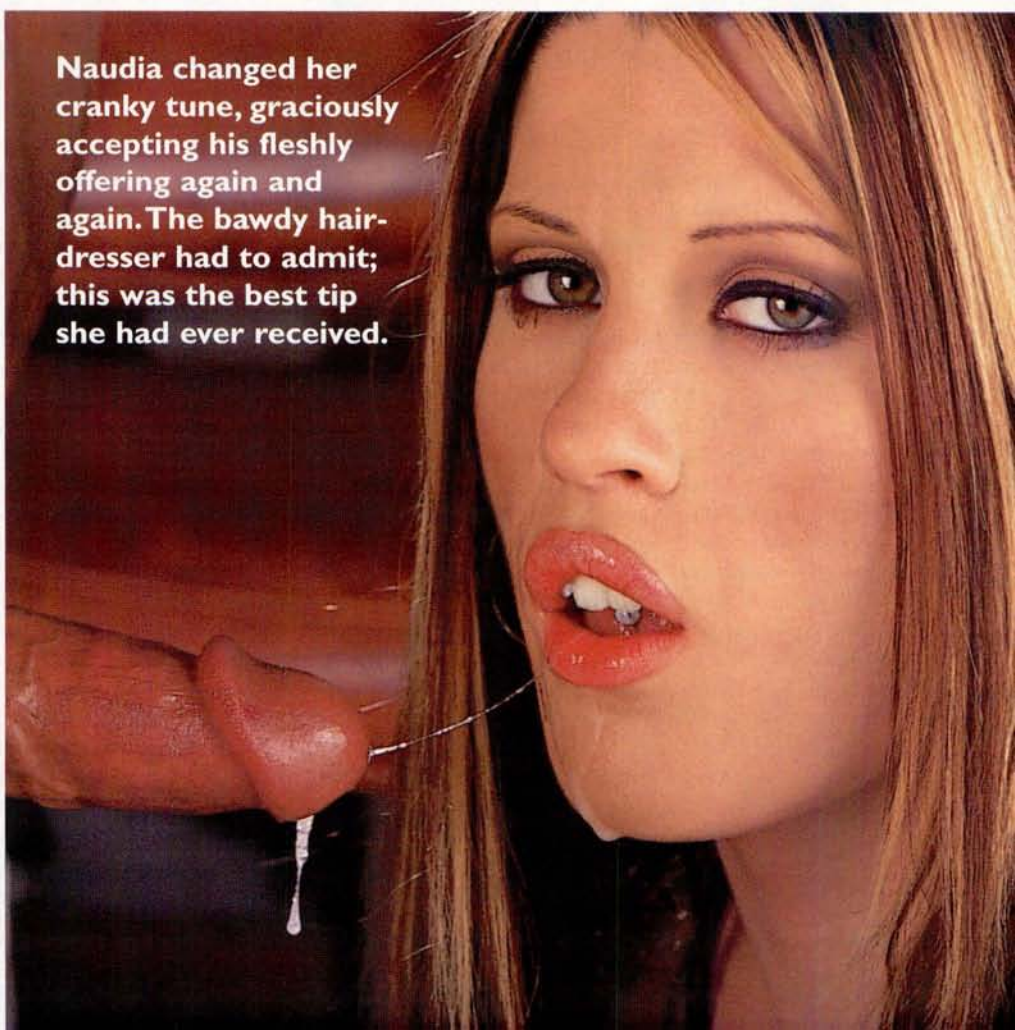
NAUDIA & NICK

HAIRY SITUATION

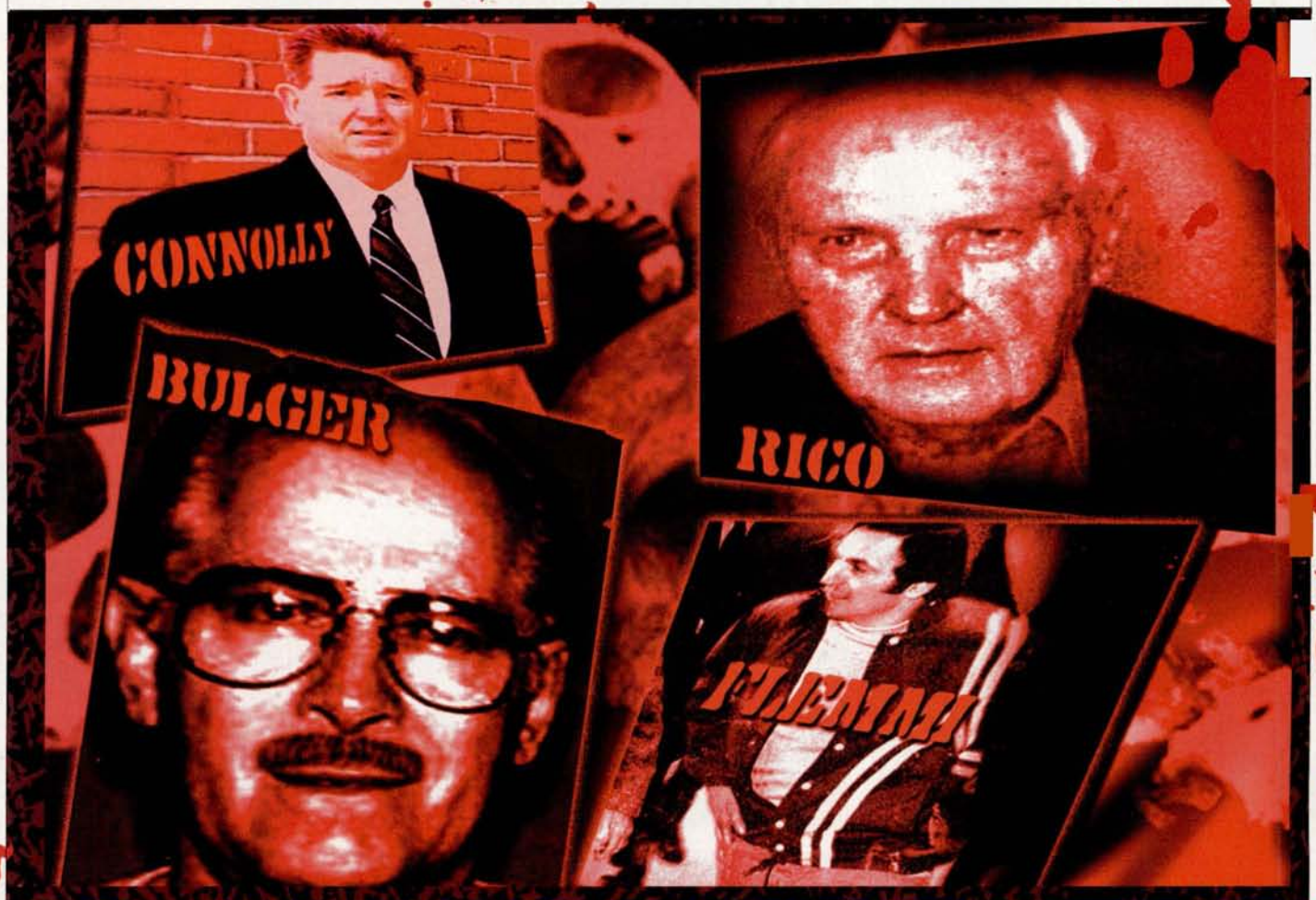
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Naudia was just about to close up her hair salon when Nick came running in, huffing that he had to get a haircut for his job interview the next morning. The shapely coiffeuse quickly sat him down in the chair and gave him a sharp-looking trim.

Amazingly, the cheap bastard didn't have the common decency to tip the curvy stylist. When she complained, Nick finally relented and offered her the growing gratuity in his pants.



Naudia changed her cranky tune, graciously accepting his fleshly offering again and again. The bawdy hairdresser had to admit; this was the best tip she had ever received.



G-MEN AND GANGSTERS

PARTNERS IN CRIME

★ REPORT BY DOMINIC SPINALE

A chilling story of the FBI's lawless alliance with murderous informants.

For years, Federal Bureau of Investigation Director J. Edgar Hoover steadfastly denied the existence of the Mafia. After facing mounting pressure from Washington, the FBI finally focused its attention on the secret society. In the 1960s Hoover created the Top Echelon Informant Program, which allowed agents to develop hardcore criminals as snitches.

Spearheaded by the Bureau's zeal to understand, identify and infiltrate the Italian Mafia, the Boston office of the FBI entered an alliance with ruthless killers James "Whitey" Bulger and Steve "The Rifleman" Flemmi. (Flemmi was made a Top Echelon informant in 1967, and Bulger was upgraded to that status in 1983.)

With their identities known to only a select few within the Bureau, the informants secretly infiltrated the Mafia. Top Echelon informants were authorized to commit minor crimes in order to maintain a favorable reputation in the underworld. However, members of the Boston Bureau—and in particular, agents Paul Rico and John Connolly—were so intent on bringing down organized crime in Beantown that they closed their eyes to murders, extortion and drug-dealing committed by their star snitches, Bulger and Flemmi.

Neither Rico nor Connolly resembled the stereotypical FBI agent. Impeccably dressed in hand-tailored suits, with their manicured nails and stylish coiffures, both men were considered "dappers."

Chewing an expensive cigar, with his dashing Mediterranean looks, Rico was easily mistaken for a true Sicilian mafioso. Rico, however, was not of Italian descent; actually he was part Irish and part Spanish. Even so, many in Boston's ethnic community were receptive to Rico, assuming he was one of them.

The already well-recognized, vicious gangster Flemmi was open to the union that Rico proposed. Ever-calculating, Flemmi knew that being an informant presented him with the opportunity to use Rico and the FBI to put his enemies out of action, add to his safety and make his own illegal activities more lucrative.

Even though Rico knew that Flemmi was involved in a host of murders, his resolve to form an alliance with the cold-blooded killer was not dampened. Having a Top Echelon informant such as Flemmi carried with it the prospect for promotion within the Bureau, along with any monetary benefits.

John Connolly grew up in the same Irish community of South Boston as William and Whitey Bulger. The brothers rose to the pinnacles of their chosen vocations: Billy as a powerful politician and president of the

Massachusetts Senate, Whitey as a feared extortionist, drug trafficker and murderer.

In the center was Connolly, a devotee and fan. Connolly adored Whitey, who was mythically cast as the Robin Hood of South Boston. William Bulger asked Connolly to watch over and protect his older brother, and Connolly, as a good neighbor, acted on that request. The G-man wasn't about to let a sworn oath or an FBI badge stand in the way of a bond with his childhood friend. Connolly's bold plan was to offer protection to Whitey in exchange for information that could be used to take down the Mafia.

Informers Bulger and Flemmi both shared an extreme dislike for the Italian Mafia, a longing to profit criminally from its eradication and, most important, the promise of protection. The duo dined with members of the Boston Bureau, and gifts were exchanged between the gangsters and the agents.

Bulger and Flemmi identified new Mafia-made men and supplied details on murders committed by rival gangsters. The two informants also assisted the FBI in its efforts to plant microphones at the headquarters of key Mafia leaders in Boston. Soon the Boston Bureau put together a number of cases against the FBI's top-priority individuals and sent scores of Mafia members to prison.

Through the efforts of Bulger and Flemmi, Connolly gave the FBI the opportunity to record an actual Mafia induction ceremony, which had never before been captured on tape. The rite in which men prick their trigger fingers and burn holy cards in cupped hands while swearing an oath to "This Thing of Ours," they found, was not a myth.

The alliance between the G-men and the gangsters caused the two informants to become overwhelmed by their apparent power. Soon the flow of information turned in the wrong direction; it was Bulger and Flemmi who penetrated the FBI. The Boston Bureau provided Bulger and Flemmi with information on wiretaps and the identities of those willing to testify against them, and the gangsters put that information to horrific use.

They committed crimes of extortion and drug-dealing, and were suspects in a host of murders. Connolly and a handful of rogue agents filed inaccurate reports to mask the evils committed by their pet rats. As the number of false reports stacked up, so did the corpses.

Some of the victims were slain in broad daylight; others, who had the misfortune of crossing the gangsters, were buried in makeshift graves after being sadistically brutalized. Most of those slain had their fingertips cut off, thwarting identification. One victim entombed in the congested burial site was Flemmi's stepdaughter, Deborah Hussey.

Flemmi had sexually imposed himself on the young woman from an early age. The incestuous acts went on for years. Having had enough, Hussey threatened to expose the tawdry affair to her mother. Flemmi decided to silence her. The young beauty was lured to a South Boston home, where Bulger strangled her into unconsciousness. Flemmi finished the gruesome task with a garrote.

After Hussey's 1985 disappearance, Flemmi did his best to comfort the girl's mother, grieving along with her. Not long after, another shapely, blue-eyed young blonde who became involved with the gangster disappeared as well. A naive Debra Davis had been swept off her feet by the handsome, high-flying gangster. But after a seven-year affair, during which Flemmi had showered Davis with gifts and a lavish lifestyle, she fell for another man and wanted to end her romance with Flemmi. He wasn't going to be dumped. Instead, her body was discarded in a mass grave. Although Flemmi was a prime suspect in the young woman's disappearance, the girl's family kept silent out of fear.

* * *

When Arthur "Bucky" Barrett, a highly sophisticated burglar, broke into the Depositors Bank outside Boston in 1980, reaping nearly $2 million, he didn't know he'd soon have partners. Later, through their underworld connections, Bulger and Flemmi quickly found out who had masterminded the haul.

Barrett was snatched off the street by the two jackals and taken to the same South Boston home where others had met their demise. He was tied to a chair and questioned about the location of the stolen money. When Barrett refused to reveal the hiding place, Bulger and Flemmi pulled out his teeth with pliers. Drooling blood, Barrett revealed where the stash was. After retrieving the loot, the gangsters murdered Barrett and buried him in the same grave as Deborah Hussey.

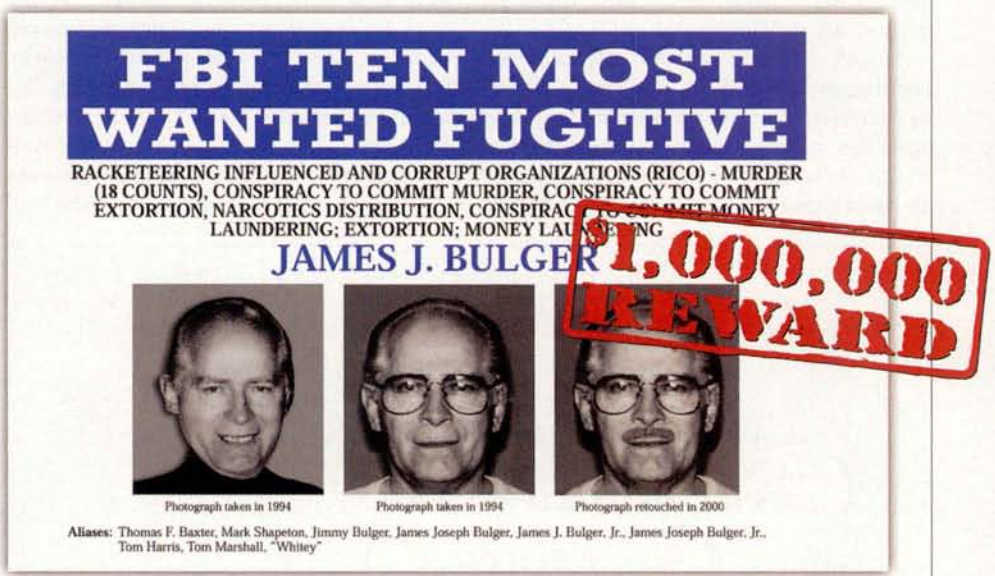
The G-men and the gangsters were on a roll. Agent Rico, who had been Flemmi's handler, retired to Florida. Through the efforts of Bulger and Flemmi, Rico received a comfortable job as chief of security at World Jai-Alai, a Miami-based gaming operation. Under the former G-man's watch, gangsters skimmed millions of dollars from the company. When World Jai-Alai president Roger Wheeler began an investigation, he effectively signed his own death warrant. Wheeler was shot between the eyes, a murder proposed by former agent Rico and ordered by the gangsters.

When Bulger gang member Brian Halloran decided to "roll" and give testimony implicating Bulger and Flemmi in the hit on Wheeler, he didn't realize the gangsters had friends in the Boston FBI. Halloran, along with an innocent companion, Michael Donahue, were cut down in a hail of bullets at high noon outside a South Boston bar.

Through the political connections of Whitey's brother William, John Connolly retired to a posh position in the private sector. The gangsters continued to reap huge profits from their criminal activities, but the house of cards built by the rogue agents and their murderous informers soon came crashing down.

When a local big-time bookmaker who had been provided with protection by the gangsters was arrested for illegal gambling in 1991, it didn't cause any great deal of concern. What made the arrest of Burton "Chico" Krantz unusual was a safe-deposit key found during the raid. The bank box contained $2 million. When news reached the gangsters, they were astonished by the huge sum. Krantz had often cried poverty to the extortionists, hoping to avoid an increase in protection payments. Realizing they'd been lied to, Bulger and Flemmi were determined to shake down Krantz for all the money.

Krantz knew there would be no way to


FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE
RACKETEERING INFLUENCED AND CORRUPT ORGANIZATIONS (RICO) - MURDER (18 COUNTS), CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT EXTORTION, NARCOTICS DISTRIBUTION, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MONEY LAUNDERING; EXTORTION; MONEY LAUNDERING
JAMES J. BULGER
$1,000,000 REWARD
Photograph taken in 1994
Photograph taken in 1994
Photograph retouched in 2000
Aliases: Thomas F. Baxter, Mark Shapeton, Jimmy Bulger, James Joseph Bulger, James J. Bulger, Jr., James Joseph Bulger, Jr., Tom Harris, Tom Marshall, "Whitey"

appease the gangsters; it was either pay or die. Faced with these limited options, he cut a deal with federal prosecutors and testified before a grand jury in 1995, implicating Bulger and Flemmi of extortion. Other bookmakers who were forced to pay protection money came forward and gave similar testimony. Bulger and Flemmi knew it was time for a vacation.

Connolly still had a few connections in the Boston Bureau and promised to inform them as to when indictments were coming down. Bulger was not going to wait around; he immediately went on the lam. Flemmi foolishly stayed in town, tying up loose ends and bidding farewell to his many lovers. The gangster didn't realize that the landscape in the Boston Bureau was changing. There was a new sheriff in town: U.S. Attorney Fred Wyshak, a no-nonsense prosecutor.

Flemmi was arrested before the impending indictments were unsealed and held without bail. Soon after, Bulger's top lieutenant, Kevin Weeks, was also arrested on extortion charges and held without bail. Weeks began hearing accounts indicating that his idol, Whitey Bulger, was not the stand-up guy he appeared to be, but, instead, an FBI informant.

Bulger's right-hand man felt abandoned and began singing like a soprano. After he gave testimony on Connolly's role with the gangsters, the former agent was subsequently arrested on racketeering charges. It was Weeks who led investigators to the six buried bodies of those murdered by Bulger and Flemmi, and he even assisted in the digging.

Authorities began excavating in a field alongside Interstate 93 in Dorchester, a Boston suburb. Television camera crews and news reporters were expecting a long wait, but the information supplied by Weeks was dead-on, and the recovery detail had little difficulty finding the first body, that of John McIntyre.

McIntyre had disappeared on November 30, 1984, after telling authorities about his role in the smuggling of weapons to the Irish Republican Army, implicating Bulger in gun-running and marijuana shipments. Next to McIntyre laid the decomposed remains of Flemmi's stepdaughter and safecracker Bucky Barrett. The bodies had been reduced to a pile of bones.

A short time later, investigators searched for the remains of Flemmi's former girlfriend, Debra Davis, and two other victims. The dig was focused along the shores of the Neponset River, a beach site outside Boston. Eventually Davis, Bulger's past rival Paul McGonagle and Thomas King, who had disappeared after beating the undercover agent in a bar fight, were unearthed. A grand jury issued murder indictments against Bulger and Flemmi.

In the wake of the scandal that subsequently rocked the FBI's Boston Bureau, a massive corruption probe uncovered hidden documents. The papers revealed that the FBI and, in particular, agent Paul Rico knew that the wrong men were convicted of the 1965 gangland murder of Edward "Teddy" Deegan. Rico had knowledge of the murder plot before it happened, yet did nothing to prevent it. One of the men involved in the killing was Steve Flemmi's brother, Jimmy "The Bear." Rico covered up Jimmy's role in the murder as a favor to his productive informant. Louis Greco and Henry Tamelo, two of the wrongly convicted men, died in prison. In 1997 Joseph Salvati won his freedom, and on January 5, 2001, Judge Margaret Hinckle ruled to vacate Peter Limone's conviction. Limone had served nearly 30 years behind bars.

Shortly before standing trial on murder charges, Flemmi struck a deal. In order to escape the death penalty, he confessed to ten murders, including those of the two young women, and racketeering charges. The pitiless killer exchanged his life for that of Paul Rico, implicating his onetime FBI handler in the Roger Wheeler murder.

Flemmi's decision to swap Rico's life for his own came as no surprise, even though the G-man and the gangster had an unusually close alliance. Rico's own pet rat acted as a cornered varmint by taking a giant chomp out of him.

Once a highly regarded crusader in the FBI and hailed for his uncanny ability for recruiting Top Echelon Informants, Rico was arrested and charged with conspiracy for his role in the Wheeler hit. He died of natural causes behind bars while awaiting trial. Connolly, meanwhile, was found guilty for his role in dealing with the gangsters and subsequently received a ten-year sentence.

Repercussions from the alliance between the FBI and murderous informers are still being felt today. The families of the victims affected by the corrupt agents in the Bureau have filed multibillion-dollar lawsuits against the government.

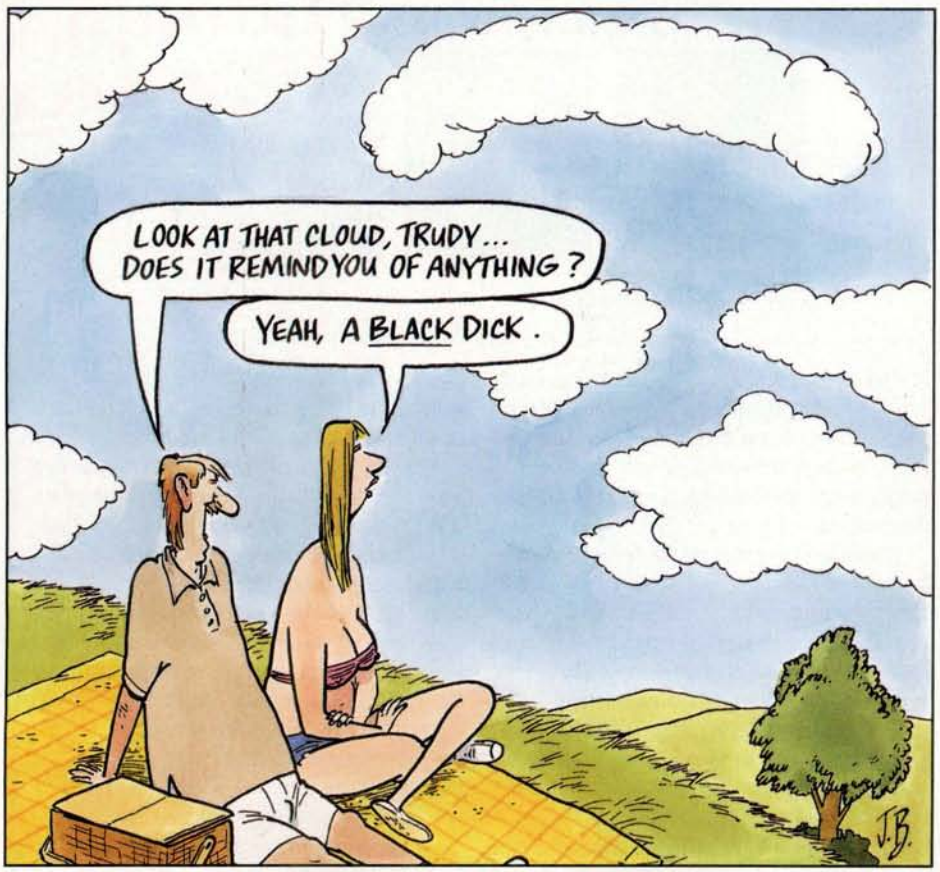
The stench emanating from the Boston Bureau reached all the way to Capitol Hill. Indiana Congressman Dan Burton, chairman of the House Committee on Government Reform, called for a hearing to probe the agency's relationship with the gangsters. The Boston Bureau has become the most investigated in history.

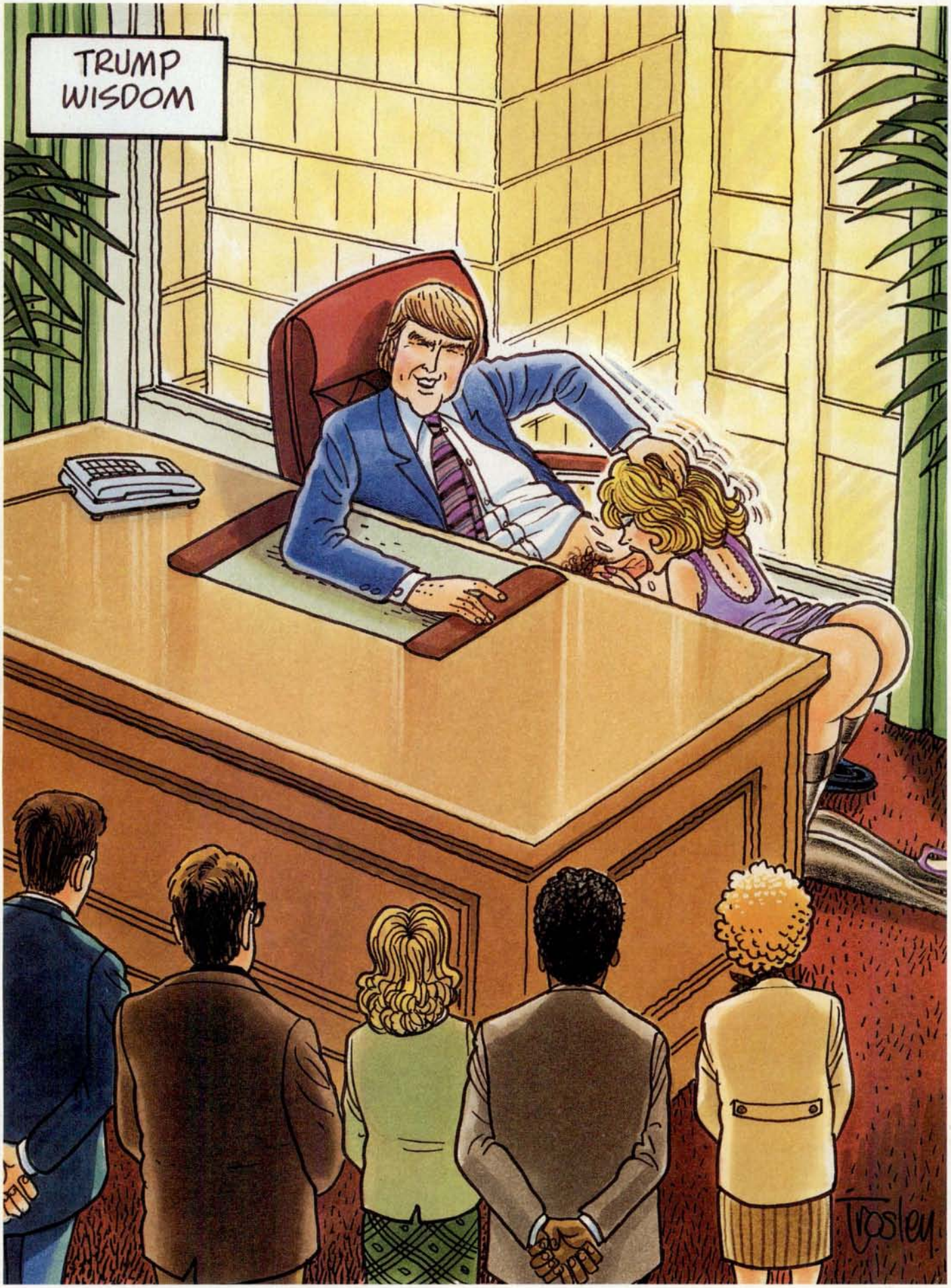
James "Whitey" Bulger is believed to have killed nearly two dozen people while given Top Echelon Informant status. The gangster is only the seventh fugitive in the history of the FBI's Most Wanted Program to merit a reward of $1 million for his capture. The only person on the list with a higher reward is Osama bin Laden.

Even though the FBI is offering a substantial sum for Bulger, many question the efforts being made to apprehend the fugitive gangster. His capture may bring even more shocking revelations that could be devastating to the already-tarnished government agency. It's difficult to believe that the same agency that supported criminals and looked the other way is truly eager to apprehend the ruthless killer.

* * *

Dominic Spinale is the author of G-Men and Gangsters: Partners in Crime, available in paperback from Seven Locks Press (www.SevenLocksPublishing.com).





"Success isn't only measured in dollars. It's also measured in cocks, pussy and blowjobs!"

LIL' KIM'S IN BIG TROUBLE

KIM'S IN DEEP LEGAL SHIT. WHAT BETTER TIME TO RELEASE THESE EXPLICIT PHOTOS OF THE PETITE RAP STAR FLASHING HER GASH?

★ REPORT BY TOM FARRELL

The next time you see pint-size potty mouth Lil' Kim on the tube, don't expect the revealing attire that made her famous, such as the panty-free, minidress getup she wore last February while performing at the Canal Room in New York City. The HUSTLER fashion team predicts a new fall look for rap's queen bee this autumn—conservative courtroom attire, possibly followed by orange prison garb, a look that may be Kim's fashion statement for decades to come.

In late November 29-year-old Lil' Kim (born Kimberly Denise Jones) is scheduled to go on trial for various felony counts of perjury, making false statements, conspiracy and obstruction of justice. The charges stem from a February 25, 2001, gunfight outside the offices of a hip-hop radio station in Lower Manhattan.

As the story shapes up, Lil' Kim and her entourage were leaving WQHT Hot 97 when they encountered rival rapper Capone (of Capone-N-Noreaga) and his posse. After some presumably nasty words were exchanged, bullets started flying. According to police reports, Damion "D-Roc" Butler and Suif "C-Gutta" Jackson, Lil' Kim's manager and bodyguard respectively, engaged in a verbal confrontation with Capone associates Kiam Holley and Efrain Ocasio, who had been indirectly involved in an earlier feud between Kim and fellow NYC rapper Foxy Brown.

Police claim that Butler and Jackson fired a machine gun and "another weapon" following the altercation, which left Ocasio with a nonfatal bullet wound in his back. Ballistic tests are still being conducted to determine who fired the slug that struck Ocasio, who was released from the hospital the next day. Police say more than 20 shots were fired from five weapons during the firefight.

According to Foxy Brown, the feud started in the late '90s when Lil' Kim was still a member of Junior M.A.F.I.A, the backing group for the late Notorious B.I.G. (Notorious B.I.G. helped usher Kim into the rap world and was romantically involved with the 4-foot-11 hip-hop newbie.) On Junior M.A.F.I.A. member Lil' Cease's track "Play Around," Sean "P. Diddy/Puff Daddy/Sean Jean" Combs claimed that Brown ripped off Kim's style. On her 1999 album *The Notorious K.I.M.*, Lil' Kim added fuel to the fire by saying that Brown "ain't a star—and [her] record company know that."

Brown shot back when she guested on Capone-N-Noreaga's 2000 track "Bang Bang,"

accusing Kim's album of not only being "weak," but also "lame." In addition to these fightin' words, Brown audaciously asserted, "My name still reign."

A month after the shooting, Brown told *MTV News* that she wanted to put an end to the dispute and "have a sit-down with Kim." Brown asked her label president, Def Jam mogul Russell Simmons, to intervene. "I don't care what it is," Brown told *MTV News* on March 5, 2001. "Let's just end it." Kim didn't respond.

Even if Kim and Foxy kiss and make up, in the eyes of authorities the incident is far from over. Investigators claim that the day after the shooting, Lil' Kim clammed up when asked about the identities of her cohorts. Moreover, local prosecutors contend that during three appearances before a grand jury last year, Kim stated that Butler wasn't at the shooting and denied knowing Jackson.

Kim's whereabouts during the skirmish are also in question. The rapper says she was not present when the shots were fired. According to reports released days following the shooting, the police had determined that Lil' Kim was already inside her limousine when the guns went off. However, a security surveillance video released later shows Lil' Kim standing on the street during the gun battle, then jumping into her limo, which had slowed down to pick up suspects Butler and Jackson.

On April 14, 2004, Lil' Kim was indicted on multiple counts by a New York grand jury. Kim's friend and personal assistant, Monique "Mo Betta" Dopwell, also allegedly lied under oath when questioned about the incident, echoing Lil' Kim's story. Dopwell and Kim have both been charged with perjury, conspiracy to commit perjury, making false statements and obstructing justice.

If convicted on all counts, Lil' Kim could conceivably be sentenced to more than 30 years behind bars. Each charge carries a maximum sentence of five years, except for the more serious obstruction of justice, which carries a maximum ten-year stretch.

Lil' Kim's attorney Mel Sachs issued the standard legal spew, telling reporters that the

charges were "baseless" and that his client has been "unfairly targeted and unjustly charged because of who she is in the music industry."

The incident is already costing Lil' Kim, whose image over the years has been sliding away from her sexually driven gangsta-girl vibe into a more mainstream persona. In 2002 Lil' Kim won a Grammy for Best Pop Collaboration With Vocals for "Lady Marmalade," which she recorded with Christina Aguilera, Pink and Mya. Late last year, Kim appeared in a series of Old Navy ads featuring Fran Drescher. Kim is even featured in the popular console game *Def Jam Vendetta*, where players wrestle with popular hip-hop stars. Last fall Lil' Kim was nominated for five Source awards, taking home the honors for Best Female Rapper.

The beleaguered entertainer was slated to appear at the Kentucky Derby this past May, but was denied permission to leave New York State. Lil' Kim is currently out on $500,000 bail as she awaits trial. In the meantime, enjoy these exclusive pictures of Kim's unhidden quim.

* * *

Tom Farrell has written and taken photographs for Rip, Rap Pages, Music Biz, Music Connection and BROWN SUGAR.

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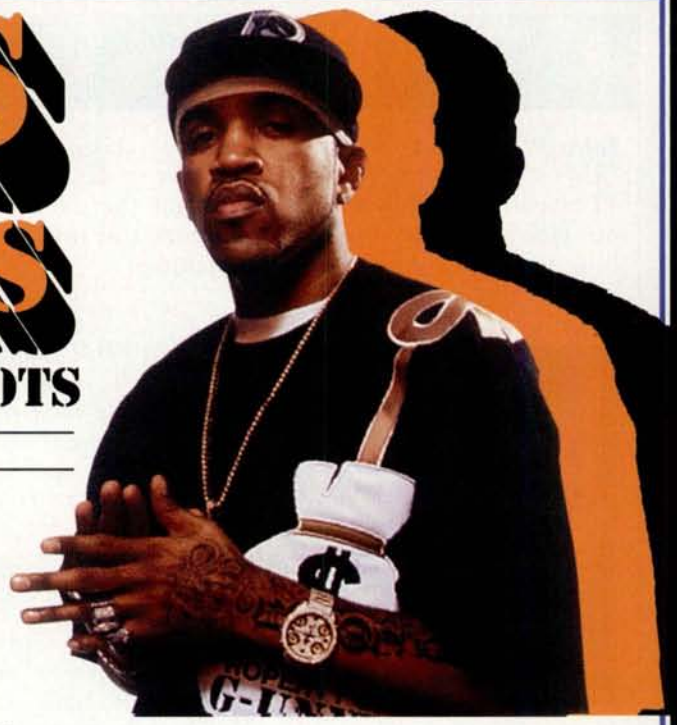
G-UNIT'S LLOYD BANKS

FROM GUN SHOTS TO CUM-SHOTS



Interview by Giddle Partridge

Rap collective G-Unit—50 Cent, Lloyd Banks and Young Buck—sold millions of copies of their debut album, *Beg for Mercy*. Banks has just released his first solo record, *The Hunger for More*, and, perhaps more importantly, is entering the world of smut with his new XXX DVD, *Groupie Love*. Named for a track on *Beg for Mercy*, the blue-screen offering gives viewers a behind-the-scenes look at G-Unit's bling-laden lifestyle, intercut with the carnal adventures of 16 adult-film temptresses—notably Monica Sweetheart, Lacey Duvall and Daisy. In this exclusive Q&A, Banks speaks out on his latest ventures, favorite sexual techniques and other titillating tidbits.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your album.

BANKS: I wrote every song including the R&B hooks. 50 [Cent] is the executive producer. I got production from everybody from [Dr.] Dre to Eminem.

HUSTLER: What motivated you to produce a porn DVD?

BANKS: I was presented with the opportunity from Digital Sin. They've done a few interactive DVDs. They got one with Jenna Jameson that sold about 65,000 copies. I was just thinking, *Man, we sold about 800,000 copies of [50 Cent's] The New Breed DVD, and that's just us talking on the porch.* Hell, if we can sell that, how come we can't sell 65,000 copies of a G-Unit porn?

HUSTLER: Reebok put out G-Unit sneakers. Are you involved with that?

BANKS: No, that's 50's venture. I wanted to do something else, and that's why I went into the adult-film business. I'm trying to make a G-Unit condom.

HUSTLER: Are they going to be larger than Magnums?

BANKS: I use the black Magnums, the XL kind; so I'd probably make it about that size. If there's anything bigger than that, please tell me, 'cause I'm looking.

HUSTLER: What would happen if you used a regular Trojan condom?

BANKS: I'd break it. I couldn't put it on. It would go over the peehole, and that's it. They don't call me "the Boy Wonder" for nothing.

HUSTLER: Every member of G-Unit has been shot at. Do you all wear bulletproof vests?

BANKS: I do every day. I got a bulletproof hat too, a bulletproof Yankee cap.

HUSTLER: You smoke a lot of pot, right?

BANKS: Of course. All day, every day.

HUSTLER: Doesn't it make you paranoid, especially after being shot?

BANKS: Yeah, that's not the best time to be high, during a shoot-out. I wouldn't do it if I wasn't able to cope. I've been smoking it since I was 11 or 12; so it's like a Newport for me.

HUSTLER: Do you drink when you're stoned?

BANKS: No, I don't drink. I got shot in my liver; so I stopped. I just smoke.

HUSTLER: What tastes better—Cristal or pussy?

BANKS: Pussy, of course. Pussy's what you make it, really. I've had pussy that's too tight.

HUSTLER: You like loose girls better than tight girls?

BANKS: I like wet girls better than dry girls.

HUSTLER: Are there any celebrities you'd like to get with?

BANKS: Throw some names out.

HUSTLER: How about 50's ex, Mya?

BANKS: Yeah, I want to fuck Mya.

HUSTLER: Britney Spears?

BANKS: I'd fuck Britney Spears too.

HUSTLER: Madonna?

BANKS: I would fuck the shit out of Madonna!

HUSTLER: Would you fuck Lil' Kim? [*The rapper flashes her gash on pages 68-70 in this issue.*]

BANKS: I don't know; she'd fall apart or something. Nah, I'm just playing with you. I probably would.

HUSTLER: Do you get a lot of groupie love?

BANKS: Oh, man. I was recently caught on microphone. I hope they don't have the footage.

HUSTLER: Did the girl secretly record it?

BANKS: Nah, I forgot I had a microphone on. It was one of those mikes that go under your shirt. I forgot I had it on, and I came out to a round of applause.

HUSTLER: Was it for a TV interview?

BANKS: No, the porn. It's hard to watch five girls on top of each other without being tempted.

HUSTLER: Why didn't you have sex in your own porn video?

BANKS: I can't do that. Not yet. If my rap career—God forbid—doesn't turn out good, then I'll go into that profession.

HUSTLER: What's your favorite sexual position?

BANKS: Looking down.

HUSTLER: You like to be on top?

BANKS: No, I like to look down while I'm getting head.

HUSTLER: Are you one of those guys who pushes a girl's head down on your cock when she's giving you a blowjob?

BANKS: Hell, yeah. I might punch you in the eye if you don't do it right. I figure nobody did that before; so you're going to remember me.

HUSTLER: What's the sexual action like backstage at a G-Unit concert?

BANKS: Sometimes it's ten-on-one; sometimes there's five-on-five. Ain't nobody shy, really. I'd fuck in front of the President.

HUSTLER: Do you think Michael Jackson is a child molester?

BANKS: Mike was a hero. He has all kinds of animals to play with. I don't know why he'd want to play with the kids. He's got his own monkey and everything.

HUSTLER: Do you think Janet Jackson might have exposed her tit to take some heat off Michael?

BANKS: That's a good question. If that's what she intended, it worked. I think she should rip off something else—rip off the crotch area.

HUSTLER: Would you fuck Janet Jackson?

BANKS: Hell, yeah. I would fuck Janet Jackson right now. You know what I want you to do? Next time you're having sex, Giddle, I want you to think about me. [*Note: Banks is not gay; our reporter is female.*]

HUSTLER: Should I put the G-Unit CD on when I do it?

BANKS: Yeah.

HUSTLER: I'll put on some G-Unit sneakers too. ■

NEWS

John Whitehead, best known for his classic 1979 hit "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now," was shot to death on May 11 by two unidentified gunmen. While there is an obvious sick joke here about how someone did indeed stop him, we're above such coldheartedness.

Lenny Kravitz told *FHM* magazine that chicks dig him because his cock piercing "hits the lady where she likes it. And because it swings, it can be effective in any position." So, ladies, are you gonna go Lenny's way?

Menudo is back! Latin record executive Oscar Lloyd recently sold merchandising and property rights for the historic boy band. Now Menudo Entertainment is seeking new band members. Boys ages ten to 16 will compete on national TV, and a celebrity panel will pick five lucky performers. At press time it was unknown whether Michael Jackson will be one of the judges.

In the isn't-it-ironic department, **Prince** told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "This culture is in big trouble. All you see on television are debased images. You saw the Super Bowl. I don't even need to say anything about that." This is the same sick fuck who brags in the song "Little Red Corvette" that he has a pocket full of used condoms.

Paris Hilton sings! The ultimate rich kid/party girl/reality-TV star/unwitting porn actress is now adding vocalist to that "impressive" résumé with her first music single, "Screwed"—reportedly drawing from her escapades buying clothes and swallowing cock. It sounds as if hotel heiress Hilton's life is becoming more complicated. Hopefully that means the second season of *The Simple Life* will be the last.

REVIEWS

Ween
Live in Chicago
(Sanctuary)

A lot of bands sound great in the studio but suck live. The DVD/CD *Live in Chicago* proves that Ween is not in that category. The Pennsylvania-based quintet is notorious for long concerts teeming with fog, colorful lighting and girls dancing onstage (often during the jam tune "Let Me Lick Your Pussy"). Filmed at Chicago's Vic Theatre during two sold-out shows in November 2003, the 26-track DVD offers a new angle on these eclectic rockers. (Ween's music covers a variety of genres: country tunes, Irish drinking chants, heavy-metal anthems and trippy orchestrations.) Besides crystal-clear digital quality and nifty dissolve editing, the new release puts each band member in the spotlight equally.

Ghostface
The Pretty Toney Album
(Def Jam)

New York City rap collective Wu-Tang Clan contains many talented lyricists, but Ghostface is arguably the group's most successful soloist. Making reference to his Tony Starks alias—Iron Man's assumed identity in the Marvel Comics series—*The Pretty Toney Album* is Ghostdini's fourth solo effort. The finished product shines like a glimmering rock in Ghost's diamond-laced knuckles. "God is my bodyguard, nigga," Ghostface brags, making it obvious that he's not afraid to take chances. Bringing his gritty style back to the heyday of soul music, this instant classic projects a potent '70s vibe by incorporating choruses and melodies by R&B greats like the Delphonics and Esther Williams (see "Holla" and "Last Night," respectively). With production by RZA, Ghostface, True Master and Nottz, as well as guests Jadakiss, Musiq, Missy Elliot and Trife, Ghost has succeeded in dropping another Wu-banger.

The Beta Band
Heroes to Zeros
(Astralwerks)

Veteran pop-rock masters the Beta Band envision themselves as superheroes, using their powers of musical (not to mention mental, janitorial and martial) persuasion to battle the automatons of life's problems for the ultimate prize: love. This is what we are led to

believe through the lyrical content and comical packaging. Even if love is ultimately left by the roadside somewhere, the landscape of their latest release, *Heroes to Zeros*, is what really matters, and the Beta Band remains a champion of British pop music. Opening with "Assessment"—a well-driven, sing-along rock tune—the tracks move along to slick bass lines, head-bobbing drum beats and full orchestration. This intricate, multilayered recording is a catchy surprise.

GRATUITOUS COOZE

She may possess a frigid surname, but Jenny Frost's loins are undoubtedly hot. A member of the on-hiatus dance-pop trio Atomic Kitten, Frost has left the band's record label (EMI) and signed a $1.78-million solo deal with Integral Records. Frost's sultry band mate Liz McLarnon has also ventured out on her own, while Atomic Kitten Natasha Hamilton is taking time off. We can only pray that Frost with her killer, scantily clad body appears in a music video to promote her first single—or better yet, a porn flick.

WILL OLDHAM: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Interview by J. Galvin

Hyperprolific tunesmith Will Oldham left a promising acting career (John Sayles's *Matewan*) to become a critically acclaimed singer/songwriter/indie rocker. In the early '90s, recording alone and with his brothers (Ned and Paul), Oldham released a number of records under the Palace brand (Palace, Palace Brothers, Palace Music) before evolving into Bonnie "Prince" Billy. Along the way, he also released material simply as Will Oldham. Whatever the name, Oldham's music has consistently maintained a dark country feel: spare rhythms and arrangements topped with Oldham's trademark warble/yelp. Fans remained faithful during these change-ups, and no less a luminary than the late Johnny Cash covered Oldham's song "I See a Darkness" on his final record, *Solitary Man*.

For his latest album, *Bonnie "Prince" Billy Sings Greatest Palace Music* (Drag City), Oldham went to Nashville and recruited some of the city's veteran session talents to help him re-imagine a number of his earlier lo-fi recordings. Not unlike the Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, Oldham combines roots-rock sensibility with lush textures provided by some of country music's unsung heroes. (Members of Oldham's backing band have played with Dolly Parton, Charlie Rich, Merle Haggard and others.) Oldham chestnuts such as "Ohio River Boat Song" and "I Am a Cinematographer" barrel down the road with new honky-tonk life, while "Agnes, Queen of Sorrow" (sung with "duetress" Marty Slayton) recalls the white-hot harmonizing of Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris. HUSTLER caught up with Will at the swanky Chateau Marmont in Hollywood, California.

HUSTLER: Do you get different types of groupies depending on what name you use?

OLDHAM: I don't know. I'm going to have to start paying attention.

HUSTLER: Have you had any crazy groupies?

OLDHAM: One particular woman was unpleasantly persistent. I've lived in Charleston, West Virginia, and in Iowa City, Iowa, and she'd driven to each of these places and asked people if I was there. She started coming to show after show. We were in Columbus, Ohio, and I was putting stuff away. She came up and was like, "I just wanted to know what's going on with us." I said, "I'm putting these cords away," and she's like, "You're so funny. You're always like this," like we were married or something.

HUSTLER: By contrast, the woman who sings with you on the record is really great.

OLDHAM: Marty Slayton was part of the main inspiration for doing the record down there. There's definitely an erotic level to man/woman singing. When I hear my voice with a woman, it's sort of like this. [*Oldham picks up a copy of HUSTLER and points to the woman on the cover.*] You're looking at this, and all of a sudden, your head is in between her thighs, and you're like, "Wow, that's cool, man. I never thought I would be there."

HUSTLER: What's the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you on tour?

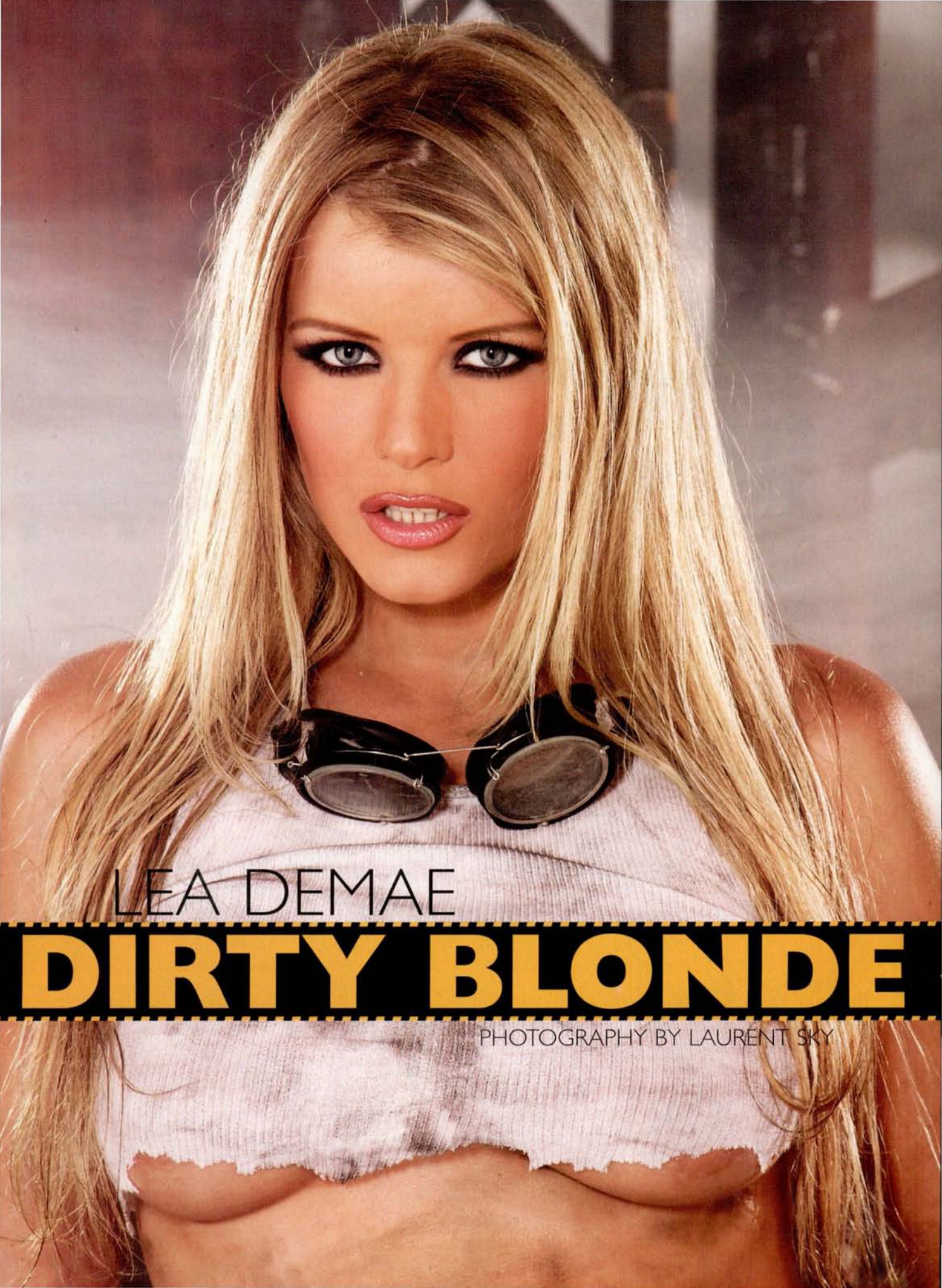
OLDHAM: In Newport, Kentucky, a guy came up on the stage, took off all of his clothes and danced to the whole song completely nude. He kept coming to shows for a while, then he stopped. A friend of mine knew this guy, and I asked her what happened to him. The last she'd heard, he'd gone to jail for going into a building with explosives strapped to him, threatening to blow up the building. They put him away. I guess that was kind of weird.

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy porn?

OLDHAM: When I was living in New York, a guy at *Screw* magazine kept saying that I could write for it if I wanted to, but I never did.

HUSTLER: Have you ever dealt with its publisher, Al Goldstein?

OLDHAM: No, but I went to the *Screw* magazine 30th Anniversary party. Al Goldstein, Ron Jeremy and some other guy did a striptease act onstage and took all their clothes off. It was disgusting—so disgusting.


LEA DEMAE
DIRTY BLONDE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

Growing up in Prague in the Czech Republic, Lea recalls, "I liked nude magazines. When I was younger, I hoped someday that I would be like those amazing girls." The divine Ms. DeMae clearly accomplished her goal, but not without a few digressions. The sexy Capricorn went to a sports university in her hometown, where the diving enthusiast became so polished, she earned a spot on the Czech national team.

Not content with plunging into water, Lea next took up skydiving. "I have done it for five years, and I love it," she winks.

When the 27-year-old daredevil isn't jumping out of planes, she enjoys traveling. "The best place I have visited is probably Réunion Island. It's in the Indian Ocean on the east side of Africa. I went skydiving there, and it was amazing."

Thankfully, Lea also makes it over to the U.S. two or three times a year to spread her legs. "I have posed nude the last couple of trips, but I am thinking of becoming a photographer in the future." Hopefully that new career will include strokeworthy self-portraits.

Get down and
dirty with me!
xxxooo,
Lea

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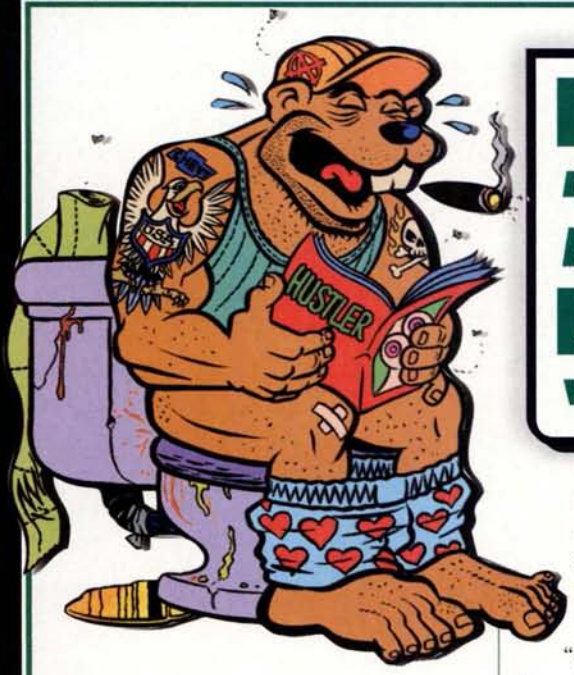


Question: Why do deaf-mutes masturbate with one hand?

Answer: So they can moan with the other.

A man said to his wife, "I'm feeling kinky tonight. How about I come in your ear, baby?"

His wife replied, "No way! I might go deaf."

The husband retorted, "Well, I've been coming in your mouth for 20 years, but you never shut the fuck up."

Question: What did Bill Clinton say to Hillary after sex?

Answer: "I'll be home in 20 minutes."

Mike got a call from a really gorgeous ex-girlfriend. They lost track of time reminiscing about all the wild nights they used to have together.

He couldn't believe it when she asked if he'd like to meet up and rekindle some of their old magic.

"Wow," Mike replied. "I don't know if I could keep pace with you now! I'm a bit older and a bit balder than when you last saw me."

She giggled and said she was sure he'd meet the challenge.

"Yeah," he said, "just as long as you don't mind a man with a waistband that's a few inches wider these days."

She laughed and told him to stop being so silly. She teased him, saying she thought tubby, bald men were cute.

"Anyway," she said, "I've put on a couple of pounds myself."

So he hung up.

Little Dejuan came home one day and asked his black father and Jewish mother a question.

"Mom, Dad," Dejuan inquired, "do I take after one of you more than the other?"

"Why do you ask, son?" his father wondered.

"I'm just curious if I'm more black or more Jewish," Dejuan said.

"Well," said his mother, "why do you want to know?"

"A friend wants me to buy his bike," the little boy answered, "but I think the price is too high. Should I haggle with him, or just steal the fucking thing?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *trust* as: Accepting a blowjob from a cannibal.

Larry and Scott wanted to go out drinking, but they only had $2 between them.

"Hang on, I have an idea," Larry exclaimed. He went next door to the butcher's shop and spent the two bucks on one large sausage.

"Are you crazy?" Scott yelled. "Now we don't have any money left at all!"

Larry replied, "Don't worry, just follow me."

They went into a bar, where Larry immediately ordered two double shots of whiskey.

"Now you've lost it," Scott cried. "Do you know how much trouble we will be in? We don't have any money to pay for this!"

With a smile, Larry replied, "Don't worry. I have a plan."

After they downed their drinks, Larry said, "Okay, I'll stick the sausage through my zipper, and you get on your knees and shove it in your mouth."

Reluctantly, Scott went along. The bartender saw this, went berserk and threw them out on their asses.

The two guys tried this at bar after bar, getting more and more drunk, and all for free.

At the tenth bar, Scott said, "Larry, I don't think I can do this anymore. My mouth is sore, and my knees are killing me."

"You think *you're* uncomfortable?" Larry replied. "I lost the sausage at the third bar."

A car hit a ten-year-old boy outside a church and sped off. The boy lay bleeding in the middle of the road.

A parishioner ran up and said, "Oh my God, should I call the priest?"

The boy replied, "How can you think about sex at a time like this?"

Two dirty old men were sitting around the senior citizens' center, catching up on each other's affairs.

"So, Herb, how's it going?" asked Marty. "Have you been getting any?"

"Almost every night," Herb replied.

"At your age?" Marty exclaimed. "I don't believe it."

"It's true," said Herb. "Almost on Monday night, almost on Tuesday night, almost on Wednesday night...."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"You're Bill O'Reilly? Damn, and all this time, I thought I was arguing with Rush Limbaugh!"

THE FCC'S RADIO Witch-Hunt

As self-appointed censors, America's Religious Right raised a superstink about Janet Jackson's televised boob. So why is Washington coming down hard on radio?

★ ENLIGHTENED RANT BY JOHN CALKINS

Huge, messy and reeking of stench, the shitstorm broke on February 1, 2004, when pop star Janet Jackson threw a hard right tit at millions of Super Bowl-viewing Americans. Jackson connected with all the power of Muhammad Ali's phantom punch that knocked out Sonny Liston in their 1965 heavyweight bout. That one liberated booby has sent free speech in this country reeling and falling to the mat. It may go down for the count.

For the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), that little sunburst-adorned piece of flesh is the hooter that launched a thousand fines. Never mind that only VCR and TiVo owners, thanks to replay, got a decent look.

By March 8 the FCC had received 530,828 complaints about the so-called wardrobe malfunction. This figure more than doubled the number filed in all of 2003, which was then a record-setting year for viewer gripes.

America went up in arms over J. J.'s malevolent mammary. "End airwave indecency!" the prudes among us screamed.

Wait just a second here! Ninety million Americans watched Super Bowl XXXVIII. Only 53 in 10,000 complained. That's approximately one half of 1%. Is America suddenly being run by a minuscule percentage of the population?

Hopefully not, but politicians of every stripe jumped on the Outrage Bandwagon. No doubt this is because come November, President Bush, every member of the House of Representatives and a third of the Senate are up for reelection. Being able to shout, "No more obscenity—protect the kids!" is a godsend for those on the campaign trail.

Thanks to Jackson's jug, officeholders don't have to explain to Americans how their policies and their votes have flushed our economy down the crapper. Suddenly, these shameless politicos don't have to defend doling billions back to the rich when they voted for a tax structure that gives the country no place to go but Debt Land.

Because of Janet's apparently magical teat, politicians don't have to explain anything. Now they can scream all they want about protecting children from the rampant filth of Howard Stern, Bubba the Love Sponge, Elliott in the Morning and Mancow Muller.

Hang on another second! Didn't this all start with something that happened on *television*? How did the emphasis recently shift to radio guys instead? On March 8, 2004, TV-tit complaints exceeded a half million, while the total 2004 complaints against radio programming hit a meager 57.

The FCC has always been harder on radio than TV. Is that because when it was created in 1934, television was still a pipe dream, and the regulatory agency has yet to wake up?

Five days before this year's Super Bowl the FCC fined the Clear Channel radio network a staggering $715,000 for "willfully and repeatedly airing indecent material" during *Bubba the Love Sponge* on four stations in Florida. The fine

was levied for seven specific days in late 2001. (The FCC does run a little bit behind.)

How many listeners complained about Bubba's shows? One.

"I don't want to be an irresponsible broadcaster," Bubba said on the air the next day. "I just need to know what the damn law is."

That's what everyone wants to know, Bubba.

The FCC's definition of both indecency and obscenity is famously ambiguous. Here it is: "Language or material that, in context, depicts or describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community broadcast standards for the broadcast medium, sexual or excretory organs or activities."

Got that? Neither do I. Then again, neither does the FCC.

In October 2003 the head of the FCC's enforcement arm, David H. Solomon, announced that rock group U2's lead singer, Bono, did not cross that legal line by saying "fucking brilliant" when he received a Golden Globe award on NBC nine months earlier. His reasoning? "In context," Bono did not use *fucking* in a way that "depicts or describes sexual…organs or activities." But so many people complained about Solomon's *fucking* decision that FCC Chairman Michael Powell (Colin's son) announced he would lobby the other four commissioners to reverse it.

During the Congressional Hearings on Indecency (prompted by the Super Bowl boob "scandal"), the President and COO of Clear Channel Communications, Mark Mays, said that the company's new zero-tolerance policy meant "automatic suspensions for anyone that the FCC alleges has violated indecency rules on the air." Although another Clear Channel representative said the airwaves giant would not apply the zero-tolerance policy retroactively, it had already wrung out the Love Sponge.

Next, Clear Channel entered the world of *Minority Report* and yanked Howard Stern off all its stations *before* the FCC alleged any new indecencies against him. The shock jock was thrown off the air after a caller to Stern's show asked Rick Salomon (famous for fucking Paris Hilton on tape) if he'd had sex with any "famous nigger chicks."

Huffed Clear Channel's head honcho, John Hogan, "As a broadcaster, as the CEO and as the father of a nine-year-old girl, I am ashamed to be associated in any way with those words. They are tasteless. They're vulgar. They should not, do not and will not represent what our radio stations are all about."

In a March 12 letter obtained by Reuters, Mel Karmazin, president of Viacom (whose Infinity Broadcasting syndicates Stern on five times more stations than Clear Channel did), apologized for broadcasting the "offensive racist term," then wrote, "But while offensive, this language does not fall within the ambit of the indecency definition."

So why did Clear Channel chuck Stern off the air?

"It's not an indecency issue," counters Stern. "It's political! Why do they have a new attitude with me, but not with the guy [Michael] Savage who sits there and talks about infecting people with AIDS and all that stuff? He's just as controversial, but he backs Bush."

Seemingly forever, Stern has talked lewdly, crudely and sometimes irreverently about women's bushes, and Clear Channel never cared. But just days after he started slamming the Bush who resides in the White House, the media monolith jerked Howard off the air.

Fact: Stern helped elect the governors of New York and New Jersey by motivating his listeners to vote for them.

Fact: The Center for Responsive Politics says Clear Channel has stuffed more cash into George W.'s reelection campaign than any other entertainment company.

Fact: Many political analysts think the Presidency will be decided by a razor-thin margin in Florida. Again.

Fact: Two of the six Clear Channel stations that had been broadcasting Stern are in large Florida cities, and he has a huge following in both Fort Lauderdale and Orlando.

Big Problem: Stern started bashing Bush.

Convenient Solution: Get the guy off Florida's airwaves.

In 1996, before the FCC removed the limits on the number of radio stations a single corporation could own, the entity that eventually became Clear Channel owned 36 radio stations. Now the figure is 1,200! The freedom and independence of American radio has been purchased and discarded.

For a year now the FCC has wanted to change the rules so megacorporations can buy up an unlimited number of television stations as well. If that happens, God help us.

"I can see the future coming," says Mancow Muller, host and ringmaster of the syndicated radio show *Mancow's Morning Madhouse*. "Unless we stand up for something different, the future of media is what Robert A. Heinlein predicted in *Starship Troopers*: Everyone on TV will be like government-programmed robots, void of opinion and individuality. Everyone in the media will wear a big smile and tell us everything is fine. Well, everything is not fine. We will be like Saddam's Iraq, where 'offensive' speech was defined as saying *anything* the government didn't want to hear."

In 1735 John Peter Zenger was pulled into court for libeling King George's governor of New York. Were they alive today, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin would be fined out of existence for openly challenging the power of Big Government.

On March 18, 2004, the five commissioners of the FCC (Michael Powell, Kathleen Abernathy, Michael Copps, Kevin Martin and Jonathan

COMMUNITY STANDARDS OF ONE?

Can one individual decide community standards for an audience of 7 million? Yes! Right now even just one person can determine community standards for an audience of any size—as long as the FCC agrees with the complaint.

David Edward Smith alone has filed 66 formal complaints with the FCC alleging that Mancow's Morning Madhouse is indecent. The FCC accepted most of his objections and fined Emmis Broadcasting accordingly. However, when the agency denied 12 of his complaints, Smith appealed the decision to the FCC.

On March 23, 2004, Erich "Mancow" Muller struck back, filing a $3-million suit in Illinois's Cook County Circuit Court that accuses Smith of business interference and filing "spurious complaints" with the FCC that are "repetitive, malicious, untrue, and designed merely for the purpose of harassment [and] to cause economic ruin."

"Although I studied to be a minister, my time of 'turn the other cheek' has ended," Mancow says. "I firmly believe the zealots have done numerous illegal things that will be revealed in the courts."

Fines imposed in January against Bubba the Love Sponge stemmed from the complaints of one Douglas Vanderlaan, who said he randomly tuned in on July 19, 2001, and heard what he considered offensive material. He also expressed to the FCC his displeasure with a handful of other shows later that year.

The Parents Television Council and its 850,000 members are proud to have filed more than 145,000 formal indecency complaints in 2003. Then there's the American Family Association, which claims that members of its Web-based activist groups have sent more than 1.75 million e-mails to the FCC and members of Congress, demanding rigid enforcement of indecency laws.

"Should one man be allowed to determine 'community standards' for every listener?" asks Mancow. "Who's next? Al Franken? Sean Hannity? I like a world where Michael Moore and Bill O'Reilly can shoot their mouths off, and I have the ability to turn them off. Free speech brought America an end to slavery, a woman's right to vote, the Civil Rights movement and much, much more. If we lose free speech, we lose America." ■

Adelstein) reversed the Solomon decision and declared that Bono's saying "fucking brilliant" on NBC *was* indecent. The commissioners proclaimed the word *fucking* was "profane."

"There's a cultural war going on," says Stern. "The Religious Right is winning. We're losing."

So what is indecent? Obscene? Profane? On the public airwaves it's whatever an unelected cabal of five appointees decides it is, but they don't decide until *after* a broadcast has aired.

"'When in doubt, leave it out' cannot be an acceptable policy in a democracy that depends on free and open discussion," says Reed Bolton Byrum, former president of the Public Relations Society of America. "If we start losing small, independent broadcasters because they can't afford the risk of getting fined on some arbitrary application of a vague standard, all we'll have left are a few big media companies. And the fewer entities there are, the easier it will be to control them."

On the same day the FCC announced that Bono's use of *fucking* was indecent and profane, it handed down $89,500 in three different radio fines.

The penalty the FCC levied against NBC for airing Bono's F-bomb? Nothing. Nada. Zero dollars.

Wait just another second again! One hundred and fifty thousand people complain about the Golden Globes, and there's no fine. But just one citizen complains about Bubba, and there's a $715,000 levy?

The FCC explained that broadcast licensees had never been officially informed that *fuck*—however used, in all its forms—was obscene (and now profane). How can that be?

Fuck—along with *shit*, *piss*, *cunt*, *cocksucker*, *motherfucker* and *tit*—is one of the seven dirty words that George Carlin immmortalized with his brilliant 1970s comedy routine. In the 1978 case *FCC* v. *Pacifica* the Supreme Court ruled that the First Amendment does protect indecent speech, but it also pronounced that the FCC can regulate the airwaves with only a few restrictions. Thus, the government agency was allowed to curb the seven dirty words.

Broadcasters have known for 25 years that *fuck* was a specific no-no.

"When they told us the seven dirty words, we did not say them," Muller says. "But who can do a show that's going to satisfy today's 25-year-olds and the 18-year-old soldiers who are old enough to die without offending a 60-year-old Christian woman on the FCC board?"

Stern ripped the FCC commissioners new assholes for their hypocrisy in the TV-radio fining divide. He tried to play an unedited tape of the March 18 *Oprah Winfrey* show focusing on the sexual behavior of teenage girls and exposing their secret language of sexual terms.

"Don't bleep it," Stern cried to his producer. "This is what is going to expose the hypocrisy. If they fine me for this, they have to fine Oprah. And if they fine Oprah, all hell is going to break loose."

"For crying out loud, Laura, will you stop saying, 'Bring it on.'"

Even after its four decisions of March 18, the FCC had more than 20 indecency cases in the final stages of investigation. According to an announcement, it expected to take final action on those cases within the next few months.

The FCC's tactic seems to be: *Keep the anger boiling; keep the debate alive until election time so Americans don't scream about the obscene loss of billions of dollars when Enron collapsed.*

We don't want anyone asking how the "freest country in the world" can have more people in prison than totalitarian China.

We don't want people demanding to know why the world's only superpower spends more money on its military than the next 20 countries combined.

Milk Janet Jackson's tit for all it's worth!

Pound obscenity on the radio!

Distract the people so we can do what we want while they all look the other way.

It's sleight of hand on a national level that's so impressive, even Penn and Teller would sit agog. If you don't think that freedoms are under attack, go to any airport. Watch Bush's new first line of security wanding senior citizens and feeling up six-year-olds like pedophiles. Listen to what FCC commissioner Kevin Martin said when fines were announced against WZZR and WCZR in Florida: "Complaints should no longer be denied because of a lack of tape, transcript or significant excerpt." The one listener who complained said he heard the DJ interviewing people while they engaged in either real or simulated sex.

Condemning people based on one anonymous informant's hearsay evidence is exactly what Saddam Hussein used to do.

On March 19 the FCC put all licensees on official notice that any future broadcasts similar to those it found indecent could lead not just to more fines but to the *revocation* of their license to broadcast.

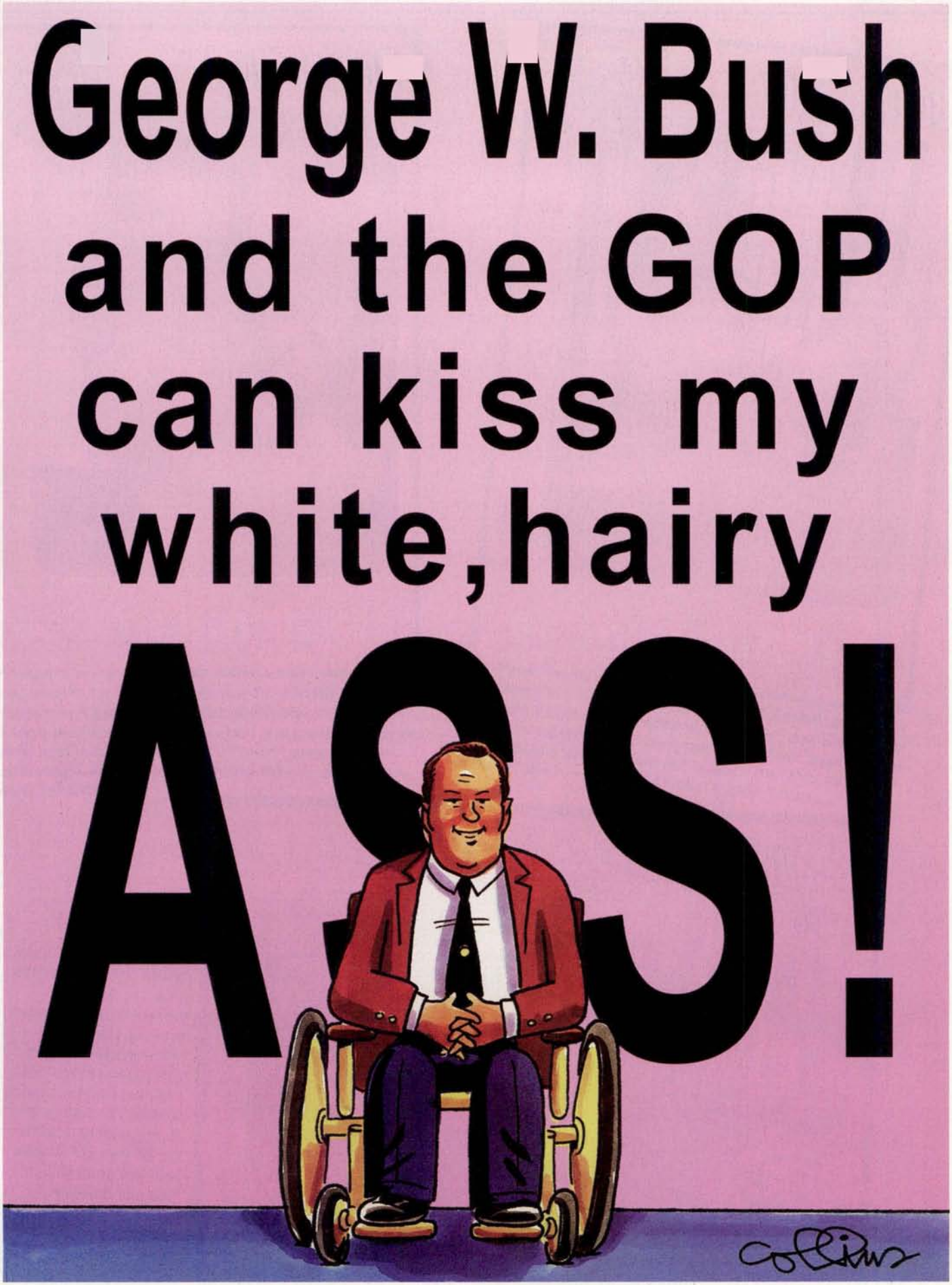
"Anyone who wants to understand what's going on right now in America should read Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*," says Muller, referring to the play about the 17th-century Salem witch-hunts. (To protect the children and relying solely on hearsay evidence that was never true, a New England community tried and punished fellow citizens who had done absolutely nothing wrong.) "This government is out of control!"

"Can we get it back?" I ask Muller.

"You know what we're doing?" Mancow responds. "We're trying to stick a finger in the dike. And the dike's not even there. She went to San Francisco to get married."

* * *

John Calkins, who lives in the United States and abroad, has worked in and written for theater, film and television around the world. With Mancow Muller he is the coauthor of Dad, Dames, Demons, and a Dwarf.



"I'm Larry Flynt, and I approved this message."

From Maui, Hawaii, this 20-year-old dancer is into reading, singing and sex. "In bed I'm usually the dominating one," Autumn says, "and everything goes!" Her trysty fantasy is "two other girls and a guy at the same time on a black-sand beach." What a babe to fall for! —Photo by Friend

Here's a stunning 30-year-old art student out of Green Lane, Pennsylvania, who dances to make ends meet. A photography and weight-training buff, bald-beavered Dylan has great plans for the future, among them "fucking another woman from behind using a strap-on while getting it in the ass with a glass dildo." —Photo by Friend

A Webmistress and model, Brandi hails from Olathe, a laid-back burg in eastern Kansas. Besides dancing, she enjoys "teasing men with my pantyhose-covered legs and shopping for alluring clothes." As for the lady's more *fulfilling* activities, the 27-year-old flaunter lists two great choices: "sex and blowjobs." —Photo by Friend

As naughty as she looks in a nude snapshot, Angel, 23, is a store clerk from New York City. Her favorite leisure-time activities are reading HUSTLER and getting butt-fucked. "I also love blowing my guy," adds the pixie, whose fantasy is "sex on a sunny day in Central Park's Sheep Meadow."

—Photo by Husband

"This is a big ego boost," says the 39-year-old loan officer from Dearborn, Michigan. "I'm going to be a grandmother soon." And a grand show-off! Snowflake's hobbies are hot-tubbing, horseback riding and motorcycling. And how's this for a fantasy? "Sex on a spring day next to a gushing creek with the sun on my ass and a hot, throbbing cock deep in my pussy."

—Photo by Boyfriend

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Any aliases, nicknames, stage or pro names

Name to be published | Phone (include area code)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Address

City | State | Zip

Personal e-mail address

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate forms for more than one model) | Date (month/day/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

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WIN $350

Deana, 33, is a Billings, Montana, homemaker whose main hobby is "pleasing my hubby." Admittedly bicurious, Deana has an elaborate fantasy: "to be out with my husband when a bisexual female approaches and starts making the moves on me. Then she invites us back to her place for my first bi experience and the first threesome for me and my old man."
—Photo by Husband

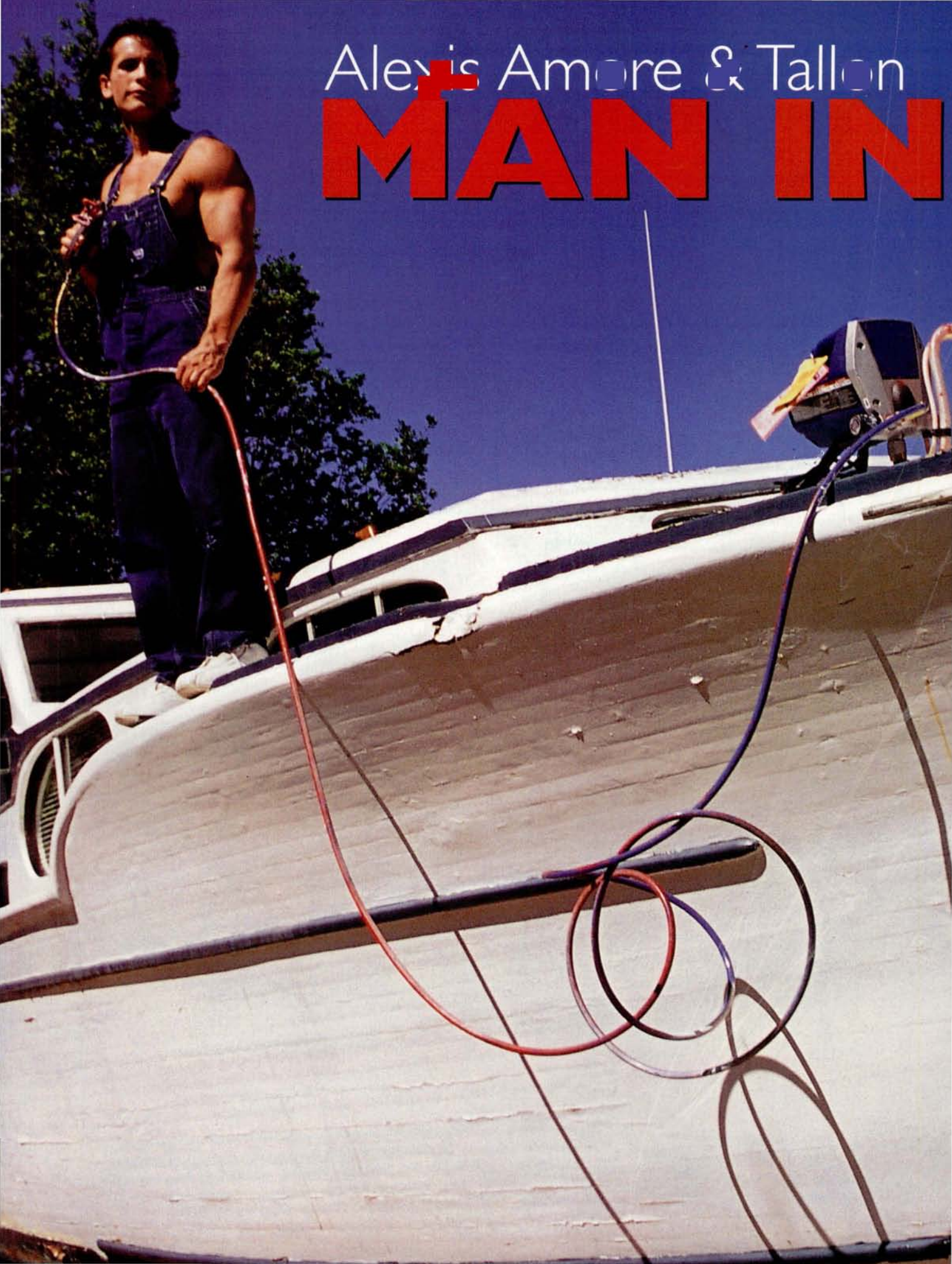
A devoted HUSTLER reader, this uninhibited denizen of Little Rock, Arkansas, can now tell everyone that she's a full-fledged Beaver. Riding horses and writing poetry are two of Jade's passions, while her fantasy is "to be tied up by my boyfriend and one of his buddies and being their sex slave."
—Photo by Boyfriend

Now *this* is the type of benchwarmer who knows how to break into the latest *Beaver Hunt* lineup. Proving that she's a dyed-in-the-wool exhibitionist, the 42-year-old bride-to-be from Orleans, Indiana, ventured in public to let it all hang out. The aptly named Red to Bare's pastimes include darts and fishing. "My big fantasies," she reveals, "are to play a round of golf naked and have sex with white men!" Fore!
—Photo by Fiancé

Chicago native Tasha, 28, is a psychology student who's been afforded an opportunity to hypnotize a horny audience with some full-frontal nudity. For extracurricular activities she relishes "anything outdoors," especially getting away to a secluded spot along Lake Michigan and barbecuing. Tasha, whose most exciting hijink took place on a bar's pool table after hours, now dreams about "having sex in a tub filled with powdered sugar." —Photo by Friend

Ginger, 27, is a drag-racing fan from Galveston, Indiana, with a brand-new kick: getting naked for her shutterbug spouse. The snazzy Hoosier fantasizes about "getting it on under the grandstand during a race." —Photo by Husband

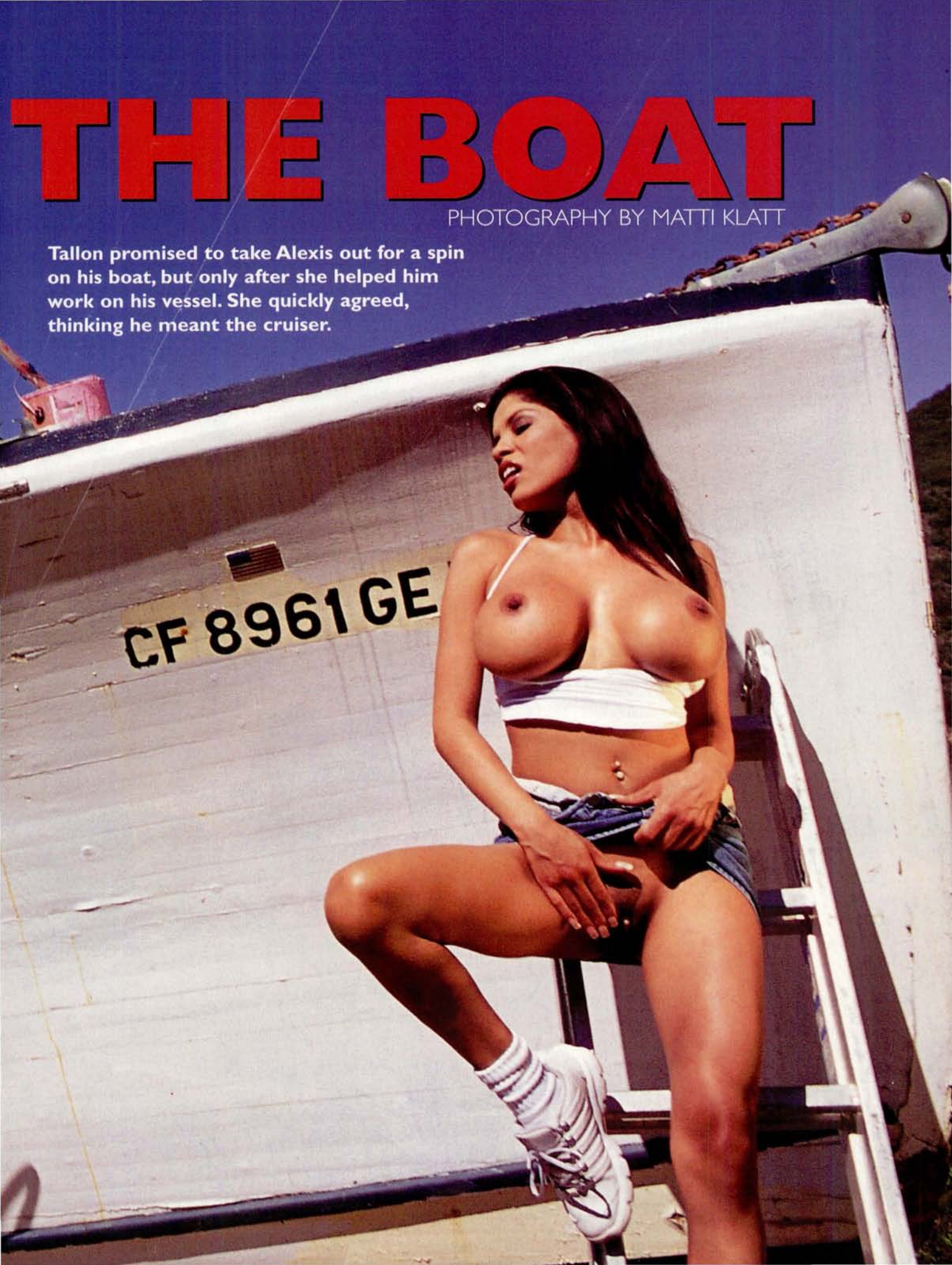
A nude dancer from Bridgeport, Connecticut, 21-year-old Isis digs swimming, shopping and writing. Also "very big on oral," she fantasizes about "all-night sex on a moonlit beach." Is Isis a nature goddess or what?! —Photo by Friend


Alexis Amore & Tallon
MAN IN

THE BOAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Tallon promised to take Alexis out for a spin on his boat, but only after she helped him work on his vessel. She quickly agreed, thinking he meant the cruiser.



Moments later, the salty sailor dropped his pants and pulled his mast out for servicing. The sexy swab got the hint, working her tongue from port to starboard until she fully raised his sail.

In return, Tallon aimed his throbbing dinghy toward her tight canal. When he blew his load, Alexis finally learned the true meaning of the word *seaman*.
CP 8981 GE

Alexis Amore busts her bra in BUSTY BEAUTIES #1 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.
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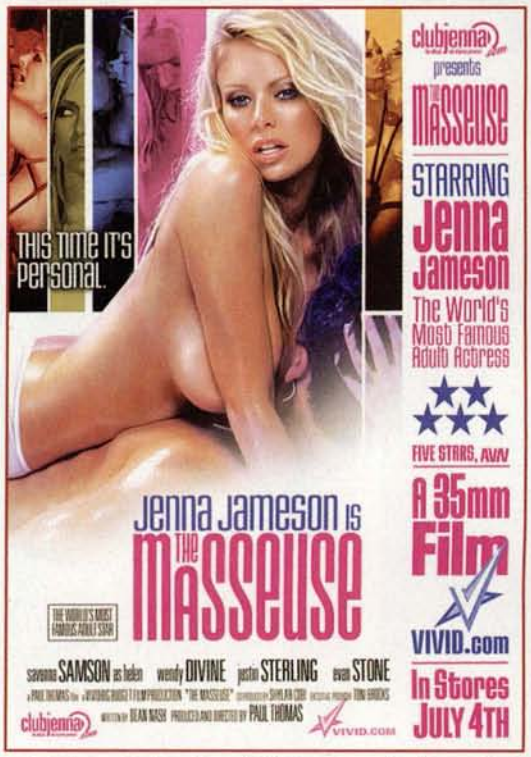
JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON

How's it going, guys? It's been quite a busy month for me. First of all, I just came home from Las Vegas, where I put on a big charity event at the Hard Rock Hotel's newly refurbished pool to benefit the Adult Industry Assistance Fund. The AIAF is a nonprofit program that I started to help financially strapped adult performers who were thrown out of work this past spring by the HIV crisis, which temporarily halted most XXX productions. As DJs spun relaxing music, fans got the chance to party hearty with the Girls of ClubJenna and many of my porn-star friends, including Jill Kelly, Janine, Krystal Steal, Ashton Moore and Skye Blue, just to name a few. The extravaganza, which was touted as the biggest pool party in Vegas, had a bikini contest (with my gal pals and I as judges), and massages were offered to those who wanted some hands-on fun. Considering all those margaritas being served, I have to tell you that every one of us needed a good rub. It was crazy! And I must send my thanks to everybody who chipped in for a great cause!

Of course, I'm never too hungover to come up with a cool idea. After wrapping up my latest XXX extravaganza, *The Masseuse*, I decided to lease out advertising space on a building in the heart of New York City. Who can forget my last Big Apple spectacle, which declared, "Who Says They Cleaned Up Times Square?" This follow-up promo further illustrates my crusade, and it's four stories tall! As for *The Masseuse*, I had a blast doing this remake of the classic 1985 adult film, which starred Hyapatia Lee and Randy Spears. Trust me, this new one is even hotter than the original.



Here's more exciting news! Jackson Guitars has officially opened a Jenna Store online, and I couldn't be happier. The site is filled with supercool stuff, such as drinking glasses with my silhouette, temporary *Heart Breaker* tattoos (identical to the one on my ass), souvenir T-shirts for men and women, Zippo lighters and lots of other amazing items. So check out the Jenna Store at www.JacksonGuitars.com.

If there's anything you'd like to see in a future installment of my column, or even if you just want to say hi, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; hey, it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you on the flip side!

XoXo, Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**

Gaper Maker: *Cristina: "If you come any closer Classandra will kick you in the balls with her stilettos."*

Gaper Maker: *Cristina proudly displays her asset.*

Gaper Maker: *Susie does her best rocker impression.*

Gaper Maker

Directed by David Perry.

Starring Merlee, Leslie Taylor, Cristina Bella, Classandra, Tiffany, Alexa May, Gina Blue, Tamira, Susie, Jennifer, Jean-Yves Le Castel, David Perry, Chouy Ice and Greg Centauro.

DVD and Videocassette: Zero Tolerance Entertainment.

Gaper Maker is a sphincter-stretching extravaganza loaded with some of the hottest Eurosluts captured on tape. In one notable scene in what appears to be a filthy chop shop, blond butt bimbo Susie proudly wolfs down some grease monkey's crank shaft. The wrench jockey wastes no time poking her pussy, then quickly segues into a punishing pooper-pounding complete with an extreme close-up reminiscent of a proctology exam gone awry. Susie winces as her browneye balloons to accommodate the monster-sized man-meat. A memorable performance by Cristina Bella, paired with blond fuckpet Classandra, heats up with supernova intensity, delivering plenty of ATM action. Bella's proclivity for smoking pole is only overshadowed by her unabashed willingness to cram a pecker up her shit-pit, while Classandra's "super gape" is large enough to stuff a regulation-sized football into. *Gaper Maker* is truly a "hole" lot of fun.

—Stewart Wallace

HIV Outbreak Rocks the Porn Community

The adult-entertainment industry was caught in a tailspin this past April when XXX performers Darren James and Lara Roxx tested positive for HIV. A month later, three more performers tested positive, including Jessica Dee, Jennifer (a transsexual unrelated to the initial group of carriers) and Miss Arroyo. The Adult Industry Medical Heath Care Foundation (AIM) advised a 60-day moratorium on all productions. As a result of the outbreak, the L.A. County Health Department and Cal/OSHA conducted investigations. In compliance with the government, AIM turned over their records.

Though there has been talk of government agencies assuming a greater regulatory role in XXX, the porn community would prefer to self-police, albeit with increased diligence.

Sharon Mitchell, a former porn star-turned-doctor, recommends the use of condoms throughout the industry. "We are encouraging people to be very creative with safe sex right now," says Mitchell. Ira Levine, chairman of the board of directors of AIM, agrees. "As a producer and director who has been shooting condom footage for the past ten years, I see no obstacle in creating commercially effective products with the use of condoms." At the same time, AIM states that "government-imposed supervision of adult-video production, whether mandating the use of condoms or prohibiting sexual practices deemed to be high-risk, will have an impact of driving production underground and alienating performers from the health-care system."

Mark Kulkis, president of Kick Ass Pictures, agrees with AIM's stance on government intervention. The condom policy is another matter. "If they mandate condom usage, sales will suffer," says Kulkis. "You'll have European companies coming in and taking over, and productions moving out of state. Porn is escapist entertainment, and adult performers are like the stunt people in mainstream Hollywood. You don't want to see the strings attached to someone who takes a jump."

Wicked Pictures and Vivid have been condom-mandatory for five years. "We remain condom-only because we have the highest regard for the health and well-being of our talent," says Daniel Metcalf, publicity director for Wicked Pictures. "In a show of solidarity with the rest of the industry, Wicked has also suspended all productions."

In a further display of XXX unity in the face of adversity, Jenna Jameson has created the Adult Industry Assistance Fund (AIAF) to help performers in times of need. In addition, a benefit was held on May 1. AIM has also set up a talent fund, which has enabled those affected by the recent HIV outbreak to pursue a life after porn. Patrick Collins, owner of Elegant Angel, would like to see more industry professionals donate portions of their proceeds to a general fund. "Just in case this happens again, we should be prepared to help those in need," says Collins.

Just My Ass Please: *Ariana: "Whose nose is bigger, mine or Maggie's?"*

Just My Ass Please: *Lauren Phoenix undergoes a jaundice exam.*

Slutwoman's Revenge!: *Roxanne: "Can I open my eyes now? I think I get the surprise."*

Slutwoman's Revenge!: *Without a cock in sight, Roxanne improvises.*

HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #10: *Eva: "Watch where you put your nose, Lee; I had Thai for lunch."*

HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #10: *Prilla: "You really think I look like J.Lo?"*

Chloe's Pool Party: *Vicky Vette: "Less flexing and more thrusting, Nick!"*

Chloe's Pool Party: *Ashley and Mason go muff-diving—literally.*

Just My Ass Please

Directed by Pat Myne.
Starring Ariana Jollee, Faith Grant, Allura Bond, Victoria, Lauren Phoenix, Maggie Star, Lee Stone, Ben English, Justin Slayer and Dick Delaware.
DVD: FusXion.

In *Just My Ass Please*, six insatiably filthy whores suck schlong and spread their ass cheeks wide for close encounters of the turd kind. Butt queen Lauren Phoenix, whose enthusiasm for dick in her crap hatch is unparalleled, ravenously chokes down summer sausage as if it's the last one remaining at a Hickory Farms stand. When she pauses to remove the cock from her jackhammered ass and places it in her mouth, some raincoaters might be moved to tears. Further on, the pairing of bubble-butt bimbos Ariana Jollee and Maggie Star is enough reason to warrant multiple viewings. The dynamic duo takes turns engulfing Ben English's massive tube steak prior to the swordsman using their sphincters as spittoons. Star and Jollee then clamor for a reward as Big Ben unloads in their respective pieholes. *Just My Ass Please* is a pole-stiffening good time.

—S. W.

Slutwoman's Revenge!

Directed by Patrick Collins.
Starring Keiko, Dana Vespoli, Ava Devine, Trinity James, Lisa Marie, Roxanne Hall, Jayna Oso, Kyle Stone, Dick Tracy, Tyler Wood, Hamilton Steele, Tristan Seagal, Mr. Chris, Damien Michaels and Mark Davis.
DVD and Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Slutwoman's Revenge! is the tale of British super-strumpet Roxanne Hall's triumphant return to the blue screen after a lengthy hiatus. Busty Ava Devine does her best to coax Hall out of retirement. Devine straps a leather-studded mask on Hall, gives her pussy and ass a thorough tongue-lashing and forces the nympho to suck a stranger's cock in a motel room. Within a New York minute, Hall realizes that she's suppressed her innermost desire to be a walking cum Dumpster for too long. The scenes that follow further illustrate this revelation as the Limey trollop jumps from setting to setting, proving her need to be defiled. Whether it's tossing some mook's salad or having her face fucked by four different guys, it's painfully obvious that Hall was put on this Earth to be in porn. As an inspiring tale of trampy redemption, *Slutwoman's Revenge!* is sweet indeed.

—S. W.

HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #10

Directed by Ray Anderson.
Starring Roxy, Eva, Lola, Prilla, Brooke Milano, Jackie Moore, Lee Stone, Frank Gunn, Ben English, Guy DiSilva and Julian St. Jox.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Like an overstuffed burrito, *HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #10* explodes onto your lap with spicy flavor and habanero heat. Tiny, 98-pound, moon-faced schoolgirl Brooke Milano steals the spotlight from sassy hot tamale Lola as the pair double-team strongman Lee Stone. Lee easily hoists Brooke's tuna taco up to his mouth for a tongue bath while Lola swallows his cum-filled chorizo. Stone then bounces Brooke on his cock in midair during a nasty, high-octane threesome. Petite, Bettie Page-coiffed Roxy also gets a taste of Lee's *puta*-lifting prowess as he stabs her kidneys with his bent blue-veiner until she screams like a wild thing. Feather-haired blonde Jackie Moore tackles two sperm sticks in a raunchy group scene, and cute redhead Prilla spouts a stream of sexy Spanish while slapping skins until she squirts. The *chicas en fuego* in *HUSTLER'S Young Latin Girls #10* are a winning combination.

—Jimmy Papagiorgio

Chloe's Pool Party

Directed by Bo Edwards.
Starring Chloe Jones, Vicky Vette, Mason Storm, Holly Stevens, Ashley Blue, Mackenzie Mack, Nikki, Randy Spears, Tyler Wood, Nick Manning and Eric Masterson.
DVD and Videocassette: Vivid Entertainment.

Kick back with a gaggle of porn sluts as they unwind during an unscripted day of swimming, shagging and gabbing in *Chloe's Pool Party*. Busty, late-blooming phenom (and 2003 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize winner) Vicky Vette makes a huge splash as a cock-hungry slut who outstrips all the seasoned pros around her. Ball-breaking vixen Ashley Blue suddenly looks as cute as she did as a XXX newbie. The lithe, young brunette reins in the gag factor of her more extreme outings for a sexy and exciting frolic. Uncredited nonsex appearances by amorous pool bunnies Nikki and Mackenzie Mack pump up the eye-candy factor, as well as the blueball quotient. Nikki, a luscious, brunet sex kitten in heat, is *Pool Party*'s most jizzworthy strumpet to grace the screen; yet, in a damnable oversight, her tight, succulent salmon sandwich escapes unviolated. Until darling Nikki throws her own wet and wild bash, dive into *Chloe's Pool Party*.

—J. P.

Teen Spirit #5: *Lonnie: "Hold still, Charlie; this won't hurt a bit."*

Addicted to Sex: *Cherry: "Yeah, I know snorting's safer, but I still prefer to slam it."*

Teen Spirit #5: *Scarlet: "Do you see any dingleberries?"*

Addicted to Sex: *Cytherea and Fallon: "Oh, you meant blow dry!"*

Teen Spirit #5

Directed by Michael Adam.
Starring Haley, Lyla Lei, Dominica Leoni, Scarlet Haze, Charlie Laine, Lonnie, Mark Woods, Alex Sanders and Joey Ray.
DVD and Videocassette: Metro Interactive.

Some of the chicks in *Teen Spirit #5* brazenly admit to being a year or two out of their teens. Babes in their early 20s would be welcomed if the ones on display here weren't such jaded porn vets. Experience counts for something, though, as blasé pros Lyla Lei and Dominica Leoni don't hesitate to peel open their mud flaps for an ass thrashing. Introducing each nymph as she bounces on a trampoline is an inspired gimmick that's almost wasted on a parade of flat-chested tramps. Copper-topped, 18-year-old ex-gymnast Haley shows off her gynecological charms to tent-pitching effect in a sweaty lead-off slam. Haley's supremely tight cooze glows bright pink, and her blowjob-perfect lips tantalize. Petite redhead Charlie Laine puts on a stiffening display of yummy flesh as she lezzes out on the curvaceous Lonnie. Top-notch talent puts out for *Teen Spirit #5*, but as far as barely legal thrills go, too many pro cunts spoil the nut broth.

—J. P.

Addicted to Sex

Directed by Suze Randall.
Starring Katsumi, Cherry Rain, Lanny, Sophie Evans, Anais Alexander, Jana Cova, Fallon, Cytherea, Ben English, Toni Ribas and Nacho Vidal.
DVD and Videocassette: Pure Play Media.

Celebrated female smut photographer Suze Randall ventures into film with her trademark flair in *Addicted to Sex*. Luxurious backdrops and elegant lingerie that Houdini would have trouble unfastening lend a sophisticated air to the surprisingly raunchy proceedings. Offering more than just a gussied-up gonzo flick, Suze brings together the best of both raincoater and cable-ready worlds with scene after scene of steamy pile-driving. Pint-size blonde Fallon and notorious squirt queen Cytherea team up on Toni Ribas for a white-knuckled, threeway ball-drainer. Flame-haired ingenue Cherry Rain and blond hotel maid Sophie Evans also split Toni's meat stick during a rousing rumble. Later, mouthwatering, 19-year-old hormone bomb Anais Alexander breaks off a piece of Jana Cova's honeypot in an aggressive girl-on-girl rut. *Addicted to Sex* might look soft and frilly, but these dream sluts don't hold back.

—J. P.

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29

Directed by Stoney Curtis.
Starring Monica Sweetheart, Bobbie Eden, Ariana Jollee, Gwen, Alicia Rhodes, Britney Madison, Sue Diamond, Katrina Kraven, Tony Tedeschi, Phil Gash, Dick Delaware and Lee Stone.
DVD and Videocassette: Celestial Productions.

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29 wastes half of its prodigious 130-minute running time on guys geeking out over cars while the assembled suck-sluts idly sit around fully clothed. Having two tarts at a time does boost the horsepower of each sex scene, but only one hot chick winds up carrying the load. In the worst mismatch, Czech-born perfect-10 Monica Sweetheart pairs off with Gwen, a raven-tressed Skeletor lookalike with Jiffy Popped bags for boobs. Luckily Monica's rectum is the only one plundered. Melon-chested anal queen Alicia Rhodes looks foxy draped over a sports car in a black vinyl bikini, while brunette Ariana Jollee feasts on trouser snake and warms up her crap hatch. It's hard to argue with any flick where Monica Sweetheart takes a huge cock up the ass, but the overly long antics of *Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29* will cause viewer interest to stall.

—J. P.

Booty Duty #11

Directed by William H.
Starring Gia Jordan, Roxanne Hall, Ariana Jollee, Trinity James, Mason Storm, Tony T., Tony Sexton and Bret Rockman.
DVD and Videocassette: Elegant Angel Video.

The insanely high energy levels in *Booty Duty #11* could induce rolling blackouts, but superfast ruts don't always arouse. Weapons-grade vixen Gia Jordan channels her inner fuck-monkey as a stunt cock goes supersonic on her juicy bubble butt. Ass-to-mouth throat-gaggings maintain the breathless pace. Brown juices dribble from Roxanne Hall's well-worked pooper as Bret Rockman's crooked cock reams her colon. Trashy broad Trinity James takes drags off her cigarette while deep-throating some guy's tool with breakneck speed. Kinky boff kitten Ariana Jollee unties her boy toy for a hyperkinetic pounding that has her shrieking in tongues. Jollee's shitpipe is jackhammered until she creams all over the camera lens. Exotic, brabusting bombshell Mason Storm finally tones down the frantic fucking for a smoldering, nut-busting bump and grind. The manic *Booty Duty #11* should have slowed down and smelled the sphincters.

—J. P.

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29: *Running low on lube, Bobbie improvises with Katrina.*

Hot Bods & Tail Pipe #29: *Gwen: "Monica, I think the backseat might be more comfortable."*

Booty Duty #11: *Trinity James: "Aw, come on! Just one more ride, please?"*

Booty Duty #11: *Roxanne: "Mom, I thought your flight was getting in tomorrow night."*

IN DEEP WITH HANNAH HARPER

Sin City contract babe Hannah Harper's delicate demeanor and British elegance would have one imagine that she was part of the Royal bloodline. To the contrary, her chosen vocation in the jizz biz, filled with facials and anal poundings, proves that good girls can be bad. *Erotic Entertainment* was fortunate enough to attend the filming of Harper's scene in *The Bachelor* for Sin City. The spectacle of Hannah feeding on Steven St. Croix's schlong like a kitten nestled around her mother's nipple amply displayed her ability to transform herself from prim and proper to cock-starved sex monkey. After the last drops of semen were wiped from Harper's glowing countenance, *EE* cornered the lovely Limey for a brief chat.

HUSTLER: What's the difference between the sex industry in the States and England?

HANNAH: There really isn't much of an industry to speak of in England. There currently isn't anywhere near the amount of money put into the industry as there is in the U.S.; so the rates are a lot higher [in America]. The locations are beautiful houses or studios, and there's makeup and wardrobe. There's no such thing as a contract girl in England. None of the glamour side of the industry exists.

HUSTLER: Do you feel like you're in control of your career? It seems like you're happy performing and it's simply not just for the money.

HANNAH: I think having sex just for the money is quite a sad situation. If you love what you do, this is a great industry, but if you hate what you do, it's horrible. When I first came over here two years ago, I spent six months working for everybody, working freelance. But since then, the industry has changed, and it's a lot harder.

HUSTLER: It's more competitive now. There's no shortage of girls wanting to get into the biz.

HANNAH: Absolutely! They're beautiful girls, and they're prepared to do a lot more than before. Girls have moved the mark. Even two years ago everyone was saying, "Oh, great, you do anal." Now it's like, "Do you do double anal?"

HUSTLER: Do you enjoy having sex onscreen?

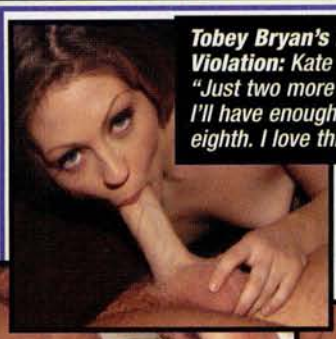
HANNAH: Obviously some days you have to say no because you're in awkward conditions or things aren't going so well, but generally, I think I do. I am quite a shy person, but when the camera rolls, I kind of come out of myself, and I find a tremendous amount of freedom.

HUSTLER: So you plan on sticking around for a while?

HANNAH: Yeah I do, but I still want to finish my degree.

HUSTLER: What do you want to study?

HANNAH: I haven't decided between psychology, broadcasting or journalism. Maybe there's a possibility that I can combine all three.



Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation: Kate Kaptive: "Just two more scenes and I'll have enough cash for an eighth. I love this job!"

Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation: Mya and Capri take two for the team.

Impact: Annmarie: "If this doesn't wake him up, nothing will."

Dual Identity: Arianna prepares for reentry.

Dual Identity: Savanna: "Katsumi, if you can't make him come, we're putting you back in that cage."

Impact: Jessica Darlin: "Are you almost finished, Barret? I'm exhausted."

Tobey Bryan's Backcourt Violation

Directed by Stuart Canterbury.
Starring Keiko, Kate Kaptive, Allison Wyte, Capri, Mya Mason, Dwayne Cummings, Kyle Stone, Julian St. Jox, Trevor and Sean Michaels.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

"I'll be good," promises L.A. Shakers center Tobey Bryan at the outset of HUSTLER's sexy satire of a current sports-related rape drama. Yeah, right, Tobey! The b-ball superstar is holed up at the Hotel Anal, where the chicks are insatiable, and no one cries, "Foul!" Game-loving sluts Keiko, Kate Kaptive and Mya Mason try to get at Bryan's piece, and their quest for jock cock is the backbone of the story. The opener features team owner Gary Gus getting a sloppy blowjob from a busty superfan who eagerly eats his goopy load. Then it's down to the court for a game of "shirts and skins" between a duo of horny Shakers girls and two big, black studs—who soon score some three-pointers in the babes' muck chutes. Later, when Tobey needs a massage, Kaptive provides the rubdown—and some intense ATM action. *Backcourt Violation* takes it to the hole admirably.

—T. Lux

Dual Identity

Directed by Bo Edwards.
Starring Tawny Roberts, Savanna Samson, Ariana Jollee, Karina, Katsumi, Evan Stone, Kurt Lockwood, Jeremy Steele, Trevor Zen and Alec Metro.
DVD and Videocassette: Vivid Entertainment.

Dual Identity is the porn-world version of Spike Jonze's *Adaptation*, with Evan Stone channeling Nicolas Cage in an amazing dual-role as a pair of wacky screenwriter brothers. Fortunately for XXX fans, Vivid has also substituted luscious blonde Tawny Roberts for *Adaptation*'s wrinkly Meryl Streep. Roberts's character appears (magically, it seems) after Stone writes about her on his laptop. Tasty Tawny immediately begins rutting with our hapless protagonist, her magnificent tits bouncing all over as she vigorously rides Stone's huge cock. Roberts then pops off with a massive cooze ejaculation. Later, Asian fuck-doll Katsumi takes a break from fingering herself to chow on Savanna Samson's dripping pussy flaps. These salacious ho's also work over slave Alec Metro, with some kinky leg-and-foot sex. The final scene in which Ariana Jollee gets throat-fucked until she gags makes *Dual Identity* a name to remember.

—T. L.

Impact

Directed by Red Ezra.
Starring Annmarie, Kelly Erikson, Dru Berrymore, Jessica Darlin, Herschel Savage, Ron Jeremy, Joey Ray, Barret Blade and Eric Masterson.
DVD and Videocassette: Metro Interactive.

Annmarie is one hot slut, and she really shines in the new XXX crime drama *Impact*. Director Red Ezra has concocted the perfect vid for viewers who wish TV cop shows would go all the way. In this story a veteran cop, played by aged cocksmith Herschel Savage, loses his partner (Ron Jeremy), who's replaced by voluptuous rookie Annmarie. Clearly stressed, Savage needs relief of a carnal nature. Will Annmarie put out for him? This sexed-up sister does serve up her slice for others: Eric Masterson (as an ex-beau) pounds her pussy doggy-style. She even gobbles Masterson's creamy load after he works her to a powerful orgasm. Annmarie also gives it up to prosecutor Kelly Erikson after a sunbathing session high above L.A. The sight of blond Kelly ramming brunette Annmarie's ass with a double-headed dildo will have horndogs reaching for tissues. Savage and Annmarie eventually have a face-off—and sparks do fly. *Impact* packs plenty of heat.

—T. L.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Bella Loves Jenna (Club Jenna)
Jenna Jameson, Belladonna, Monica Sweetheart, Nacho Vidal

Blow Me Sandwich #4 (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Sharon Wild, Ariana Jollee, Estella, Kurt Lockwood

Let Me Taste It #2 (DVSX)
Jessica Love, Kate Kaptive, Corina Taylor, Mark Ashley

New Love (Vivid Entertainment)
Sunrise Adams, April, August, Chris Cannon

Pussy Off Limits (Metro, Inc.)
Faith Grant, Esther Hobbs, Victoria, Dick Delaware

Who's Your Daddy? #4 (Zero Tolerance Entertainment)
Cytherea, Jayna Woods, Cherry Poppens, Steve Hooper

Three-Quarters Erect

Deep in Cream #4: Gushers! (DVSX)
Cytherea, Jennifer, Simona, Joe Friday

HUSTLER'S Girl + Girl #5 (HUSTLER Video)
Dark Angel, Elena, Jazmin, Sarah Blue

Pussy Whipped #2 (Metro Interactive/ Toxxxic Entertainment)
Gauge, Anna Nova, Flick Shagwell, Mark Woods

White-Hot Nurses (HUSTLER Video)
Vivienne, Vanessa, Simony, Daniella

Half Erect

Deviant Behavior (Pleasure Production)
Gina Lynn, Jessica Darlin, Justine, Trevor Zen

Meridians of Passion (Old Pueblo Distribution)
Jelena Jensen, Aimee Sweet, Monica Mendez, Justine

Post Modern Love (Wicked Pictures)
Violet Blue, Ashley Long, Brooke, Evan Stone

One-Quarter Erect

Early Entries (Metro Interactive/FusXion)
Trinity, Mary Lou, Delilah Stone, Jon Dough

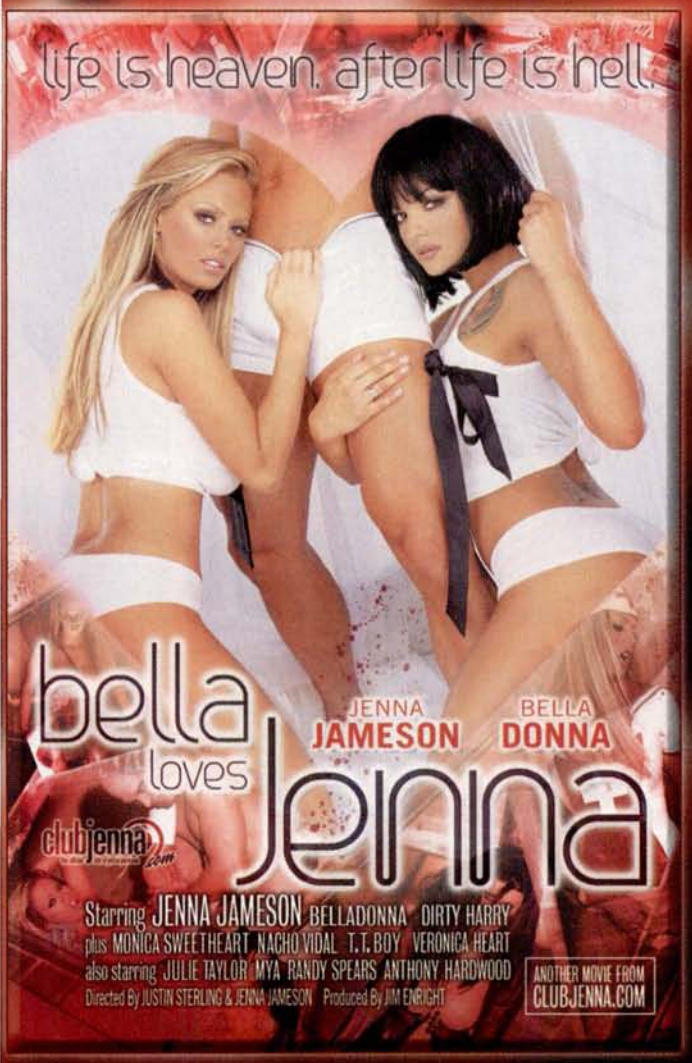
Totally Limp

Brainwash (Elegant Angel)
Gina Ryder, Cailey Taylor, Allison Wyte, Tice Bune

Rating Guide

Fully Erect — Superior. A top production.
Three-Quarters Erect — Above average. Hard-on material.
Half Erect — Standard fare. Has moments.
One-Quarter Erect — Poor. Don't expect much.
Totally Limp — A waste of time and money.

jenna is back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bella loves Jenna
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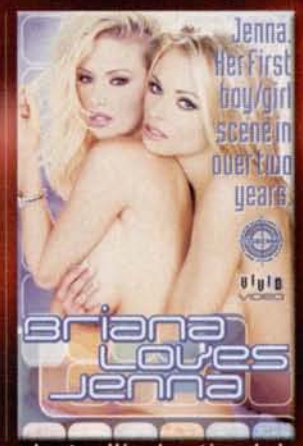
plus MONICA SWEETHEART NACHO VIDAL T.T. BOY VERONICA HEART
also starring JULIE TAYLOR MYA RANDY SPEARS ANTHONY HARDWOOD
Directed By JUSTIN STERLING & JENNA JAMESON Produced By JIM ENRIGHT
ANOTHER MOVIE FROM CLUBJENNA.COM

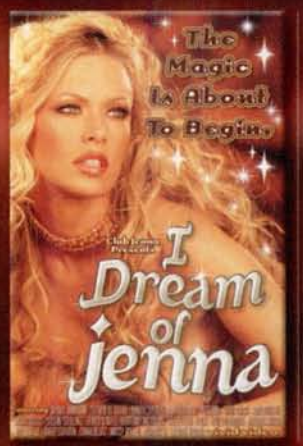
It's the most shocking film of Jenna Jameson's career. With more Jenna scenes than ever, the long awaited follow-up to *Briana Loves Jenna* - the top-selling adult video of last year - pairs sex's greatest superstar with its fiercest, most breathtaking sexual acrobat, Belladonna.

Bella loves Jenna is the most anticipated title in the history of adult film, it has it all and then some. It's the largest adult release of all time, outselling the infamous Pam and Tommy Lee tape! The boy/girl scenes in this movie are beyond explosive and the Bella/Jenna scene is without a doubt, award winning sex at its finest from the Queen of Porn.

:: also from clubjenna.com ::



best selling/renting dvd for 2003



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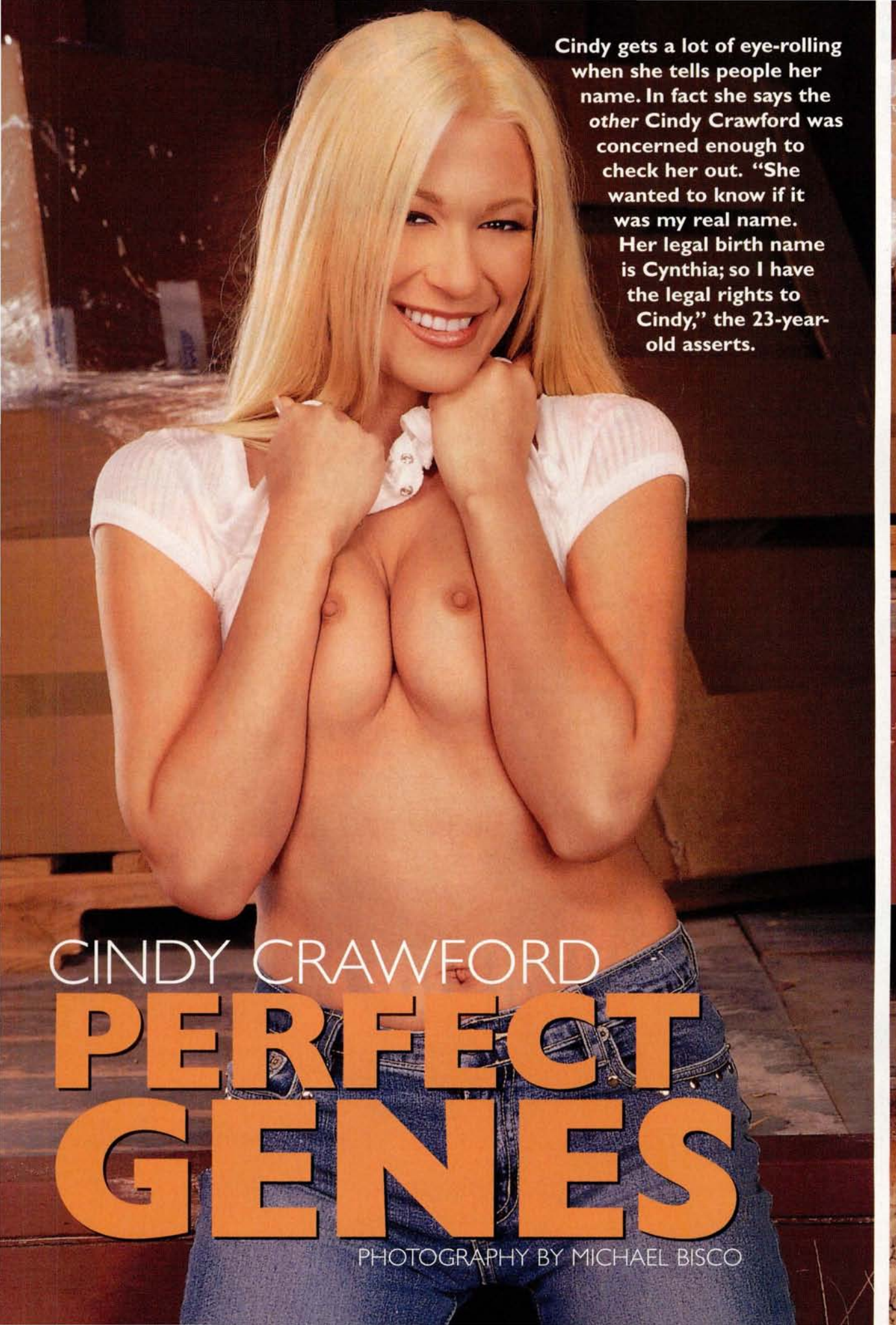
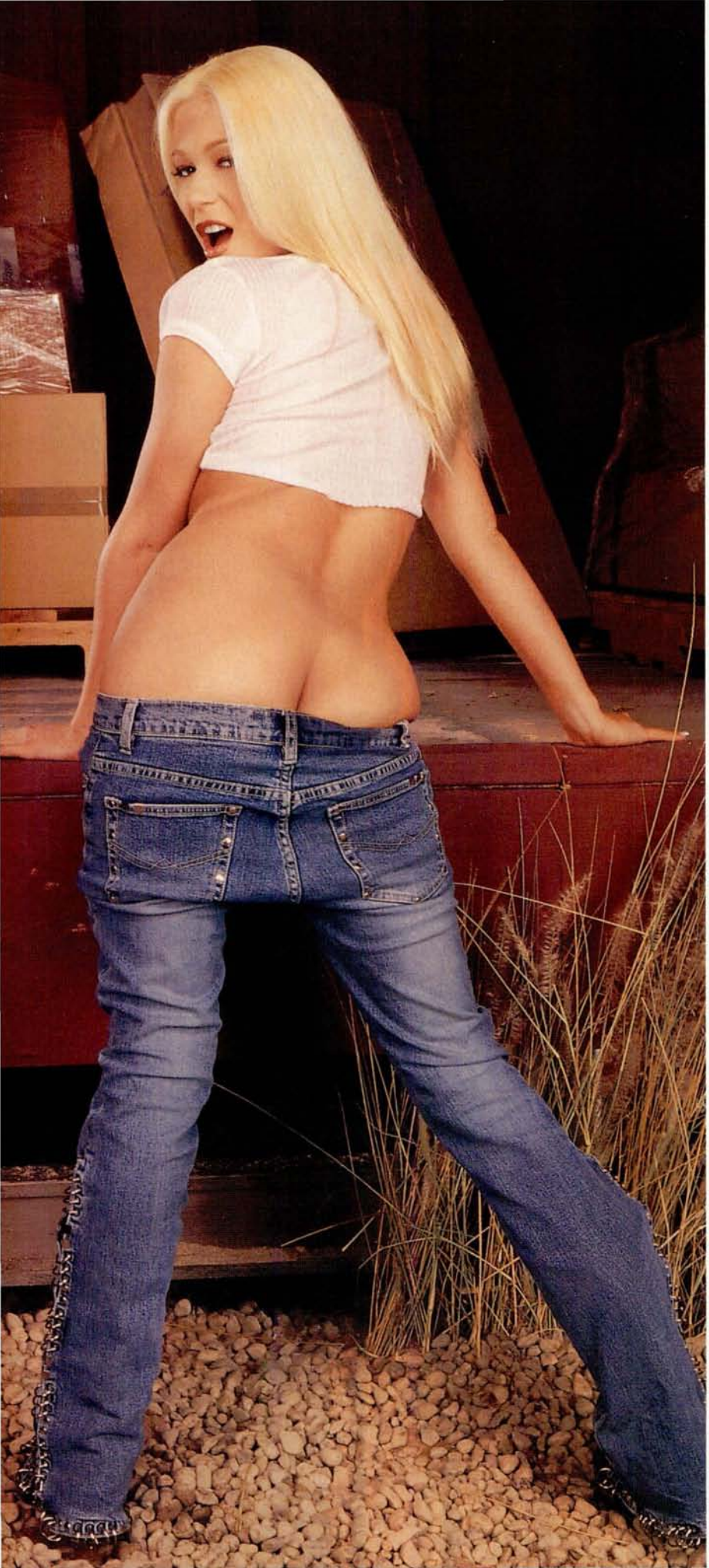


Cindy gets a lot of eye-rolling when she tells people her name. In fact she says the *other* Cindy Crawford was concerned enough to check her out. "She wanted to know if it was my real name. Her legal birth name is Cynthia; so I have the legal rights to Cindy," the 23-year-old asserts.

CINDY CRAWFORD

PERFECT GENES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO



Born in Las Vegas, the Sagittarius worked as a stripper for two years before stumbling into porn. "I was driving from Nevada to California on a vacation. I noticed the guy in the car next to me was checking me out; so I told him to pull over. I asked him what he did for a living, and he said he worked in the porn industry. I said, 'I've always wanted to try it,' and he got me into the business."

The blond stunner keeps a busy schedule these days: performing in adult movies (103 in just a year and a half); publishing her own adult magazine, *Adult Cinema Review*; writing her autobiography; and meeting her fans at signings. "I get asked for my panties a lot," she laughs. "If you're bold enough to come up to me and ask for my panties, then you deserve them." We'll take a pair, preferably with Cindy still in them.

Cindy gets wet where it counts in **HOT SHOWERS #10** and **BARELY LEGAL #36** on VHS and DVD from **HUSTLER** Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.HUSTLERHollywood.com to order.

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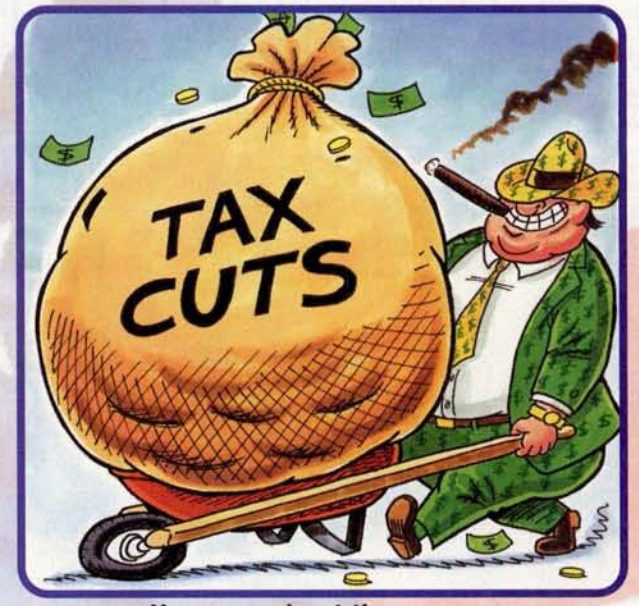

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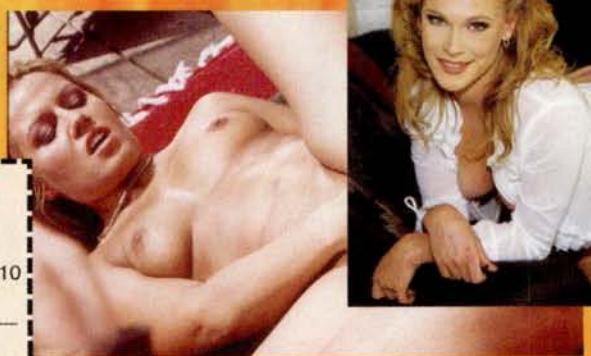

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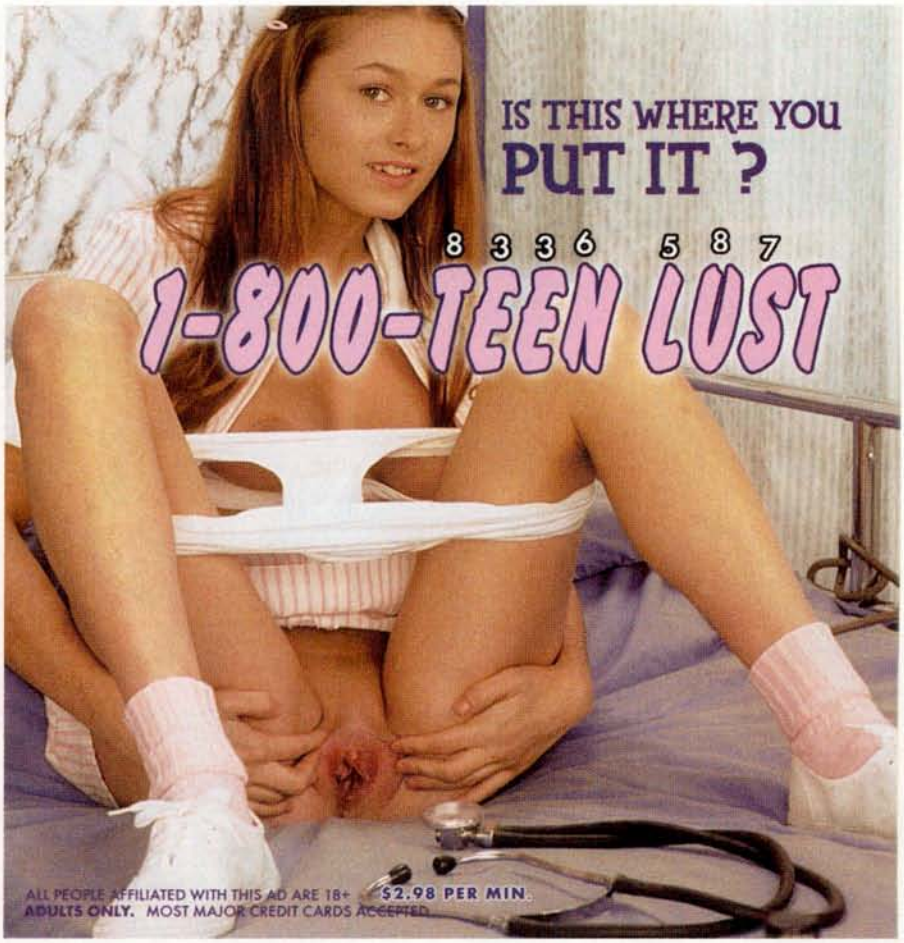
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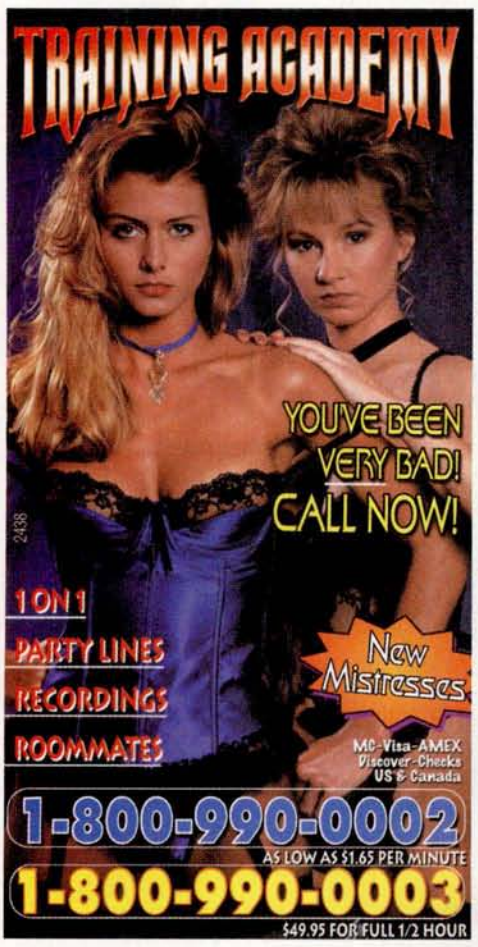
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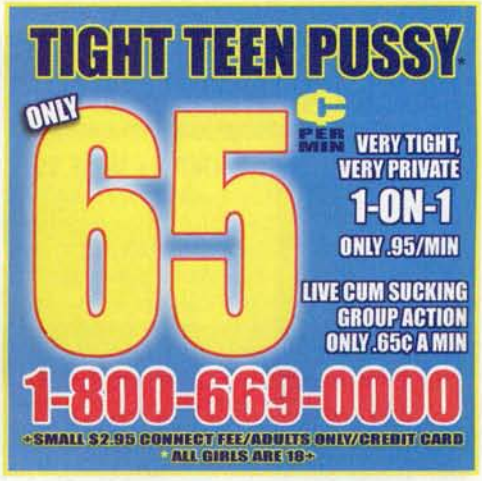
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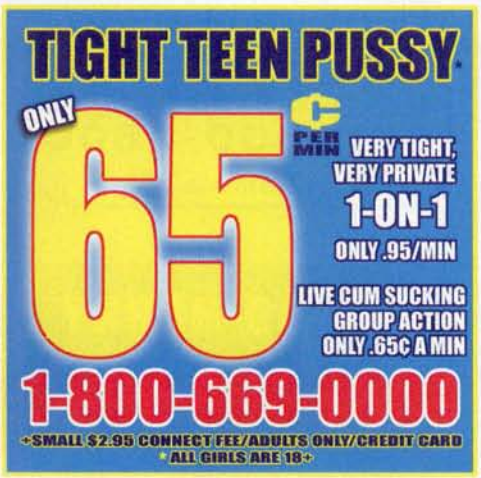

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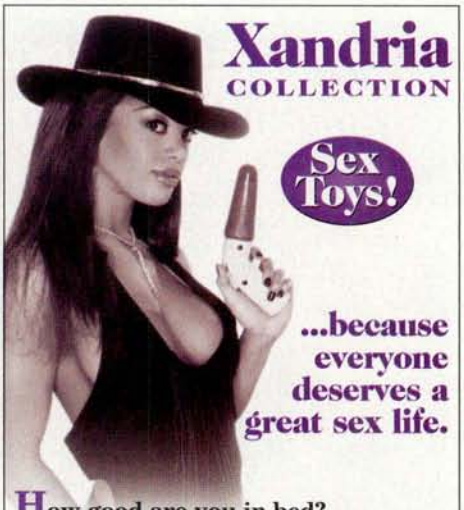

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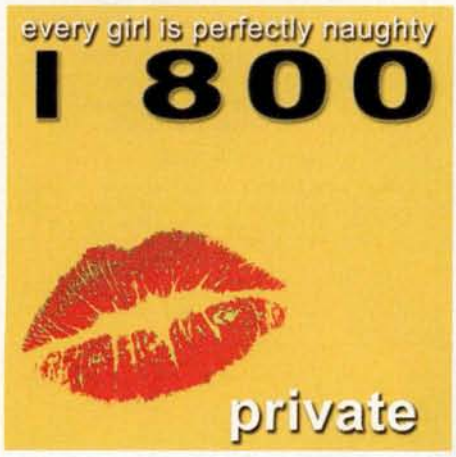
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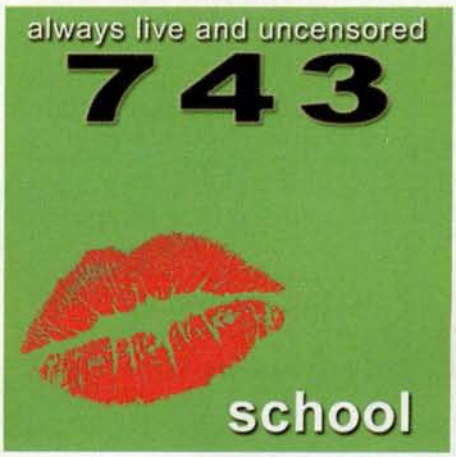
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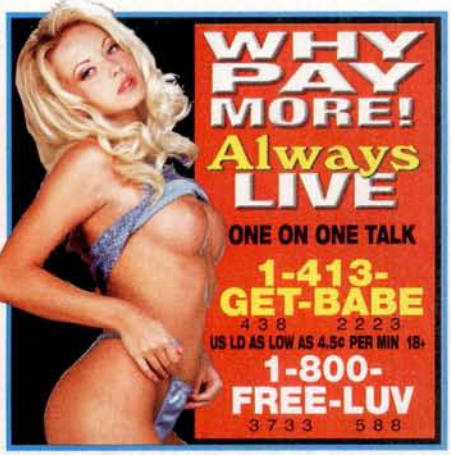
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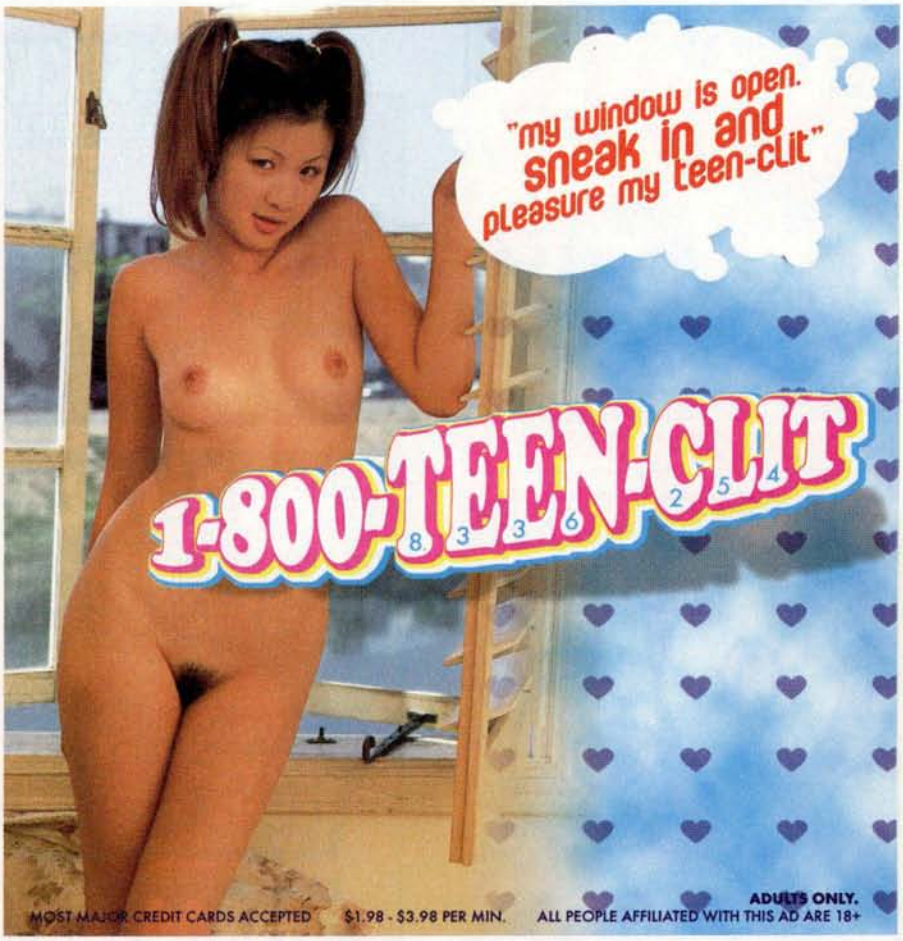
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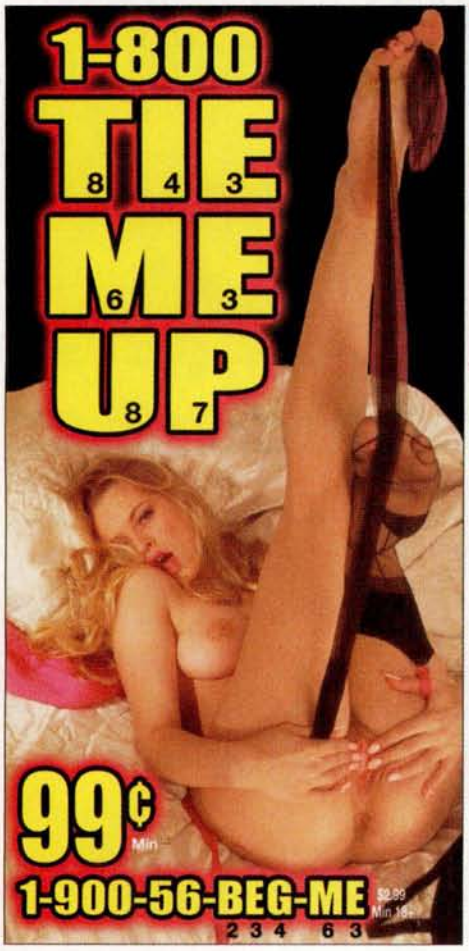
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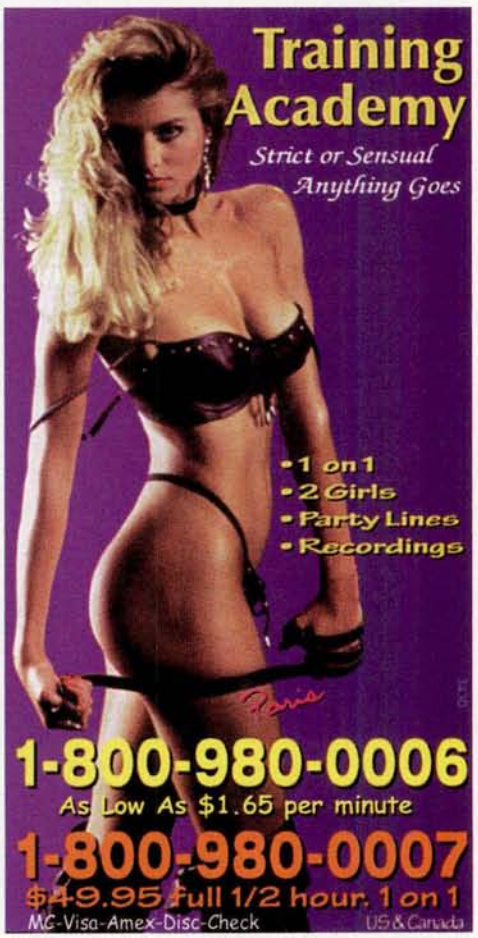
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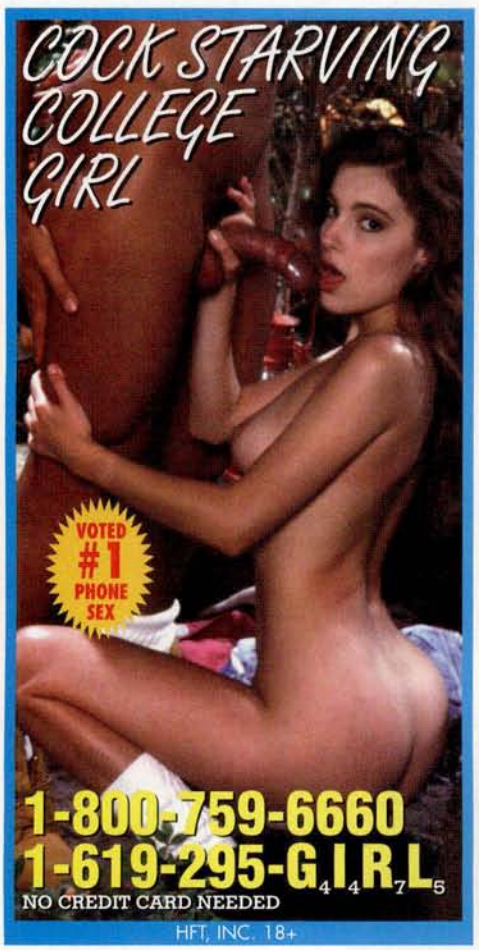

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Stick it in and fuck me 'till I'm sore!
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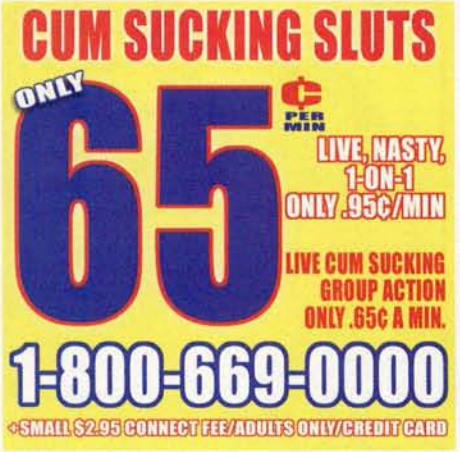
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ADDRESS _____

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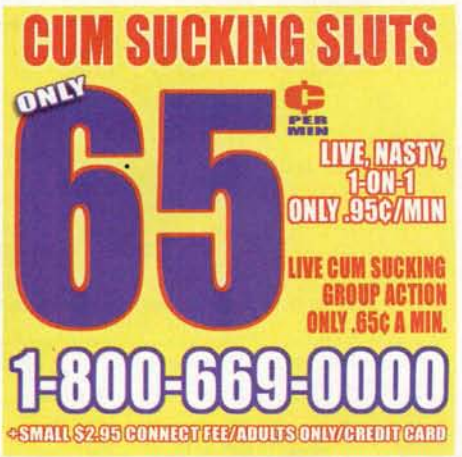
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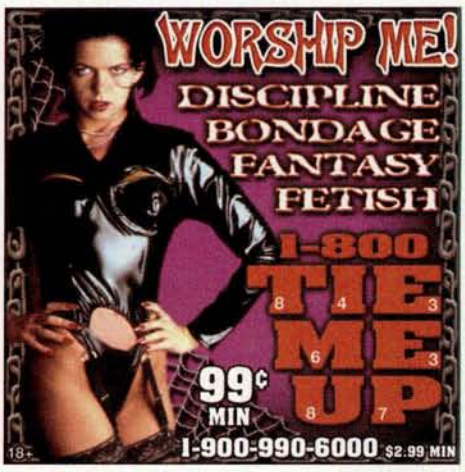

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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
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ONLY .95/MIN
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ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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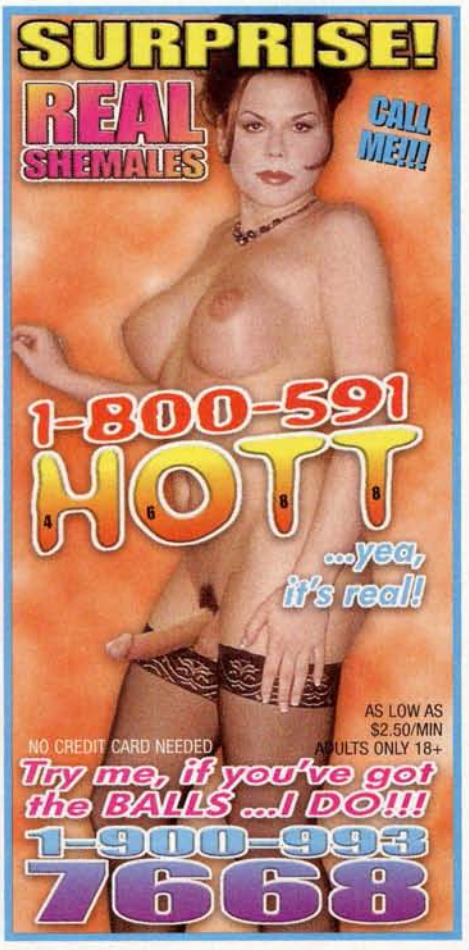
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CALL ME!!!
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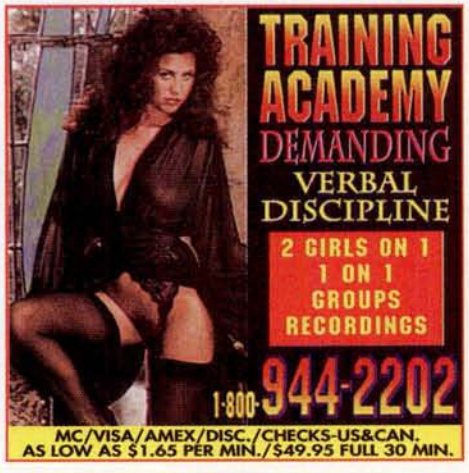
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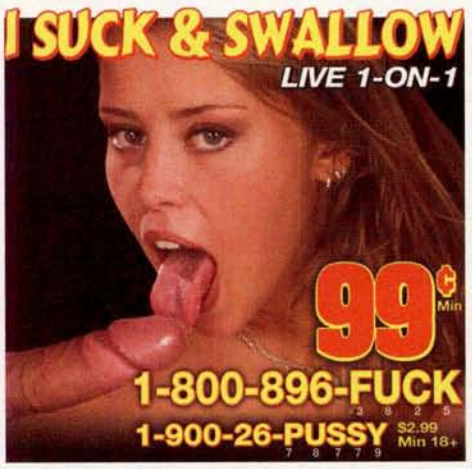
I SUCK & SWALLOW
LIVE 1-ON-1
99¢ Min
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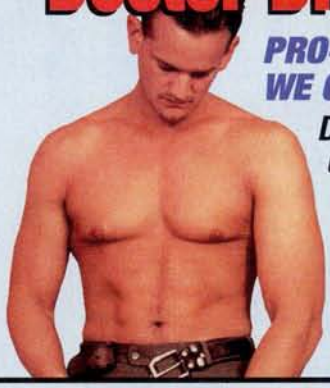
Doctor Discovers Pill For Male Enlargement!



PRO+PLUS PILLS WILL WORK FOR YOU!
WE OFFER A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Doctor Approved Pill Will Enlarge Your Penis up to 5 Inches!

You Will Have These Penis Gains In A Few Weeks!

THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS WITH OVER 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

You have a real winner. I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time She doesn't know how I did it. *-LD, Nevada*

Science is fantastic. I always felt I needed to be bigger. You made it possible. My wife is thrilled. She is as satisfied as I am. *-GL, Florida*

Thank you very much. I have always been considered small, about 4 inches. I have an enlargement now to 8 inches from taking the Advanced Formula. *- T.C. Illinois*

ORDER PRO+PLUS PILLS NOW!!

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $80.00
3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
1 bottle (1 month supply) 60 pills $60.00
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HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width of your penis and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length of your penis and again you will notice a thicker and wider penis. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but your penis will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal penis enlargement formula that increases penis size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Penis size now is less then 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger penis size. Can also be used by men with a larger penis and need a guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men with a penis size now of 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum penis enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PENIS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your penis enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.pluspills.com

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- A longer, thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow to the penis, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

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☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $60.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS
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CA Residents add sales tax: $ _____
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NAME (print)

ADDRESS

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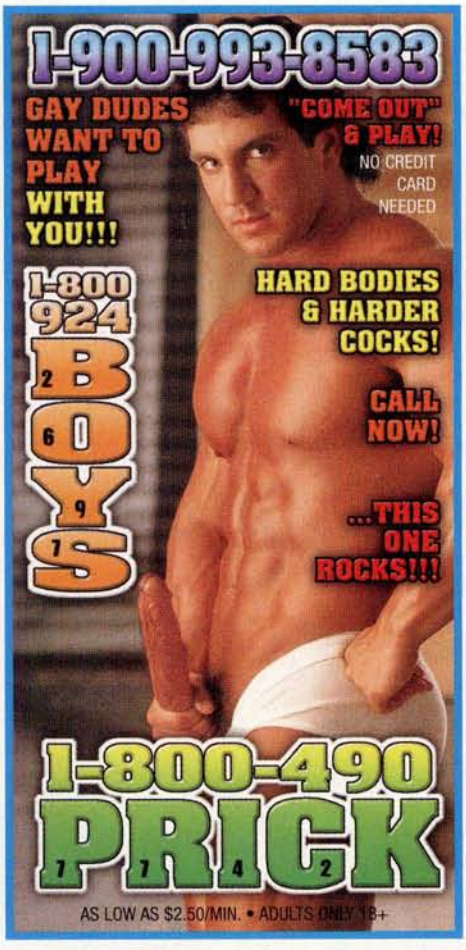

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THE MALE ENHANCEMENT DEBATE

George Aguilar, M.D., The Doctor Behind MAGNA-RX+®, The World's #1 Male Performance Formula, Weighs In On The Great Male Enhancement Debate.

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"... Both have certain advantages, but now you need not choose one or the other since MAGNA-RX now gives you the best of both at no additional cost..." **George Aguilar, M.D.**

Dr. Aguilar,

I have been a loyal user and advocate of your **MAGNA-RX+** formula. Now I see you have a new transdermal lotion. I don't understand. Why has your company come out with a lotion when the pills work great? Both my erection size and performance have increased tremendously with the pills. So what is the purpose of the lotion and should I be using it? **–M.L., Agoura Hills, California**

Dear M.L.,

First, please continue taking **MAGNA-RX+** pills *(unless you have achieved the size, stamina, and performance level you are satisfied with)*, but also consider adding a transdermal topical lotion to help enhance, expedite, and optimize your overall results from the **MAGNA-RX+** pill formula as well as to increase and maintain maximum erection size for those specific times when you absolutely want to guarantee that you give your biggest and best performance.

In essence, a transdermal male enhancement lotion is a quick way to give you a boost when you need it. A potent, effective oral supplement like **MAGNA-RX+** is required to maintain your steady day-to-day progress.

By the way, all pills are digested in the stomach. Pills are made so that the active ingredients that remain following digestion are sufficient to cause their effect. Any suggestions to the contrary are both misleading and illogical. If they were true, then obviously no pill would work and no doctor would prescribe them.

As a board certified urologist who has treated thousands of men for erectile dysfunction and related sexual problems, I have spent the last year collaborating with a dedicated team of talented biochemists in a state-of-the-art, FDA compliant laboratory to produce what I believe to be the best, most potent, and fastest acting transdermal topical male enhancement lotion available today at any price.

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So your decision is really quite simple. There's no reason to choose between **MAGNA-RX+** pills or a transdermal topical lotion when you can now have the very best of both at no additional cost.

Yours Very Truly,

George Aguilar, M.D.

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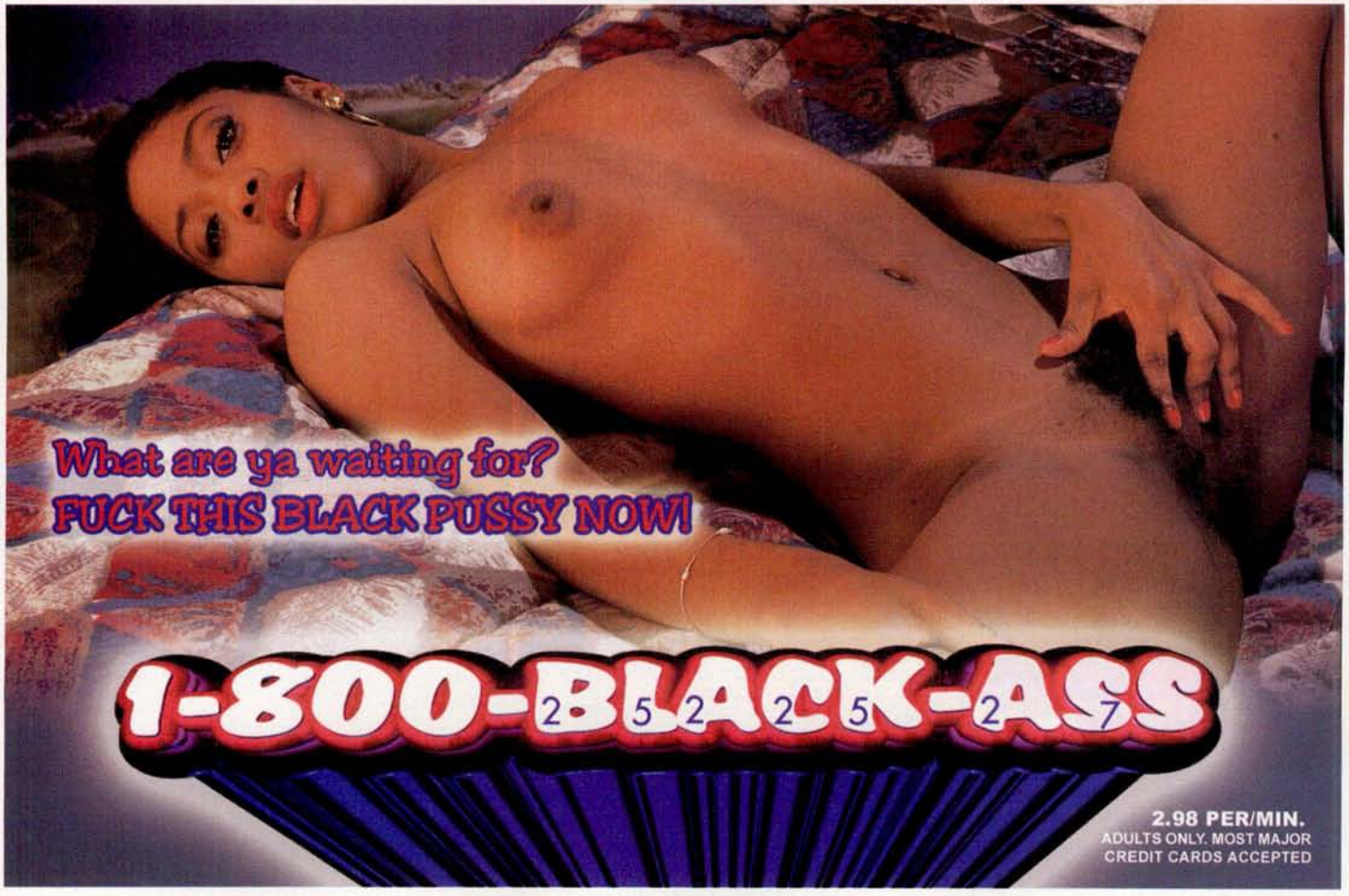

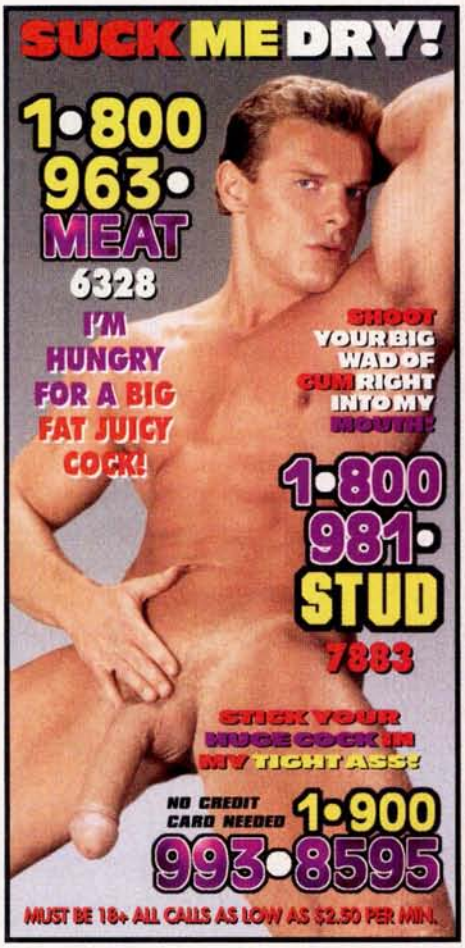
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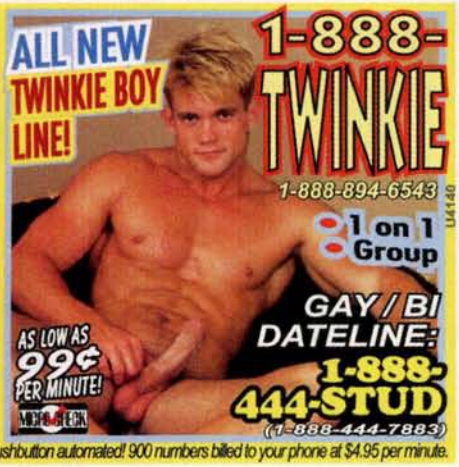

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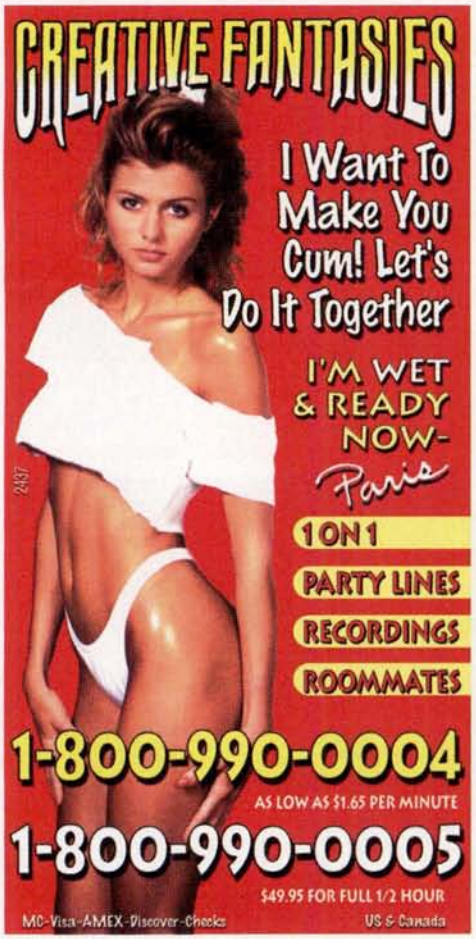
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Moonlighting Coed Weathers Watchdog Wrath ★ Report From Indiana U by Chris Freiberg

This past April, long before the dog days of summer, things began heating up on Indiana University's main campus in Bloomington when word spread that an industrious freshman was turning her dorm room into a porn room. Using the pseudonym Keira, the "culprit" posed topless in her living quarters and a communal shower, then posted the pictures on her very own Web site. Almost before the coed's hair had dried, red-faced university officials demanded an investigation.

The two main points of the probe were whether or not Keira had violated university policy by using IU's computer network to run a business out of her dorm room; and if by posing for provocative pictures at that location, she had violated a portion of the student-ethics code prohibiting "lewd, indecent or obscene conduct" on campus property.

It was soon confirmed that the site (www.TeenKeira.com) wasn't operating from a university facility, but the other concern lingered for several more days—a point Keira vigorously defended. "I don't feel it's porn," she declared. "You can call it an adult site, but there's no intercourse or oral sex. There's not anyone else in the pictures with me. I'm not even fully nude." Eventually Indiana University concurred, dropping the investigation because the student wasn't advertising any affiliation with the school.

"It was agreed that this is a situation like those in the past when students have posed for *Playboy*," voiced Dean of Students Richard McKaig. "The university does not condone the activity, but it is also outside of the university to control it."

Although Keira was initially hesitant about publicizing the site throughout the campus community, she admits the overall response has been positive. "I have had a lot of people call and e-mail me, asking if they could get their picture taken with me, even asking me to go to a formal with them," discloses the campus celebrity. "I have been contacted by some people to do a commercial, and be on radio stations and TV shows. I mean it's cool, but [notoriety is] definitely something I never expected to come out of this."

The aftermath is far different from the one caused by Shane Enterprises when its crew shot scenes for *Shane's World #32: Campus Invasion* at IU in October 2002. Learning of the erotic escapades that had taken place, university bigwigs considered suing the adult-video company for trademark infringement. Also, several students allegedly involved had to face the campus judicial system, but it is unknown what, if any, punishments were meted out.

"This wouldn't even be a news story if it hadn't been for the negative press that IU received from *Shane's World*," commented Casey Cox, president of the Student Association.

Dean McKaig defended the decisions made in both cases, citing differences in the acts depicted on Keira's site and in the XXX offering. For instance, the latter showed several male students receiving blowjobs in the dorms. "[Keira's site] doesn't rise to the same level of exploitation of IU's name or marks," the dean went on to point out. "I haven't viewed the film or the site, but I've been advised that even the acts the subjects are engaged in are significantly different."

Underclassman Shaun Keihn, executive writer for the collegiate Web site www.TheHoosierWeb.com, believes that Keira escaped disciplinary action only because it would have brought IU more unwanted media attention. Apparently, administrators weren't terribly thrilled when *The Princeton Review* named Indiana University America's number-one party school in 2002—although its ranking dropped to the third spot last year.

Meanwhile, Keira—who just might be the most popular girl on campus—is still doing her thing. "I'm planning to keep the site up," says the blond cutie, "for the same reason I started it: It's fun, I make good money, and it's very easy."

As for the downside of getting into the skin biz at a tender age, Keira isn't worried. "I don't really regret anything," states the diminutive Webmistress, who charges $24.95 for monthly memberships. "It's been a great experience, and I don't feel that this issue will affect me negatively later on in my life. The reason I'm in no trouble is because I'm doing nothing wrong or illegal."

* * *

Chris Freiberg, 20, is a sophomore journalism major at Indiana University and an avid supporter of HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt.

Attention budding college journalists: If you have an idea for a newsworthy report from your institution of higher learning, please contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com*.

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

Another batch of unbashful collegians has come out of the woodwork in our bookworm supplement to *Beaver Hunt*.

TARA DAWN

"Picking up a HUSTLER to masturbate to and seeing myself would give me an immediate orgasm," writes Tara Dawn, 26, a sophomore majoring in business at **Southern West Virginia Community College**. "The only thing that would be better would be to see myself there in the middle of a gang-bang with a clit in my mouth." A transfer student from Marshall University, Tara Dawn maintains a perfect 4.0 grade point average despite her all-business erotic side. "I'm a sex freak," the contortionist from Charleston confesses. "Any and all sex acts are in my fantasies. I have no limits when it comes to sex!" —Photos by Husband

ALEXA

Twenty-eight-year-old Alexa is busy pursuing a master's degree in health services at Rhode Island's **Salve Regina University**. Besides keeping up a very healthy 3.8 GPA, the Daytona Beach, Florida, native is a rough-and-tumble type. Donning the traditional gridiron gear, she once played for her hometown team in a women's professional football league. Of course, we're grateful that the lady sent in photos minus the helmet, shoulder pads and numbered jersey. Alexa says that her most memorable escapade in college was "a wild spring break at the Hedonism nudist resort in Jamaica." —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls*. Finalists pocket $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or pro names

Name to be published

Date of birth Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security number Occupation

Address

City State Zip

Personal e-mail address

Hobbies

School Major Year GPA

Best sexual experience as a collegian (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) Date (month/day/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

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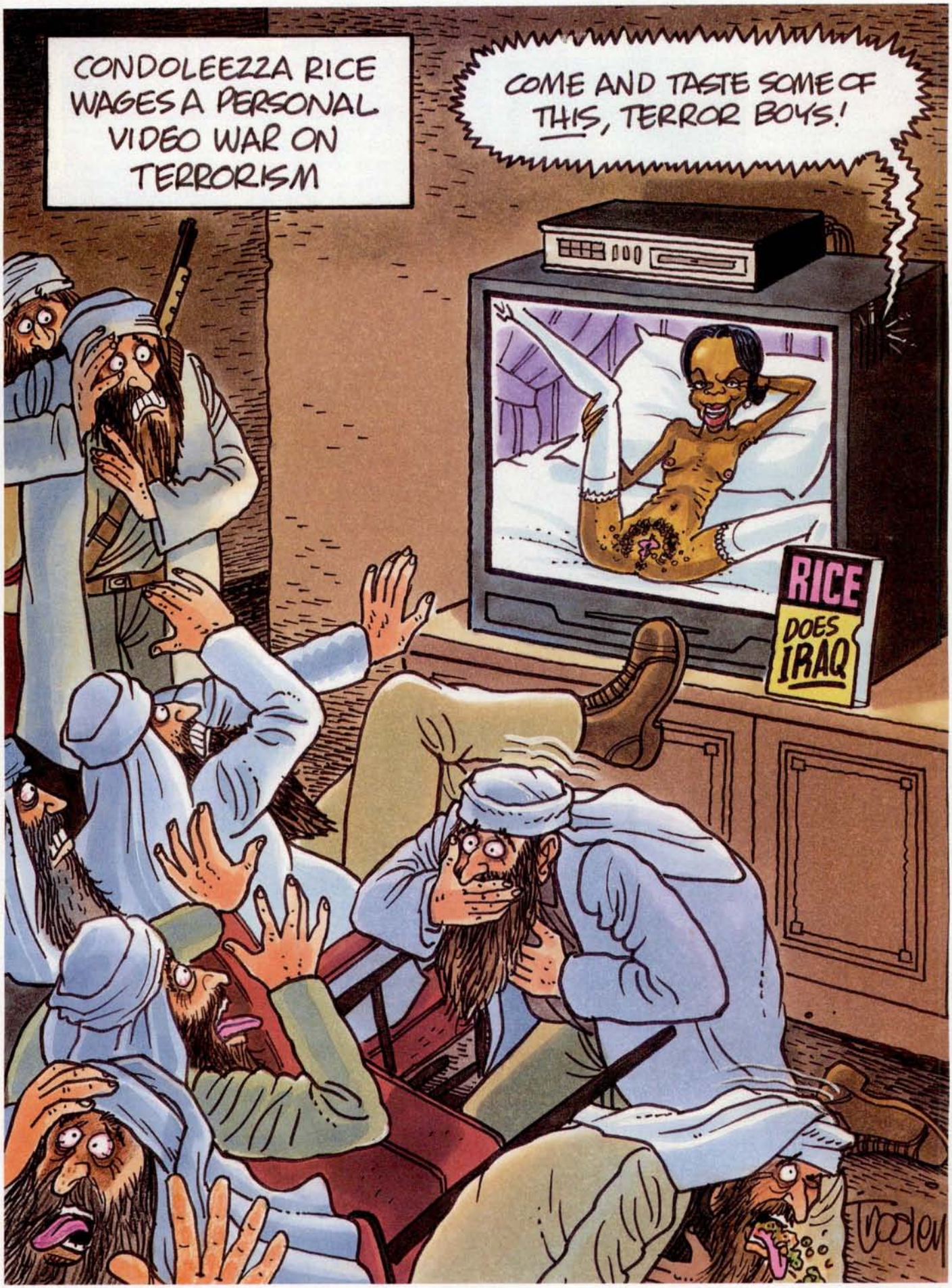

CONDOLEEZZA RICE WAGES A PERSONAL VIDEO WAR ON TERRORISM
COME AND TASTE SOME OF THIS, TERROR BOYS!
RICE
DOES
IRAQ
Trudeau

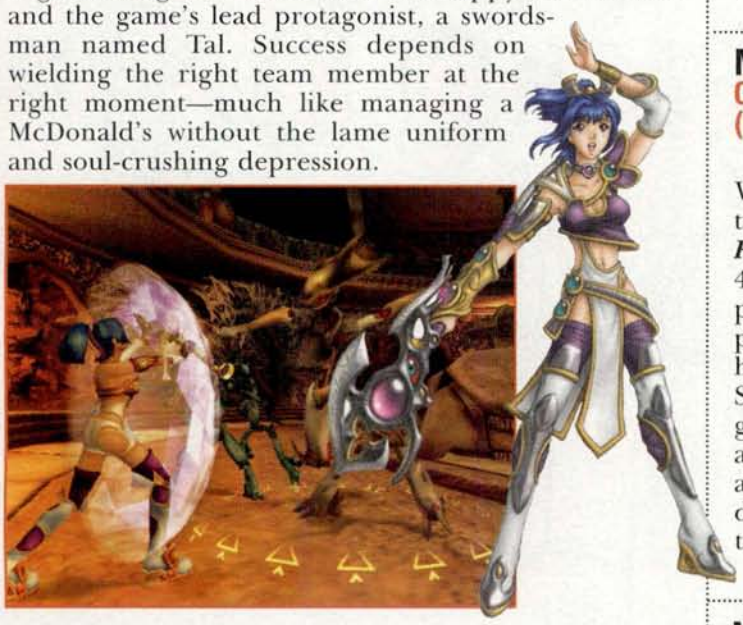
Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

Sudeki
Microsoft (Xbox)

In the sprawling, role-playing adventure ***Sudeki***, you control a crew of four characters: a busty sorceress, a gun-toting techno-soldier, a scrappy she-warrior and the game's lead protagonist, a swordsman named Tal. Success depends on wielding the right team member at the right moment—much like managing a McDonald's without the lame uniform and soul-crushing depression.



Hot Shots Golf Fore!
Sony Computer Entertainment America (PlayStation 2)

If there's one thing that stuffy duffers are in dire need of, it's a little attitude. The larger-than-life characters, playful courses and fast-paced arcade mode of ***Hot Shots Golf Fore!*** inject much-needed vitality into golf's terminally square status quo (we're talking to you, Tiger). The new online game-play for this highly popular series promises a brand of profanity-laced trash talk more familiar to jailhouse denizens than clubhouse regulars.

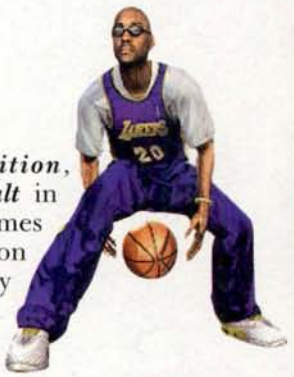
Rise to Honor
Sony Computer Entertainment America (PlayStation 2)

Chinese martial-arts sensation Jet Li (star of the sword-swinging epic *Hero*) makes his console debut in ***Rise to Honor***, a pitch-perfect video-game translation of modern Hong Kong action movies. Movie director Corey Yuen, who helmed many of Li's coolest flicks, worked with Li and the game's programmers to help ***Rise to Honor*** capture the speed, intensity and fun of kung-fu cinema.

MTV Music Generator 3: This Is the Remix
Codemasters (PlayStation 2/Xbox)

Wanna-be producers can tweak tracks or create their own tunes from scratch with ***MTV Music Generator 3: This Is the Remix***. Last year electropop group Boomkat scored a top 40 hit with a track they wrote on an older version of this powerful console composition tool. Licensed hits from OutKast and Snoop Dogg are up for grabs, but this edition's ability to sample from any CD, copyrights be damned, is pretty close to revolutionary.

NBA Ballers
Midway (PlayStation 2/Xbox)



NBA Ballers joins ***Pole Position***, ***Tubeslider*** and ***Black Hole Assault*** in the pantheon of games with names that would look quite natural on XXX video boxes. Alas, the only coupling going on here comes in the shape of fierce one-on-one matches. The league-ball structure of most sports-themed video games is forsaken in favor of intense pick-up duels between modern-day all-stars such as Shaq and legends like Dr. J. Ruling the court earns you cash, which buys your player cars, clothes and, perhaps in future versions, a favorable ruling from a jury.

"I miss the good ol' days, when their kind weren't allowed up here."

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

by Michael Allen

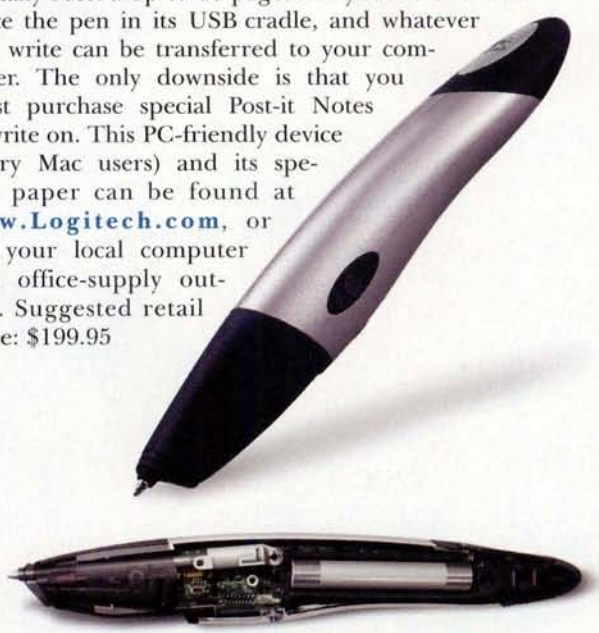
Mr. Roboto

Tired of the wife nagging you to pick up your smelly underwear? Just send Robosapien in to do the dirty work. Not only can this programmable 14" robot pick up small objects and carry them, he is also preprogrammed to perform 67 functions, including dancing, high-fiving and karate kicks. This remote-controlled wonder can move at two different speeds, and actually sidesteps obstacles (thanks to the sensors in his feet).

To get your Robosapien, go to **www.BoysStuff.co.uk**. Suggested retail price: $131.92

The Write Stuff

Part computer, part ink, the Logitech Personal Digital Pen transports your earthly scrawling into cyberspace. This mighty mite writes like a normal pen, but also uses a tiny camera to digitally record up to 40 pages. All you have to do is place the pen in its USB cradle, and whatever you write can be transferred to your computer. The only downside is that you must purchase special Post-it Notes to write on. This PC-friendly device (sorry Mac users) and its special paper can be found at **www.Logitech.com**, or try your local computer and office-supply outlets. Suggested retail price: $199.95



Wet Spot

If you've always wanted to film a remake of *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, but found your camcorder shorting out (even when you covered it in plastic wrap), here's a high-tech solution. The SWANN Underwater Cam is fully submersible and attaches to a 66-foot cord (included), which connects (on land) to most camcorders, portable monitors, LCD screens with AV inputs, and VCRs. Thanks to the four-hour rechargeable battery, you can help your kids improve their swimming, capture snorkeling trips or check to see what that weird sound is under your boat. To pick one up, go to your local computer store, surf to **www.Outpost.com** or call **(877) OUTPOST**. Suggested retail price: $149.99

I Can See Clearly Now

Is that chick whose number you got at the bar last night really as hot as you remember? Find out with the Beamer FX, a cool video phone that allows you to see the person you're chatting with. Since this futuristic device works with your existing phone line, no special hookups are needed. The only catch is that whomever you're calling has to have one of these nifty gadgets too. Besides online at **www.Vialta.com**, the Beamer FX is available at retail electronics stores or by calling **(877) 963-8383**. Suggested retail price: $299

Close Encounters

This pair of specs is a must-see for all techno geeks. With the i-glasses HRV PRO, you can plug into DVD players, VCRs and camcorders to view your favorite movie or video. If your computer has an S-video output, you can plunge headfirst into cyberspace. For outdoors use, a huge advantage is the lack of annoying washout that normally occurs with LCD screens in sunlight. To buy these futuristic four-eyes, go to **www.i-glasses.com** or call **(800) 339-5287**. Suggested retail price: $1,199

CHEXIE WHITE HEAT

2004 *BEAVER HUNT* FINALIST #2

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Chexie, our second *Beaver Hunt* Finalist for 2004, is originally from Znojmo, a town in the Czech Republic. She was just 13 when Communist rule ended in the soon-to-be-divided Czechoslovakia. At age 20 she decided to come to the United States by herself. "It was always my dream to come here," she smiles.

These days the brainy hottie attends school in Dover, Delaware, where she studies computer network engineering. "I can do a little bit of everything—programming and Web sites. Hopefully I'll get a job here. I don't want to move to India to get work," she laughs.

If the 27-year-old, outsourcing-averse sexpot wins the $5,000 Grand Prize, she plans to go home and visit her family and friends. Will Chexie get her trip? Only your right hand knows for sure! Look for our *Beaver Hunt* ballot in the Holiday issue.

NEXT MONTH

ROCKIN' RIO'S RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

Jet to exotic Rio de Janeiro as HUSTLER takes you on a guided tour of the city's rampant red-light district. Hit all the hot nightspots and scope out the beddable Brazilian babes eager to please you. We'll show you how to negotiate a threesome and how to hang on to your cash in a special report by correspondent Joe Diamond.

EXPOSÉ: THE BUSH CLAN'S SAUDI SECRETS REVEALED

Hot on the heels of his politically explosive new book *House of Bush, House of Saud: The Secret Relationship Between the World's Two Most Powerful Dynasties*, award-winning investigative reporter Craig Unger answers the hard questions about the web of oil, money and influence that flows between the Bush family and Saudi Arabian royalty. Interview by HUSTLER Editorial Director Bruce David and Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.

KITEBOARDING: THE NEW EXTREME-SPORT CRAZE

We take extreme watersports out of the bedroom and onto the waves, as we dive into the exhilarating thrills of kiteboarding. Enjoy a better-than-sex adrenaline rush as you soar high above the surf with the new sport that's taking the world by storm. Take your first flying lesson from correspondent Hans Feuersinger.

HONEY HOOKER DOES *AMERICAN IDOL*

Luscious cartoon hoochie Honey Hooker reams the *American Idol* crew in a sidesplitting and sexy send-up of Fox's chart-topping reality show. Will Honey's brabusting friend Jenna Talia make it past the audition on her talent, or will Honey have to swing the judges? Story by Noel Anderson with Kit Lively. Artwork by Noel Anderson.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR MONKEY SPANK ITSELF

Electronic gadgets have made every aspect of our lives easier—except for one. Now that we're well into the 21st century, why do we still have to pump our nads by hand? Shouldn't there be some labor-saving device that can free our tadpoles on demand without us lifting a finger? Now there is! Take your emissions into the future with an investigative report by Stephen Lemons.

PORN CHIC MOVIE POSTERS

Ooh and *aah*—and *uhh*—over the lavish and lusty X-rated promo posters from classic and long-lost porn flicks. Amazingly hip and unbelievably risqué, see the enticing artwork that lured massive mainstream audiences into cathouse theaters across the country throughout the wild '60s and '70s.

Tera Patrick

SEX

The November HUSTLER is on sale August 17, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER's Web site at www.HUSTLER.com.

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